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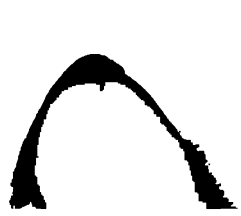

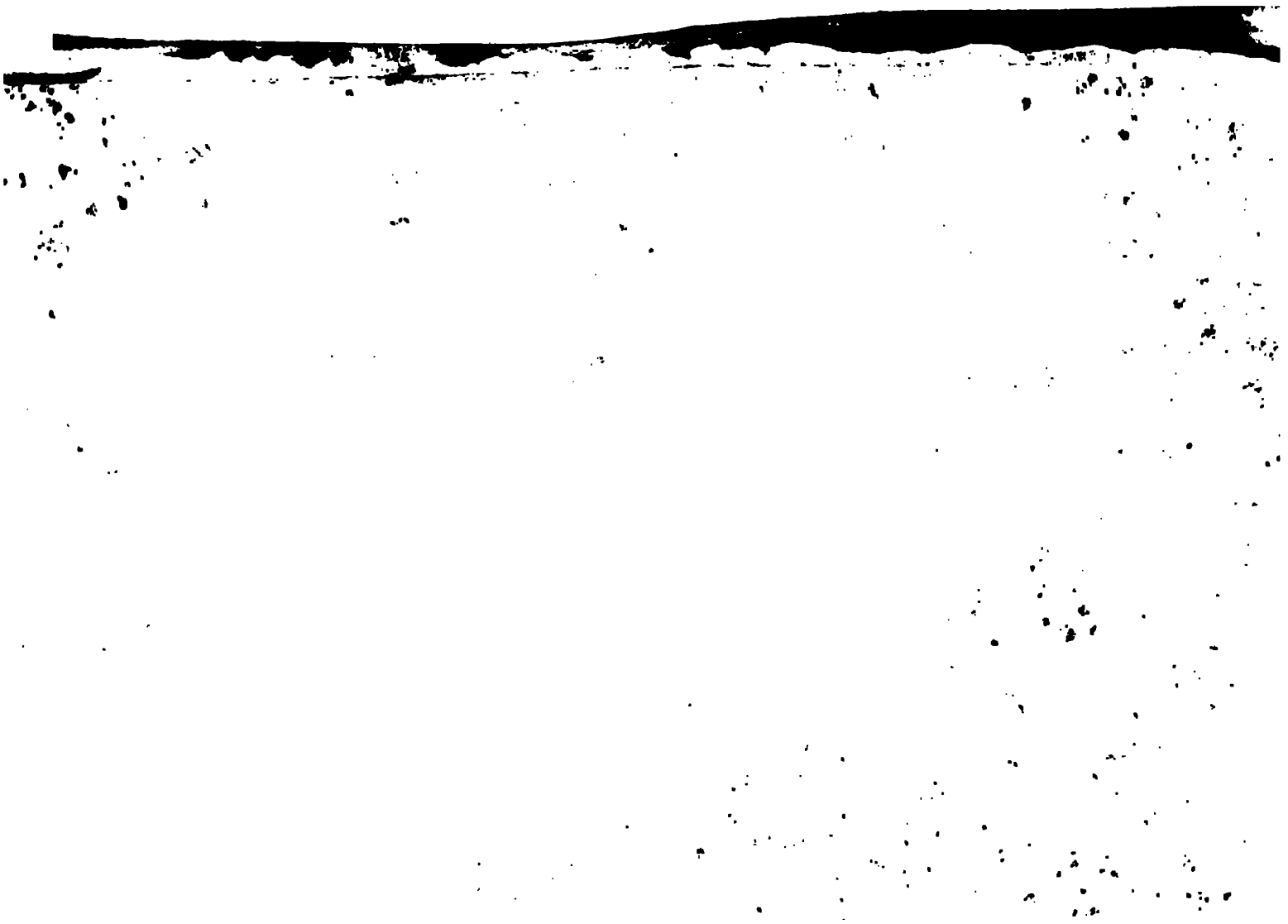

MINSTRELSY

Ancient and Modern.

GLASGOW.
JOHN WYLIE ARGYLE STREET.
MDCCCXXVII.

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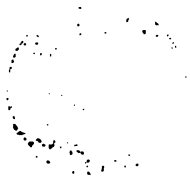

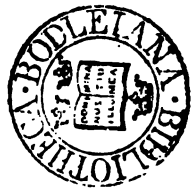

MINSTRELSY

ANCIENT AND MODERN,

WITH AN

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

BY

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

NEW EDITION.

PAISLEY: ALEX. GARDNER.

MDCCCLXXIII.

280. i. 151.

TO

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ.

THIS VOLUME IS,

WITH SINCERE RESPECT, INSCRIBED

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

W. MOTHERWELL.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EARL MARSHALL, ...	1
THE TWA CORBIES, ...	7
SIR PATRICK SPENS, ...	9
JOHNIE O' BRAIDISLEE, ...	17
JOHNIE O' BRAIDISBANK, ...	23
THE MASTER OF WEMYSS, ...	24
HALBERT THE GRIM, ...	30
HYND HORN, ...	35
BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL, ...	44
YOUNG BENJIE, ...	46
SIR HUGH, OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER, ...	51
THE LAIRD O' LOGIE, ...	56
THE TWA BRITHERS, ...	60
THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL, ...	66
MAY COLVIN, ...	67
LADY MAISRY, ...	71
THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY, ...	78
THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY, ...	80
YOUNG WATERS, ...	82
LADY MARY ANN, ...	86
BABE ALONE, OR THE BONNIE BANKS O' FORDIE, ...	88
THE DÆMON LOVER, ...	92

PAGE

SIR CAULINE, ... 99
SIR ROLAND, ... 124
FAUSE FOODRAGE, ... 131
FAIR JANET, ... 139
CLERK SAUNDERS, ... 147
WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET, ... 155
THE CAVALIER'S SONG, ... 159
THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT, ... 161
LORD INGRAM AND CHIEL WYET, ... 173
THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY, ... 180
WILLIAM AND MARJORIE, ... 186
THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNIE, &c., ... 189
YOUNG JOHNSTONE, ... 193
EARL ROBERT, ... 200
JOHNIE SCOT, ... 204
EARL RICHARD, ... 218
BONNIE SUSIE CLELAND, ... 221
CATHERINE JOHNSTONE, ... 225
THE WEARY COBLE O' CARGIL, ... 230
LADY MARJORIE, ... 234
ANDREW LAMMIE, ... 239
THE DOWIE DOWNS O' YARROW, ... 252
THE QUEEN OF MAY, HER SONG, ... 256
GIL MORRICE, ... 260
CHIELD MORICE, ... 269
CHILDE MAURICE, ... 276
CHILD NORICE, ... 282
YOUNG HASTINGS THE GROOM, ... 287
LAMBERT LINKIN, ... 290
REEDESDALE AND WISE WILLIAM, ... 298

PAGE

BARBARA LIVINGSTON, ... 304
SWEET WILLIAM, ... 307
MARY HAMILTON, ... 311
SIR JAMES THE ROSE, ... 321
FAIR ANNIE, ... 327
BILLIE ARCHIE, ... 335
SON DAVIE, SON DAVIE, ... 339
THE WEE, WEE MAN, ... 343
YOUNG BEARWELL, ... 345
LORD DERWENTWATER, ... 349
THE JOLLY GOSHAWK, ... 353
GIPSIE DAVIE, ... 360
WILLIE WALLACE, ... 364
SWEET WILLIE AND LADY MARJORIE, ... 370
EARL RICHARD, ... 377

APPENDIX.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT, ... i
WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET, ... iii
LORD JAMIE DOUGLAS, ... v
JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK, ... xi
MUSICK, ... xv

INTRODUCTION.

As this compilation consists principally of Narrative Ballads, there occurring in it no compositions strictly called Songs, in the sense to which that term is now generally confined, except a few modern pieces, the slight observations with which it has been thought proper to introduce it, are to be understood as referring exclusively to the Ancient Romantick and Historick Ballad of Scotland.*

Under the head of ROMANTICK— a phrase we are obliged to employ for lack of something more significant and precise—may be ranged a numerous and highly interesting body of short metrical tales, chiefly of a tragick complexion, which, though possessing all the features of real incident, and probably originating in fact, cannot now, after the lapse of many ages, be, with certainty, traced to any historical source, publick or private. With these may also be classed that description of ANCIENT SONG which treats of incredible achievements, and strange adventures by flood and field,—deals largely with the Marvellous in all its multiform aspects,—and occasionally pours a brief but intense glare of supernatural light over those dim and untravelled realms of Doubt

* "With us, songs of sentiment, expression, or even description, are properly termed SONGS in contradistinction to mere narrative compositions, which we now denominate BALLADS. A similar idea is adopted by the Spaniards; and in France, every division almost of which the subject is capable, has an appellation peculiar to it." *See Ritson's Historical Essay on National Song, prefixed to* ENGLISH SONGS. The term Ballad was at one period very indefinite; numberless instances of its loose and general application will readily suggest themselves to the reader of early poetry. Some of these are pointed out in the text and notes of the History of English poetry, vol. IV. pp. 249, &c. last edition. Those which had an unfortunate catastrophe, were occasionally then, and still are, in our modern stall prints, called Tragedies.

and Dread, whose every nook the giant superstition of elder days has colonized with a prodigal profusion of mysterious and spiritual inhabitants. And in short, under this comprehensive head, we must include every legend relating to person, place, thing, or occurrence, to establish whose existence it would be vain to seek for other evidence than that which popular tradition supplies.

The other class is much easier described. It embraces all those narrative songs, which derive their origin from historical facts, whether of a publick or private nature. The subjects of these are national or personal conflicts, family feuds, publick or domestick transactions, personal adventure, or local incidents, which, in some shape or other, have fallen under the observation of contemporary and authentick annalists. In general, these compositions may be considered as coeval with the events which they commemorate; but, with this class as with that which has been styled the Romantick Ballad, it is not to be expected, that in their progress to our day, they have undergone no modifications of form, and these very considerable, from that in which they were originally produced and promulgated among the people.

This interesting body of popular poetry, part of which, in point of antiquity, may fairly be esteemed equal, if not superior, to the most ancient of our written monuments, has owed its preservation principally to oral tradition. With the exception of a very few pieces, which, more through accident than design, appear to have found their way into old MSS., or early printed volumes, the ancient Ballad Poetry of Scotland must literally be gathered from the lips of

> "The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
> Who use to chaunt it."

But fragile and capricious as the tenure may seem by which it has held its existence for centuries, it is worthy of remark how excellently well tradition serves as a substitute for more efficient and less mutable channels of communicating the things of past ages to posterity. In proof of this, it is only necessary to instance the well known ballad of *Edom o' Gordon*, which is traditionally preserved in Scotland, and of which there is fortunately extant a copy in an English MS., apparently coeval with the date of the subject of the ballad. The title of this copy is *Captain Care*. We owe its publication to the late Mr. Ritson,

in whose "Ancient Songs" it will be found printed from a MS. in the Cottonian Library.* Between the text of the traditionary version and that of the MS., a slight inspection will satisfy us that the variations are neither very numerous nor very important. This is taking the MS. as the standard of the original text, although it can scarcely be considered as such, seeing it has been transcribed by an English clerk, who perhaps took it down from the imperfect recitation of some wandering Scottish minstrel, and thereafter altered it to suit his own ideas of poetical beauty.† Could, however, there be MS. copies of other of our ancient ballads recovered, it certainly would be a most desirable and valuable acquisition. If any such exist, and shall at any time hereafter be communicated to the world, it is confidently anticipated that they will establish the fact of tradition being in all matters relative to popular poetry, a safe and almost unerring guide.

Language, which, in the written literature of a country, is ever varying, suffers no material changes nor corruptions among the lower and uneducated classes of society, by whom it is spoken as their mother tongue. With them, primitive forms of speech, peculiar idiomatick expressions, and antique phrases, are still in use, which we would look for in vain in the literature of the present day, or in its wordbooks, which are not professedly dedicated to the "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence." It is not, therefore, with the unlettered and the rude, that oral song suffers vital and irremediable wrong. What they have received from their forefathers, they transmit in the same shape to their children; for as the Pardonere in the Canterbury Tales has justly remarked,

> —Lewd peple loven tales olde;
> Swiche things can they wel report and holde.

Localities and persons, may, it is true, be occasionally shifted to answer the meridian of the Reciter, and obsolete terms and epithets

---

* Ancient Songs, London, 1790, p. 137. Dr Percy mentions that a fragment of it also occurs in his folio MS.

† Ritson styles it "the undoubted original of the Scottish Ballad, and one of the few specimens now extant of the proper old English Ballad, as composed, not by a Grub Street author for the stalls of London, but—to be chaunted up and down the kingdom by the wandering Minstrels of "the North Countrie." But here the Critick has gratuitously assumed that the name which appears at the end of it as the copyist, is also that of the author.

be laid aside for others more generally in use ; but what may be called the facts of these compositions, are never disturbed, nor are their individual or characteristick features ever lost. The tear and wear of three centuries will do less mischief to the text of an old ballad among the vulgar, than one short hour will effect, if in the possession of some sprightly and accomplished editor of the present day, who may choose to impose on himself the thankless and uncalled-for labour of piecing and patching up its imperfections, polishing its asperities, correcting its mistakes, embellishing its naked details, purging it of impurities, and of trimming it from top to toe with tailor-like fastidiousness and nicety, so as to be made fit for the press. For thus remodelling Ancient Song, such complacent wights claim as their reward the merest trifle—that of saddling antiquity with the sin of begetting, and the shame of maintaining, a few of the singularly beautiful and delicate growths of their own over-productive fancy. These pernicious and disingenuous practices breed a sickly loathing in the mind of every conscientious antiquary, and would, if not checked and exposed, in a short while, lay the broad axe to the root of everything like authenticity in oral song.

The almost total absence of written monuments to support the claims of Scotland to an inheritance of Ancient National Minstrelsy enforces the stern necessity of not wantonly tampering with the fleeting and precarious memorials tradition has bequeathed to these latter times. Hence it has become of the first importance to collect these songs with scrupulous and unshrinking fidelity. If they are at all worth preserving, and no one who has an unsophisticated and manly taste can deny that they are so, it assuredly must be in the very garb in which they are remembered and known, and can be proved to exist amongst us. It will not do to indulge in idle speculations as to what they once may have been, and to recast them in what we may fancy were their original moulds. We may regret that attention was not earlier bestowed on this neglected though interesting portion of national literature, but the only step we are warranted in taking to remedy what Sir Thomas Browne has denominated "the supinity of elder times," is that of preventing its future dilapidation, by now carefully and accurately gathering what of its wreck we can yet find floating around us.

The time may come when even these fragments will also be irretrievably borne beyond our reach.

Collections of these ballads, printed as they orally exist, will, to those who succeed us, prove a source of peculiar gratification—a record of the most instructive and interesting kind. They convey to posterity that description of song which is peculiarly national and characteristick; that body of poetry which has inwoven itself with the feelings and passions of the people, and which shadows forth, as it were, an actual embodiment of their Universal mind, and of its intellectual and moral tendencies. They communicate too, another favour, which we would be glad had been conferred on us by any authority a century old, that is, the means of ascertaining what in our day were deemed ancient compositions, and what of more recent or of contemporaneous date with ourselves.

Evident, however, as the importance is of thus collecting our traditionary poetry, purely as it is to be found, it unfortunately happens that this has been too often slightingly and slovenly executed. With many of these ballads, liberties of the most exceptionable and flagrant description have occasionally been taken by their respective editors, liberties as uncalled-for as they are unpardonable in the eye of every rigid and honest critick. Some of these offences against truth and correct taste, are of a very deep, others of a lighter shade of criminality, but be they what they may in magnitude, all are alike deserving of unmitigated condemnation.

It is perhaps unnecessary to mention, that of every old traditionary ballad known, there exists what may be called different versions. In other words, the same story is told after a different fashion in one district of the country, from what it is remembered in another. It therefore not unfrequently occurs, that no two copies obtained in parts of the country distant from each other will be found completely to tally in their texts; perhaps they may not have a single stanza which is mutual property, except certain common-places which seem an integrant portion of the original mechanism of all our ancient ballads, and the presence of which forms one of their most peculiar and distinctive characteristicks, as contrasted with the modern ballad. Both of these copies, however, narrate the same story. In that particular,

their identity with each other cannot be disputed; but in many minute circumstances, as well as in the way by which the same catastrophe is brought out, sensible differences exist. By selecting the most beautiful and striking passages, which present themselves in the one copy, and making these cohere as they best may, with similar extracts detached from the other copy, the editor of oral poetry succeeds in producing from the conflicting texts of his various authorities, a third version more perfect and ornate than any individual one as it originally stood. This improved version may contain the quintessence—the poetick elements of each copy consulted, but in this general resemblance to all, it loses its particular affinity to any one. Its individuality entirely disappears, and those features by which each separate copy proved its authenticity, in the collated version, become faint and dubious, confused and undistinguishable. Such copies, however, are those which find their way readiest into our every-day compilations of such things, as well on account of their superior poetical merit, as of the comparative distinctness and fullness of the narrative; and to readers not accustomed to enquire into the nature of traditionary poetry, they thus convey very inaccurate impressions of the state in which these compositions are actually extant among us.

This mode, then, of editing ancient ballads, by subjecting them to the process of refinement now described, though it be more conscientious and less liable to censure than another method also resorted to, is nevertheless highly objectionable, as effectually marring the venerable simplicity of early song, destroying in a great measure its characteristick peculiarities, and as being the means of introducing erroneous conceptions regarding our vernacular poetry which has been recovered from tradition.

All versions of a ballad so preserved by oral transmission from one age to another, are entitled to be considered as of equal authenticity, and coeval production, one with the other, although among them, wide and irreconcileable discrepancies exist. Indeed, the differences between some copies of the same ballad are so important, that their existence can be accounted for in no other way, than by supposing these different versions the productions of so many distinct minstrels, each of whom obtain-

ed the story, which he versified from a channel foreign to that accessible by his fellow poets. Some of these diversities, it is true, may be attributable to the interpolations and corruptions acquired in the course of time, through the ignorance of reciters. Some are inaccurately committed to memory at first, and are thus in an incomplete form delivered. Others are in part forgotten, and the defects of the memory may be supplied by the invention of the reciter, or the limb of some other similar composition substituted for that which is lost. But allowing the utmost latitude for the many mutations incident to this species of literature, still it cannot account for all the variations we find in these copies, several of which ought to be elevated to the rank of distinct ballads in place of being regarded as mere variations from one original text.

Under the presence of such circumstances, then, it surely is the duty of the collector and editor of Traditionary ballads, to avoid the perilous and frequently abortive task, of uniting discordant and essentially incohesive texts, and to content himself with merely selecting that one of his copies which appears the most complete and least vitiated—and to give it purely and simply as he obtained it, without hazarding any emendation whatsoever.

If this comparatively innocent mode of restoring our ancient ballads be obnoxious to censure, they are still more culpable as editors, who, under no authority of written or recited copy, but merely to gratify their own insatiate rage for innovation and improvement, recklessly and injudiciously cut and carve as they list on these productions, and in some cases entirely re-write them. Where the narrative is poor in incident—where it is wholly barren of imagery, there they most thickly plant their own bastard inventions, and strew the delicate blossoms of their own precious conceit; where the ancient song breaks forth in the earnest, simple, and downright language of passion and of nature, there our ballad renovator must dilute it to the slip-slop sentiment of his own day, and garnish it with the artificial brilliancies of his own style of writing; introducing throughout a current of feeling, and a tissue of allusions, (poetical, very poetical, we shall be charitable enough to suppose they are,) wholly at issue with the cast of thought, the manners, and the modes of expression peculiar to

the age which produced the original poem. And, where the Ancient Minstrel, true in his delineations of society and of manners to the times in which he flourished, faithfully and vigorously sketches, *ad vivam*, nor hesitates, in the rush and tide of his song, to call a spade a spade, the Modern affects to shudder at the grossness and vulgarity of antiquity, and diligently weaves his own gossamer web of sensuality around the nakedness of ancient simplicity, and then gloats over his seductive handiwork, with the complacency of the merest voluptuary. They who choose to stigmatise the Muse of Antiquity as being rather "high kilted," do no service either to Letters or to Morality by apparelling her in a "trailing gown," or giving her a "syde tail" of their own fashioning. In truth, it is by such impertinent and pernicious labors that the obscenities of early writers become disgustingly obtruded on the publick eye. Had they been allowed to pass uncommented on, they would never have called a blush to the innocent cheek, or in the unaffectedly pure mind have wakened one unhallowed thought. For the curious and important knowledge, then, which enables us to detect and understand the gross witticisms and licentious allusions of our ancestors, we stand indebted to the tasteful emendations, the delicate and minute criticism of these singularly sensitive and moral editors. But in their bitter wrath and in their lachrymose exclamations against the licentiousness of ancient song, and the times which produced and could relish such foul dainties, and in the pains they take to detect the presence of indelicate inuendo, though never so cunningly wrapped up in some dark allegory, and in the skill they shew for its purification by kindly paraphrasing every objectionable passage, these well-meaning individuals not unfrequently manifest a lurking affection for their task, and a perfect acquaintance with its subject, seldom to be found in conjunction with that unspotted purity and extraordinary refinement and maiden-like delicacy which they profess.

There is yet another description of old song editors, whose mischievous and dishonest propensities cannot be too severely reprobated. It consists of those gentlemen who deem themselves fully better poets than ever earlier times produced; but who cannot persuade the publick to think so, or even prevail on it to read their compositions till they have given them a slight sprinkling of olden

phraseology, and stoutly maintained that they were genuine specimens of ancient song. Some trash, accounted as ancient, they have by sheer impudence thus succeeded in forcing down the throat of a credulous and gaping publick; but sooner or later these paltry forgeries are laid bare, to the shame and confusion of the utterer. The attempt to poison the sources of history, and to confound truth by such fabrications, is despicable and unprincipled. It is much to be regretted, however, that some men of undeniable talents have occasionally lent themselves to such ignoble ends, and bartered an honest fame for a worthless and shadowy triumph. But with all their ingenuity in the manufacture of these antique gems, they can at best only gull the rabble, a poor and mean gratification, while on every hand they encounter the risque of being roughly handled by those who know the studies in which they traffick much better than themselves, and who by a solitary scratch of their pen can dissipate the idle fabrications thus painfully reared on falsehood and imposition, and expose their authors to the contempt and derision of that publick whose credulity and confidence they have abused.

When we look around us and find so voluminous a body of Vernacular poetry traditionally preserved among the patriotick children of an ancient and heroick race, for a period of time to which imagination can assign no definite limits, but whose origin seems as remote and involved in as much darkness as the early history of the people themselves—a body of poetry, breathing at one time of "high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesie," and at another overflowing with pathos, and tenderest feeling; at one time swelling into all the pomp of chivalrick circumstance, and full of unmingled joy and triumph, at another moment narrowing itself into the intense interest of the deepest tragedy —a body of poetry as various in its subjects as those Armorican lays which

> Ben yfounde of ferli thing,
> Sum bethe of wer and sum of wo,
> Sum of joie and mirthe also,
> And sum of trecherie and of gile,
> Of old auentours that fel while,
> And sum of bourdes and ribaudy,
> And many ther beth of fairy;

Of al thinges that men seth,
Maist o love forsothe thai bethe.

A series of compositions, terse and unlaboured, but supplying in their details satisfactory and striking illustrations of the manners, habits, feelings, superstitions, and prejudices of days deep hidden in the gloom of hoar antiquity, and whose peculiarities of style so completely distinguish them from those productions of more recent times, which embrace a similar range of topicks: and when we find this curious and interesting species of national literature transmitted even to the present day, with a copiousness and fidelity almost rivalling the certainty and authenticity of written monuments, we are naturally led to inquire, not only into the causes which have so linked it with the affections of each succeeding race, but our attention is also directed to the times which first cherished so remarkable a class of compositions, and to the poets by whom it was produced. Ample though such a field of inquiry be, it nevertheless is one wherein little progress can be made, with any degree of historical certainty; and, in an investigation whose object is professed to be the elucidation of truth, it would be idle to substitute conjecture for facts.

To point out what truly are the most ancient of these compositions, cannot be attempted with any success. Though tradition may faithfully transmit to us the narrative uninjured and unshorn of any part ot its circumstance, nay even give the sentiments of the poet unaltered, and preserve the character of the piece precisely as at first pourtrayed, yet it alters the language so completely, that not a word may be preserved which originally was there. The phraseology of one age, as it becomes obsolete and strange, is, in oral literature, ever supplanted by equivalent terms which are better understood, or are in daily use; and these again in their turn, at some future period, yield to the same inexorable law of perpetual mutation. Thus the distinguishing features of different ages, so far as these are indicated by language, become so thoroughly blended, that to fix the antiquity of traditionary song by any evidence which its diction supplies, is a hopeless, and, at best, an unsatisfactory endeavour.

"There are in Scotland," says Ritson, "many ballads or legendary and romantick songs, composed in a singular style, and preserved by

tradition among the country people. It must, however, be confessed, that none of these compositions bear satisfactory marks of the antiquity they pretend to, while the expressions or allusions occurring in some, would seem to fix their origin to a very modern date."* The opinions of a writer of so much acuteness and information in poetick archæology as Ritson, however hastily and inconsiderately delivered, are deserving of attention; but in this quotation it is to be observed that he only refers to the "expressions and allusions" interspersed through the ballads he had an opportunity of studying, not to their general structure and to those commonplaces and curious burdens they frequently have, which serve as landmarks, and helps to the memory of the reciter, while they secure the stream of the narrative from being broken or interrupted by the innovations of time, and the mutations of language. It is granted at once that the "expressions and allusions" of these compositions fluctuate, and that frequently, but these changes never alter entirely the venerable aspect of the whole ballad. It is like repairing gradually the weather-worn face of an ancient cathedral, by the insertion here and there of a freshly-hewn stone, as need may require. The outline of the building and the effect of the whole remain unchanged. Though the comparatively modern look of ballad phraseology, so far as dependent on certain allusions and expressions, is admitted to greater latitude than what is truly the fact, it is well known to those acquainted with the subject, that they still retain many "aureat termes," struck in the mint of the olden time, amply sufficient to vouch for their remote extraction and gentle blood, even were there no other evidence at hand of a less questionable and suspicious kind. That evidence is contained in the bosom of the ballads themselves. They enjoy peculiar features, which not only distinguish them from the like sort of compositions produced in more recent times, but certain characteristicks which separate them from the written poetry of their own day, and identify them with each other as belonging to one body and family of National Minstrelsy. These features, it will be found, are common also to the early traditionary poetry of the Scandinavian provinces of Europe; and constitute, in fact, the

* Historical Essay prefixed to "Scottish Song," Lond. 1794. p. lxxx.

bounding line which exists between what is the Oral and what is the Written poetry of a people, or of that poetry which is equally intelligible to the unlettered as to the learned. We shall endeavour partially to sketch some of these distinctive and unalterable features of the ancient traditionary ballad of Scotland, although we feel that to do complete justice to the subject, is neither in our power, nor is it compatible with the limits of this essay. Besides, there grows up an intuitive and auxiliary sense in all who are familiar with this study, which enables them at once, without any laboured process of induction or critical analysis, to discriminate between what is ancient and what is modern, or the imitation of the ancient; but this kind of intuitive perception cannot be communicated by words to another; and it is now merely mentioned to obviate any appearance of dogmatism, if, in the course of our observations, we should at any time call this old or that new, this genuine or that a forgery, without condescending to detail the grounds upon which such brief censures are founded.

The first thing that solicits our notice in the Romantick ballad, is the almost uniform dramatick cast of its structure. The action of the piece commences at once. It does not, like the metrical romance, proceed after craving the attention of lord and lady, and invoking the aid of the Virgin Mary, &c., to give a sketch of the parentage, education, and promising qualities of the doughty knight or gentle squire who is to figure in it. There is no pompous announcement of the exquisite enjoyment to be derived from the carping of such noble *gestes*. If such particulars are at all alluded to, they are noticed merely incidentally, and dashed off perhaps in a single line. The characters and the destinies of those who form the subject of such tales are learned from their actions, not by the description of the poet. They generally open with some striking and natural picture, pregnant with life and motion. The story runs on in an arrow-like stream, with all the straightforwardness of unfeigned and earnest passion. There is no turning back to mend what has been said amiss, to render more clear that which may have been dimly expressed, or slightly hinted; and there is no pause made to gather on the way beautiful images or appropriate illustrations. If these come naturally and unavoidably, as it were, good and well, but there is no loitering and winding about and about as if unwilling to

move on till these should suggest themselves. The charm of the composition lies in the story which it evolves. Strained and artificial feeling has no place in it, and rhetorical embellishments are equally unknown. Descriptions of natural scenery are never attempted, and sentiment is almost unheard of. Much is always left for imagination to fancy, and for the feelings of the auditors, to supply, roused as they cannot fail to be, by the scenick picture rapidly and distinctly traced before the mind's eye. In his narrative, the poet always appears to be acting in good faith with his audience. He does not sing to another what he discredits himself, nor does he appeal to other testimony in support of his statements. There is no reference to "as the boke tells," or "as in Romans I rede," for a corroboration of what he affirms. He always speaks as if the subject which he handles were one quite familiar to those whom he addresses, and touching which nothing but a perfectly honest and circumstantial statement of facts could be relished. If fifteen stalworth foresters are slain by one stout knight, single handed, he never steps out of his way to prove the truth of such an achievement, by appealing to the exploits of some other notable manslayer. If a mermaid should, from a love of solitude and the picturesque, haunt some lone and lovely river, and there, while kembing her yellow locks, peradventure fascinate some unhappy wight, the poet never apologises for the appearance of the waterwoman, by covertly insinuating how marvellous be the inhabitants of the ocean—and though an Elfin knight should unceremoniously adopt for his paramour, some young lady whom he meets of a summer's evening, while rambling through the gay greenwood, and whose taste for the lovelinesses of nature is certainly more remarkable than her prudence, he never betrays any surprise at the circumstance, but treats it as a matter of everyday occurrence and historical notoriety. Should an unhappy ghost wander back to earth, the poet is perfectly master of the dialogue he holds with the maid he left behind him: nor is he at a loss accurately to describe how the fiend can, with a single kick of his cloven foot, sink a goodly bark, although reasonable doubts may well be entertained how such facts could have transpired, seeing none of its crew ever reached the land to sing of such an "unhappy voyage," more terrifick by a deal, than that performed under the melancholy auspices of that

"brisk and tall young man," hight "William Glen," who was bound for, but alas never returned from, "New Barbarie."

But be the subject of the narrative what it may, whether it be of real life, fraught with an interest deeply tragical, or one of wild superstition and romantick incident, it will ever be found clearly, succinctly and impressively told. There is no unnecessary waste of words—no redundancy of circumstances, nor artful involution of plot—and no laying of colour above colour, to give a body and brilliancy to the picture. It stands out in simple and severe beauty—a beauty arising not from the loveliness of any one individual feature, but from the perfect harmony and wholeness subsisting among, and sustaining all.

From the dramatick structure of these songs, we are naturally led to infer that when the singing or recitation of them was the business of Minstrels, they were prefaced with some account of the previous history of the several individuals whom they respectively commemorate; and that many minute circumstances elucidatory of them were detailed, not only for the purpose of interesting their hearers, but likewise to make the abrupt transitions occurring in some of these ballads more easy of apprehension to such as were strangers in the company. That this was the fact admits of little doubt. Traces of such a custom still remain in the lowlands of Scotland, among those who have stores of these songs upon their memory. Reciters frequently, when any part of the narrative appears incomplete, supply the defect in prose. Where the ballad naturally terminates, they can tell what became of some inferior or subordinate character mentioned in it, whom the minstrel has passed over in silence, as interfering with the interest which should be exclusively concentrated around the principal personages. Some pieces too are prose and rhyme intermixed, the dialogue and those parts purely lyrical are in metre, while the narrative and descriptive portions given in such humble prose as the reciter can furnish. An instance of this kind, Mr. Jamieson has given in "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities,"* and many similar cases could be produced, were

* "Rosmer Half-man, or the Merman Rosmer," p. 379. The legend there given still exists in the Nursery; but it has now, I believe, freed itself of all its metrical portions.

it necessary. Thus I have heard the ancient Ballad of "Young Beichan and Susy Pye," dilated by a Story-teller into a tale of very remarkable dimensions—a paragraph of prose, and then a *screed* of rhyme alternately given. From this ballad, I may give a short specimen after the fashion of the venerable authority from whom I quote: "Well ye must know that in the Moor's Castle, there was a Massymore, which is a dark deep dungeon for keeping prisoners. It was twenty feet below the ground, and into this hole they closed poor Beichan. There he stood, night and day, up to his waist in puddle water; but night or day it was all one to him, for no ae styme of light ever got in. So he lay there a lang and weary while, and thinking on his heavy weird, he made a murnfu' sang to pass the time—and this was the sang that he made, and grat when he sang it, for he never thought of ever escaping from the Massymore, or of seeing his ain country again:

"My hounds they all run masterless,
My hawks they flee from tree to tree;
My youngest brother will heir my lands,
And fair England again I'll never see.

Oh were I free as I hae been,
And my ship swimming once more on sea;
I'd turn my face to fair England,
And sail no more to a strange countrie.

Now the cruel Moor had a beautiful daughter, called Susy Pye, who was accustomed to take a walk every morning in her garden, and as she was walking ae day she heard the sough o' Beichan's Sang,* coming as it were from below the ground," &c., &c.

The chance is but small that it will ever be recovered in a more perfect shape, than what Mr. Jamieson's memory has enabled him to present it.

* This popular Ballad, which is apparently an English production, exists in many different shapes in Scotland. It is of unquestionable antiquity, and the young Beichan or Bekie, whose captivity, sufferings, and subsequent marriage with his deliverer, it records, is no less a personage than the father of the celebrated Thomas a Becket. In "the Life of Thomas Becket," quoted in Warton's History, vol. i. p. 19, occurs this notice:

"Ther was Gilbert Thomas fadir, name the trewe man and gode,
He loved God and holi cherche setthe he witte onderstode;
The cros to the holi cherche in his zouthe he nom,
..... myd on Rychard that was his mon to Jerlem come,
Ther hy dede, here pylgrimage in holi stedes faste,
So that among Sarazyns hy wer nom at laste."

In the same way, we are informed by Mr. Smith, that Reciters of Earse Poems, frequently accompany them with a prose commentary ;* a practice which also obtained in Denmark, and which is referred to by the compiler of the Kampe Viser.† Some of the ancient French

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When so *nomed*, it is probable the Saracen lady fell in love with him. Gilbert Becket must have been a distinguished individual in his day. He appears to have been Portgrave of London, a title now changed to that of Mayor. See "A BRIEF CHRONICLE of the success of Times," Lond. 1611, p. 574. That he was a person of great estate, Langtoft bears witness.

> Ther was his chancelere, Thomas of London born ;
> Saynt Thomas fader I fynd hight Thomas (Gilbert) Beket ;
> In London of noble kynd and moste of alle was let,
> A riche man he was, mot spend thre hundreth pound.

Langtoft's Chronicle apud Hearne, p. 128. Hollingshed, speaking of the Saint, says: "This Becket was borne in London, his father hight Gilbert, but his mother was a Syrian born, and by religion a Saracen ;" To the same effect Baker ; "The man was *Thomas Becket*, born in London ; his father one *Gilbert Becket*, his mother an outlandish woman of the country of *Syria*." Fox in his Acts and Monuments, vol. i. p. 267, Lond. 1641, affords another notice—"And first here to omit the programe of him, and his mother named Rose, whom Polyd. Virgilius falsely nameth to be a Saracen, when indeed she came out of the parts bordering neere to Normandy," &c. Though she came from the quarter, Fox says she came from, that did not prevent her from being a Saracen, a designation as general then as heathen is at the present day.

These notices will afford evidence sufficient to warrant us referring the ballad to the individual now pointed out. An inspection of some of the numerous legends touching the blessed Martyr, Saint Thomas of Canterbury, will probably supply many other interesting particulars tending more completely to connect and identify them.

* Speaking of some liberties he was obliged to take in the translations of poems he had made from the Gaelic, the Rev. Mr. Smith, in his Gaelic Antiquities, Edin., 1780, says : "If any apology, however, be requisite for these freedoms, I can add that I have been for the most part guided in my conjectures, and even supplied in my additions, by the traditional tales, or *sgeulachds* which always accompany, and often explain the old Gaelic poems, and which often remain entire when the poems themselves are reduced to fragments," p. 129. of a Dissertation on the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems.

† This is still the practice in the Highlands of Scotland, in Ireland, the Isle of Man, and Wales ; and, we believe, in every other country where such productions are preserved by oral tradition. "I have prefixed," says Mr. Syv in his preface to the K. Viser, "short notices to some of the ballads, and annexed such explanatory notes as seemed to be required, thus following in my publication, the usage of those by whom these ditties have been handed down to us, who were accustomed first to sing the ballad, and when they had finished, to relate the story, with all the circumstances connected with it, in prose. The explanation was called *Urskyring*, a word still in use in the Islandic language. This method of giving text and commentary tended to impress the tale upon the memory, and facilitated the traditionary preservation of these relics : and it is to such materials handed down in this manner from one to another, that we are indebted for the historical labours of "Adam of Bremen, Snorro Storleson Saxo, and Bishop Absalon," see foot note in introduction to popular Ballads in "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," p. 239.

Fabliaux appear likewise to have been partly intended for recitation, and partly for being sung.*

That many of these ballads had certain frames in which they were set, and which, like the chorus of the Ancient Drama, discussed the motives of the characters, or entered more minutely into their history, than was consistent with the limits and action of the metrical piece, derives corroboration from the fact that a few of them still retain in their Initial Stanzas matter of an explanatory description. And, acting upon this principle, it would appear that the writers and printers of our modern ballads, have, in the introductory verses of these ditties, or in the formidable titles with which they are prefixed, endeavoured to communicate to the reader that information which the Ancient Minstrel in all probability announced orally to his audience before he smote his harp with the hand of power.

There is another feature which the ancient ballads have in common with each other, and which constitutes a material distinction between them, and those written purposely for the press. They are much more licentious and incorrect in their metres, according to the present standards of taste in these matters; the accent not unfrequently falls on syllables at variance with our present mode of pronunciation; and they have throughout the marks of a composition, not meant for being committed to writing, but whose musick formed an essential part of it, and from which it could not well be separated, without sensibly interfering with its unity and injuring its effect. And, indeed, it is pretty evident, that many of them would require both the voice and instrument to be humoured, so as to conceal the many irregularities of measure and rhyme, or other accidental harshnesses into which the poet had fallen. It is well observed by the father of this kind of literature, in his learned "Essay on the Ancient Minstrels," that, "in the more ancient ballads in that collection, the reader would observe a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class; many phrases and idioms which the minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable license of

* Way's Fabliaux, volume i., page 151. London, 1815.

varying the accent of words at pleasure in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhymes as

Countrìè harpèr battèl morning,
Ladiè singèr damsèl living,

instead of coúntry, lády, hárper, sínger, &c. This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age, or even by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the minstrels subsisted, they seemed never to have designed their rhymes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves; what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their lips. But as the old minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded—an inferior sort of minor poets who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The old minstrel ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost license of metre; they have also a romantick wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetick; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners."* These observations, which refer to the English ballad, are equally applicable to the ancient and modern ballad of Scotland. For it need scarcely be mentioned, that in their character both resemble each other so much, that it becomes impossible to say to which country a great number of them belong. Indeed, the most of our old ballads appear to have been equally well known on the south, as on the north of the Tweed; but in the Scottish ballads, there never occurs any mention of "Harpers of the North Countrie," which silence, taken in conjunction with the admission of the English ballads, may be twisted into something like a proof that Scotland was looked on as the accredited source of Minstrel song. We know her poets did not scruple to acknowledge their obligations

* Reliques of English Poetry. 5th Edit. Lond. 1812.

to Chaucer, as "flour of rethoris al," and even "Dan Lydgate," came in for a share of their approbation, along with "moral Gower;" and had her Minstrels owed anything to their brethren of the South, that debt, no doubt, would also have been as gratefully remembered.*

But one of the most striking, and we may add, never varying features of these compositions, is their ever agreeing in describing certain actions in one uniform way—their identity of language, epithet, and expression, in numerous scenes where the least resemblance of incident occurs. Instances of this fact are familiar to the student of old ballads as household words; but, as it is not every one who pays attention to these curious reliques of early poetry, it may be excusable to dwell a little on this singularity of their composition. It would seem that these common places are so many ingenious devices, no doubt suggested by the wisdom and experience of many ages, whereby oral poetry is more firmly imprinted on the memory, more readily recalled to it, when partially obliterated, and, in the absence of letters, the only efficacious means of preserving and transmitting it to after times. Besides, it is in them that we not unfrequently recognise those epithets and allusions which carry the compositions to which they appertain, to a remote age—epithets and allusions to which the reciter of modern times does not and cannot well attach any distinct meaning, but which he nevertheless repeats as he got them, because he finds they occur in all such songs as uniformly as its burden, perhaps, of "derry down, down, hey derry down." In no modern, or comparatively modern ballad, do they ever present themselves, except in a few, which may be considered as framed on the ancient models, or in those which immediately succeeded to the ancient ones, whose features in part they must have retained, in order to win their way to vulgar favour. For a sudden departure from those forms which use had

* In the introduction prefixed to the Romance of Sir Tristrem, the learned editor of that curious early poem has very ingeniously suggested that the southern provinces of Scotland, and northern shires of England, which for a long period belonged to the Scottish Crown, may be looked on as a probable source from which emanated much of the Romance of the Middle ages, especially that class which commemorated the achievements of Arthur and his Knights. The arguments brought forward in support of this opinion are very specious, if not altogether convincing; but the theory itself is one which deserves to be further prosecuted than it has been by the eminent scholar who first started it.

rendered familiar, and age venerable, would not be tolerated by the body of the people; but a silent and imperceptible change might be gradually introduced without exciting disgust, or openly warring with the overwhelming power of ancient prepossessions and long cherished associations. The snake does not cast off its slough at once, but slowly, and part by part, it peels off and wears away: nor did the ballad part all at once with the livery grave antiquity had clothed it in. Thus, to very recent times, indeed, we can distinctly follow out the traces of the ancient ballad style of writing; and it is remarkable enough, that the compositions which so retain the characteristicks of an earlier body of song, though never so faintly apparent, are those which have become most extensively diffused over the country, and have been most perfectly committed to memory.

Shakspeare has sung, that "the course of true love never did run smooth," and many of our Ancient Ballads confirm the sad tale. In those Ballads whose interest is derived from this fruitful source of human misery, we find a perfect uniformity of expression, in all cases where the death of the lovers is described. The very hour of this mournful event is pointed out with a painful precision that would defy the utmost chronological accuracy of the minutest obituarist; and when they are interred, as always happens, the one in the chancel, and the other in the quire, the miracle of the rose bush, springing from the one grave, and growing and entwining itself with the briar, which shoots up with a fond eagerness from the other, till they reach the roof, where they shape themselves into a true-love knot, follows as a matter of course. This beautiful and pleasing fiction casts a soft and tender light over the moral history of that people, whose popular poetry cherishes such amiable creations; and who in their hearts believe this emblematick triumph of imperishable constancy, and true passion over death itself. The lovers in these compositions are ever found in "Their lives lovely, and in their death, undivided."

In cases where a message is to be run, a letter or token to be delivered, the same identity of expression, or but slightly varied, according to circumstances, obtains. The message itself is delivered word for word as it was communicated, and if a letter happens to be the medium of intelligence, we find it uniformly has the effect of exciting

very opposite emotions in the individual to whom it is addressed. Like the fatal mandate delivered to Sir Patrick Spens, the first line provokes a "loud lauch," but at the second, "the saut tear blinds his e'e;" and those Ballads which go the length of describing the further effects produced generally mention that of the third line, "a word he could not see."

Gentle dames, who choose to undergo a voluntary penance, as a mark of their sorrow for the loss of their paramours, cannot content themselves with a less period than seven years for enduring privations, which would shock any sensitive lady of the present day. These privations consists in denying themselves the use of coal and candle—neglecting to comb their hair—to glove their hand—or put a shoe on their foot, or a smock on their back. After enduring these hardships they not unfrequently have the satisfaction, on some chill moonshiny night of meeting their lovers' spirit, with whom they enjoy an edifying conversation, and to whom they then render back his plighted troth, in order that he may sleep at peace in his cold and narrow home. Indeed, there is not an action, nor an occurrence of any sort, but what has its appropriate phraseology, and to enumerate all these would, in effect, be to give the principal portion of all our ancient Ballads. For in all cases where there is an identity of incident, of circumstance, of action, each Ballad varies not from the established mode of clothing these in language. This simplicity of narrative and undeviating recurrence of identical expressions in analogous cases, is one never, failing mark of the antiquity of these songs, and their absence the best argument to the contrary. When a lover comes to his true-love's bower he uniformly makes use of but one argument to gain admittance:

O Rise, O Rise, Lady Margerie,
O Rise and let me in;
For the rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew draps on my chin.

and much to the credit of the tender hearts that then held the world in gentle thrall, we seldom find that the shivering gallant was long excluded, for, as the minstrel has it,—

With her feet as white as sleet,
She strode her bower within,

And with her fingers lang an' sma',
She loot sweet Willie in.

A combat, though never so toughly and tediously maintained, is very briefly handled by the poet. There is a sort of brachigraphy, or short-hand used in the description, quite startling to the prosing of a modern versifier. The "nut-brown sword," which at this moment "hung low down by the gair" of the one duellist, is in the next sheathed "betwixt the short rib and the lang" of the other. When swords were at every one's thigh, it was of use to know how to wield them effectively. The Jews seem to have had a partiality for the same kind of thrust. In a note upon the following verses of *Childe Maurice*, which may be quoted as an illustration of what has been said regarding the brevity of the Minstrel descriptions of duels—

But he pulled out a bright browne sword,
And dryed itt on the grasse,
And soe faste he smote at John Steward,
I wis he never rest.

Then he pulled forth his bright browne sword,
And dryed itt on his sleeve,
And the first good stroke John Steward stroke,
Childe Maurice head he did cleeve.

An eminent antiquary remarks that "This singular act of cool revengeful malignity occurs in almost every one of our tragic ballads. This I know not well how to account for, as it seems far from natural that a jealous rival or injured husband should, in the very heat and fury of passion, and when on the very point of committing an act of the most intemperate violence, draw out his sword, and fall a-whetting it as Shylock does his knife." * Nothing however appears, we think, more natural than what the ballad describes; for, though at the first onset the injured party may neither have occasion, nor in his fury take time to put a keen edge on his weapon, yet if opposed by a master of fence, he may before commencing a second bout, and while gathering his wind, reasonably well amuse himself in the interval by wiping his dripping blade—it will bite all the deeper for it. And it may be remarked,

* Popular Ballads and Songs, p. 13.

that the expressions of *wiping on the sleeve, drying on the grass*, and *slaiting owre the strae*, always occur in such ballads as indicate a dubious and protracted and somewhat equal combat; and I take it these expressions were meant to convey that idea to the mind, as opposed to cases in which an individual has been overpowered by superior numbers, or assassinated unawares.

This uniformity of phraseology in describing incidents of a similar nature which pervades all our ancient ballads, might appear to argue a poverty both of expression and invention in these Minstrel Poets; but if the compositions were narratives of real facts produced on the spur of the occasion, as in most cases we have ventured to suppose them to be, the use of such commonplaces becomes abundantly obvious. They not only assisted the memory in an eminent degree, but served as a kind of ground-work, on which the poem could be raised. With such commmonplaces indelibly fixed in his memory, the minstrel could with ease to himself, and with the rapidity of extemporaneous delivery, rapidly model any event which came under his cognizance into song. They were like inns or baiting places on a journey, from one to the other of which he could speedily transport himself. They were the general outlines of every class of human incident and suffering then appropriated to song, and could be fitted easily to receive individual interest as circumstances might require, and that without any painful stretch of fancy or invention. Indeed, the original production of these commonplaces betokens no slender ingenuity on the part of these song inditers. They were like a commodious garment that could be wrapped expeditiously round every subject of whatever nature or dimensions. Something of the same sort, though in a less marked degree, may be discovered in the construction of the longer metrical Romances—all arguing that the composition of these pieces had been reduced to a certain system, and subjected to a peculiar mechanism necessarily arising out of the circumstances under which they were produced—and the incessant craving of the popular taste for novel incident and fresh excitement. Besides these peculiar forms of expression, established epithets, and variety of commonplaces, another mean of assisting the memory, and preserving the character of the melody unchanged, was adopted. This consisted in

the burthens attached to the songs, many of which, certainly in our day, appear totally unmeaning and extravagant. But it is not unlikely that these "stiff burdouns," though abundantly curious and incomprehensible to us, had a significance, and were a key to a whole family of associations and feelings, of which we can form little or no conception.* It is probable they may have been fragments of still more ancient songs, to which the Ramsays and Cunninghams of these times had fitted new words for the nonce. This seems to be the fact with regard to the Danish ballads; and it is known that it was a common practice with the old French Poets to make a particular line of an old song the *Refrain* or burden of a new.†

In the popular poetry of the Northern nations the same remarkable features are all to be found. Not only these, but the very subjects of some of the ballads appear to be the same with those of our ancient ballads. Of this interesting fact, many instances will be found in those pieces of traditionary poetry which Mr. Jamieson has translated from the Kæmpe Viser. In the work where most of these translations appear, that ingenious writer observes, "There may be remarked in all the Scottish and Danish traditionary ballads a frequent and almost unvaried recurrence of certain terms, epithets, metaphors, and phrases, which have obtained general currency, and seem peculiarly dedicated to this kind of composition. The same ideas, actions, and circumstances, are almost uniformly expressed in the same form of words; and whole lines, and even stanzas, are so hackneyed among the reciters of popular ditties, that it is impossible to give them their due appropriation, and to say to which they originally belonged." To these peculiarities, in what may be styled the mechanism of the ancient ballad, and which appear to be thus common to the traditionary poetry of other countries, may be attributed the purity and integrity with which a great body of it has been transmitted to the present day, notwithstanding the many causes, which, for centuries, have been vigor-

* If we are to credit Jones, (see his "Welsh Bards," p. 128,) the common burden of "Hey derry down," signified, "Let us hey to the Green Oak," and was the burden of our Old Song of the Druids, sung by the Bards inviting the people to their religious assemblies in the groves.

† Illustrations of Northern Antiquities. Burney's History of Musick, vol. ii. Pinkerton's Tragick Ballads.

ously at work, to corrupt and annihilate it." "Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments."

The amiable platonist, Dr. Henry More, hath sung in his philosophical poem that,

The soul's most proper food is Verity,

and we are inclined to think that the main charm by which these compositions have grafted themselves so deeply in the vulgar mind, and twined themselves around all the nobler and finer sympathies of our nature, may be attributable to their possessing this quality in a high degree—to their being held and reputed as faithful records of indubitable facts.

The greater bulk of the ancient pieces with which we are acquainted, neither in their names, nor in the incidents which they relate, contain anything romantick or extravagant. Their heroines have homely enough sounding names, seldom indulging in a larger variety than what the slender catalogue of Lady Margaret, Lady Marjorie, or fair Janet, affords. The same remark applies with equal justice to the lords and knights, who enact the parts of lovers or persecutors: Sweet William, Lord Thomas, Earl Richard or John, are the favourite appellations. The subjects of which they treat are evidently pictures drawn from a state of society comparatively rude, in which the distinctions of rank were few, but deeply marked. The personages, however, who figure in them, move in the higher classes, which is another proof of their antiquity, and places them anterior to those circumstances that overthrew the institution of chivalry, and sapped the foundations of feudal aristocracy, thereby introducing the mixed aspect and form of society now known in this country. In general, they present a series of domestick Tragedies, which, without any violation of truth, may be considered as painted from actual life, and every-day occurrences. The Minstrel had no inducement to feign a narrative calculated to awaken the dormant sensibilities of his auditors, when the unsophisticated material was ready-made to his hand, and that of a description, too, much more pregnant with interest and variety than invention could supply. Indeed, this appetite in the vulgar mind for true incident, is,

in our time, remarkably apparent in the avidity with which the miserable rhymes, hawked about the streets, and palmed off as the poetick effusions of notorious criminals under sentence of death are perused, and the facility with which easy melodies are fitted to them for the purpose of singing.* And it is a received proverb in our language, no doubt derived from the times when Minstrelsy was in its meridian glory, that there is no *Geste* like a real *Geste;* in other words, that there is no tale like a true tale.

While there is an ample store of ballads which appear to be referable to real incident and matter of fact, those which record what Gawin Douglas has characterised as

> Wilde auentouris monstouris and quent affrayis
> Of uncouth dangeris,

are comparatively few. But whether this class of songs be, as we have imagined them to be, no more than metrical relations of certain passages occurring at different times in the great drama of human life, or whether they be the veriest creations of the poet and the fabulist, it matters little, for whichever way the fact stands, this much is certain, that their popularity has arisen from, and their permanency among us, been owing, in no partial degree, to the received and general impression that has obtained among the people of their original derivation from historical sources. This, independently of the other attractions which many of them possess, as simple and effective pieces of poetick composition, has seated them firmly in the hearts and affections of the people, and secured them for centuries from being swept away by the more elaborated and artificial strains which recent and succeeding times have accumulated.

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* The fables of the Ancients, that Swans become musical immediately before death, would appear from this to have been not without meaning. "Macpherson's Rant, or the Last Words of *James Macpherson*, Murderer—to its own proper Tune," which was printed on a broadside about 1701, is certainly the most extraordinary and energetick composition that ever contemplation of a Gibbet inspired. In Herd's collection scarcely more than one half of it is published, consequently several of its most powerful lines must remain unknown to the general reader, till some one possessed of the broadside copy takes the trouble of reprinting it. Burns thought the subject worthy of his pen, and wrote some lines entitled *Macpherson's Lament;* but these convey an inadequate idea of the rude strength—the savage fierceness, and vindictive spirit, which are characteristick of the original, and little or none of that fearless scorn of Death and Hell which every now and then bursts forth in its closing verses.

It is well known by all who have personally undergone the pleasant drudgery of gathering our traditionary song, that the old people who recite these legends attach to them the most unqualified and implicit belief. To this circumstance may be ascribed the feeling and pathos with which they are occasionally chaunted; the audible sorrow that comes of deep and honest sympathy with the fates and fortunes of our fellow kind. In the spirit, too, with which such communications are made, in the same spirit must they be received and listened to. The audacious sceptick, who, in the plenitude of his shallow worldly wisdom, dared to question their being matter of incontrovertible fact, I may state for the information of those who may hereafter choose to amuse themselves in the quest of olden song, would eventually find the lips of every venerable sybil in the land most effectually sealed to his future enquiries.* Reciters, moreover, frequently assign special localities, to the ancient ballads, which they gladly indicate to the inquisitive, and to these they appeal as a triumphant refutation of every objection which learned scepticism may urge to the accuracy of the facts thus traditionally preserved. The wood or the water, the tower or the town, the castle or the kirk, the bridge or the bower, nay, even the good oak tree, to which some doughty hero of elder times hath leaned his back, and resolutely made good his quarrel against tremendous odds, can all be singled out and shewn to be in perfect accordance with the history as delivered in the ballad. It must be admitted, however, that these localities are very accommodating, and that the evidence which they afford is entitled to little or no weight. For, a ballad, when it has become a favourite of the people in any particular district, is soon fitted with localities, drawn from the immediate neighbourhood. This is more particularly the case with any one which represents a class of similar compositions. Thus Tomalin, which may be looked on as the representative of the whole class of ballads relative to "Faerye," and which is claimed, by the Editor of the Border Minstrelsy, as a Sel-

* From no discourteous motive, but from sheer ignorance of this important article of belief, I have, unfortunately for myself, once or twice notably affronted certain aged virgins by impertinent dubitations touching the veracity of their songs, an offence which bitter experience will teach me to avoid repeating, as it has, long ere this, made me rue the day of its commission.

kirkshire ballad, in which district it is stated to be completely located, will be found clothed with every particular of local habitation and name, in many other counties far distant from that which has sought to attach it as exclusive property.

It has been usual to ascribe the composition of this large body of traditionary poetry to the Minstrels, an order of professional poets and musicians whose history, from various causes, is necessarily somewhat obscure, and which, till the time of Dr. Percy, had been wholly neglected. The wide diffusion of our ballads over every part of the country, both north and south of the Tweed, and the various sets which are extant of these, would (were there no intrinsick evidence afforded by these compositions themselves) be amply corroborative and confirmatory of such an opinion. The Minstrels were, as one of their number informs us, accustomed to

> —walken fer and wyde,
> Her and ther in every syde,
> In mony a diverse londe,

with harp in hand, and thereto singing or reciting, not only the *Romance of price*, but those more succinct and veracious narratives which have reached to our time in the form of ballads.

Although at first it was only in the halls of

> Magnificat crownit kings in Majeste,
> Princes, duces, and marquis curious,
> Erlis, barronis, and knytis chevelrous,
> And gentillmen of he genolege,
> As scutiferais and squieris full courtlye,*

that was heard their "oft singing and sawis of solace;" and where

> Ermy deidis in auld dayis done befoir,
> Croniculis, gestis, stories and mich moir,

were pleasantly discoursed of, even then, some small parcel of the "lofty strain" would be remembered by the humbler retainers of the "Lordingis and ladeis honorabil," for whose ear it was more peculiarly adapted, and through them would gradually descend and be communicated to all the inferior ramifications of feudal society.

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* Cokelby's Sow, apud Laing's Reliques of Early Scottish Poetry.

But when the age of chivalry passed away, and the Minstrel profession declined in importance, or gradually assimilated itself to other callings, and at length sunk into neglect and opprobrium, through the influence of causes too numerous and foreign from our purpose to trace, the lower ranks of the people became, as is always the case, the rightful and undisputed heirs of the cast-off tastes and literature of the higher orders. It was not to be supposed, however, that, all at once, they could either keenly relish or appreciate, the more refined and elaborated productions of the Minstrel muse. In fact, they could not understand them. At least, we have the authority of Robert de Brunne, for hazarding this conjecture, who mentions expressly that he undertook his translation

> For the luf of symple men,
> That strange Inglis cannot ken,

and that he made it,

> —noght for no disours,
> Ne for seggours, nor harpours,

whereas, had he indulged himself in the "quainte Inglis" of the Minstrels, who addressed their productions "for Pride and Nobleye,"

> —fele men that it herde,
> Suld not witte how that it ferde;

and he concludes his introduction by stating that

> —men besoght me many a tyme,
> To turne it bot in *light* ryme;
> Thai seyd if I in *strange* ryme it turne,
> To here it many on suld skurne;
> For in it ere names fulle selcouthe
> That ere not vsed now in *mouthe;*
> And therefore for the *comonalte,*
> That blythely wild listen to me;
> On light lange I it began,
> For luf of the lewed man.

Neither could the "commonalte" spare so much leisure as sufficed for the recitation of pieces distinguished for prolixity, nor could their circumstances enable them to remunerate the Disour, Seggour, or Har-

pour, for such prolonged enjoyments.* These gentlemen, as appears by some of the monuments they have left behind them, being noways shy of distinctly announcing that they should be recompensed for their labours with "giftes bothe reche and good," such as

> Hors robis and reche ryng,
> Gold, silver, and othyr thyng,
> To mende with her mode,†

and, indeed, every courteous knight who figures in their annals, they take especial care to specify, derived no slender modicum of his renown from the unbounded munificence and liberality he shewed to them. A simpler intellectual fare was therefore required for the palate of a rude audience, and this the historical ballad supplied. Their stubborn sensibilities could only be excited by narratives of real incident, suffering, or adventure, distinctly, plainly, and artlessly told. With confessedly fictitious woes, or fabulous deeds, however brilliantly detailed, they could not sympathise—and a long period elapsed after the Romance had ceased to be heard in the halls of the great before it found its way to the fireside of the hind and the artisan. When it did find its way, however, it lived long in their remembrance—traces of which can be discovered as late as the middle of last century.‡

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* A groat was the customary fee for a fit of Minstrel mirth, as appears by Dr Percy's researches, and a considerable sum in those days he has proved it to be. If it was an xviii penny groat it could command not a few luxuries, as the following curious extract shews: —"In the yeir of God, 1533, Sir Walter Coupar, chaplaine in Edinburghe, gate a pynte of vyne, a laiffe of 36 vnce vaight, a peck of aite meill, a pynte of aill, a scheipe head, ane penny candell, and a faire woman, for ane xviii penny grotte." Marjorybank's Annals of Scotland, Edin. 1814, p. 5.

† Romance of Sir Cleges.

‡ Sir Walter Scott, in his article entitled "Romance," in the late supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, mentions that about fifty or sixty years since a person acquired the nickname of Roswal and Lillian from singing that Romance about the streets of Edinburgh, which is probably the very last instance of the proper minstrel craft. This fact is also referred to by Dr Leyden, in his introduction to the Complaynt of Scotland. See also Mr Laing's interesting volume, entitled, "Early Metrical Tales," Edin. 1826. Of the existence of MSS. Romances in Scotland at an early period, and of the esteem in which they were held, the research of the learned editor of the last mentioned work presents us with this valuable notice—"Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith, the ancestor of the Earls of Morton, in his Last Will and Testament, dated in the year 1390, bequeaths to his son and heir, 'Omnes Libros meos tam STATUTORUM Regni Scocie quam ROMANCIE.'" Preface, p. iv.

Portions of these Romances, it is probable, were from time to time detached, and presented in the shape of ballads to the people. It is certain, if we are to believe Thomas Hearne, that metrical chronicles, like Robert of Gloucester, and Peter Langtoft, were thus disjointed, and sung or recited as ballads to the people,* and there is nothing improbable in supposing that the voluminous Cronykil of Andro of Wintown was in Scotland broken up, and doled forth to the "commonalte," in the same compendious form. The tales of "Skail Gillenderson," and that of the "Three Weird Sisters," which are mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, and which are now supposed to be entirely lost, I have little hesitation in my own mind when I say, that the outlines of both these tales are to be found in Wintown.† That the chronicle

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* "For notwithstanding most people then, (as well as they are now,) were very desirous of hearing the acts of their famous ancestors related, yet much the greater part were not of ability to get compleat Copies of this Book, and for that reason were contented with Transcripts of some particular stories out of it, which for recreation (a thing aimed at by Robert of Brunne,) they used to recite, and very often to sing by way of Ballads. Which method we ought not to wonder at, since our more ancient Ballads were nothing but such Rhythmical Historical accounts, done by persons of note for learning, who proposed Trusts in their Relations: and such Relations were stiled ancient **Gests**, which word Gests was opposed to the French **Romance**, a word, it seems, that was applyed to whatever History was compiled in French Rhythms." Preface to Langtoft's Chronicle, page xxxvii.

† See Book VI. cap. XVIII. and Book VII. cap. VII. Dr. Leyden thinks it probable that *Skail Gillenderson* may be a corruption of *Scald* Gillenderson, and therefore concludes it to be a "Scandic Story," (*Introduction to Complaynt of Scotland, p.* 270,) an opinion which might not have been impugned had he at the same time pointed out any Northern Saga or ballad which bore that title. Had any such existed, it is likely that Mr. Jamieson would have noticed the fact ere this time. But I suspect there is a misprint in the Complaynt, and that in place of "Skail Gillenderson, the King's son of Skellye," we should read *Skail Gilenders sune:* the *king sune 'l skail ye*, being the commencement or some prominent passage in the original ballad, or whatever it was. Or "Skail Gillenders sune," may be one distinct tale, and "The King's Son of Skellye," may be another. The Songs mentioned in the Complaynt were first noticed by Dr. M'Kenzie, in his "Lives of Scottish Writers," vol. iii. p. 44.; and a misprint in the title of one of these posed antiquaries not a little. "Coũ thou me the raschis grene," was transformed by him into "couthume the rashis grene," and this corruption stood till the right reading was restored by Ritson in the Dissertation prefixed to "Ancient Songs," p. liii. Taking Leyden's edition of the Complaynt to be a perfectly accurate reprint of the original, it is not impossible that either some error in the punctuation or some other of a more formidable character may have crept into the original itself. The story of Gillendyrs, as told by Wintown, is this:

A. D., 1158. Quhen the Kyng Malcome [IV.] come agayne
Of hys Legis mad hym a Trayne:
A Master-man cald Feretawche,
With *Gyllandrys*, Ergemawche,

was originally meant for being sung, there can be little doubt, from the allusions interspersed through it. The expression, "That was the matere of our Gle," which frequently occurs, warrants us in drawing this inference, and other expressions of a similar import, also occurring in the work, confirm it.

"In the repetition of an unskilful reciter," says Dr. Leyden, in his introduction to the Complaynt of Scotland, "the metrical romance or fabliaux seems often to have degenerated in a popular story, and it is a curious fact, that the subjects of some of the popular stories which I have heard repeated in Scotland, do not differ essentially from those of some of the ancient Norman fabliaux presented to the public in an elegant form by Le Grand. Thus, when I first perused the fabliaux of the Poor Scholar, the Three Thieves, and the Sexton of Cluni, I was surprised to recognize the popular stories which I have often heard repeated in infancy, and which I had often repeated myself, when the song or the tale recited by turns amused the tedious evenings of Winter. From this circumstance, I am inclined to think that many of the Scottish popular stories may have been common to the Norman French. Whether these tales be derived immediately from the French during their long uninterrupted intercourse with the Scottish nation, or whether both nations borrowed them from the Celtic, may admit of some doubt." As to the original source from which these stories have flowed, the reader need scarcely be told, how utterly

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And othir Master-men, thare fyve
Agayne the King, than ras belywe,
For caws that he past til Twlows,
Agayne hym thai ware all irows:
Forthi thai set thame, hym to ta,
Intil Perth or than hym sla;
Bot the *Kyng* richt manlyly
Swne skalyd all that company,
And tuk and slwe.

This insurrection which arose among the Scottish nobility through their jealousy of the friendly footing existing between their Sovereign and Henry II. of England, appears to have been of considerable magnitude. It is noticed by Fordun, see Scotichronicon, Lib. VIII. cap. IV., who only gives the name, however, of *Ferchard comes de Strathern*. *Gillendrys* at that period was no uncommon name in Scotland, for in another part of his chronicle, Wintown has recorded Maldowny *mak Gillandrys*, as a Bishop of St. Andrews. On looking to the poems from the Maitland MSS. edited by the late Mr. Pinkerton, I find he has suggested the very passage above quoted, as referring to the tale of Skail Gillenderson, and it is some satisfaction to be supported by an authority so respectable in a matter so dubious.

useless all conjecture becomes; the same stories, or but slightly varied, we find everywhere, and in every language, the popular vehicles of amusement or instruction to the people. Countries far separated from each other, and having no affinity of language, still preserve this identity in their popular tales. And where these have disappeared in a measure from the literature of a people, we may rest assured that their vestiges can still be traced in the legends of the Nursery.

"Many of the wild romantic ballads which are still common in the Lowlands of Scotland," continues the same writer, "have the appearance of episodes, which, in the progress of traditional recitation, have been detached from the romances of which they originally formed a part. Several of the ancient songs in the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, and in the Minstrelsy of the Border, are of this description. The popular songs which relate to dragons and monsters, authenticate their legitimate derivation from the tales of chivalry. Another class of popular songs, which describe the unnatural involvement of the passion of Love, may, with propriety, be referred to the ancient romances. Such are Lizie Wan, the Bonny Hind, the Broom Blooms Bonny, the Broom Blooms Fair."*

It becomes, however, a question, whether these ballads, thus referable to Ancient Romance, were themselves not the first elements of the very compositions from which they are now hypothetically derived. Instead of being episodes or fragments of the Romance detached from the parent stock, in the course of traditional recitation, or an abstract of it, made in later times for behoof of the lower classes, the ballad may have been the seedling from which the other derived its being. Of the remote beginnings of our Metrical Romances, we positively know nothing; but we have the evidence of history to vouch for the attachment which the different people, among whom Romance subsequently flourished, had for the ancient songs which celebrated the

* Hynd Horne, Tamlane, Kempion, and Fair Annie, are all, it is believed, which can satisfactorily establish their derivation from the source now pointed out; but it is probable, that were our knowledge on this subject more extended, many other ballads current among us could be traced to a like origin. As for the other class of popular songs referred to by Dr. Leyden, it appears to me more probable that romance has been indebted to them, rather than the reverse.

actions of their ancestors. In the progress of time, these heroick narratives would increase, and as one country became, either by alliance or war, more intimate with the history and traditions of its neighbours, its native song would embrace a wider range of subjects, and be in some measure blended with that of the people to which it stood most immediately connected, or with which, at some future period, it came to be politically incorporated. Thus, long ere the first of the Metrical Narratives, known by the general term of Romances, was heard of, a body of historick poesye was extant, not only embracing the exploits of particular heroes, but commemorating national triumphs. Men, who in their publick character have occupied a prominent place in their country's annals, naturally attract a proportionate degree of interest and curiosity towards their domestick or private history. Hence another series of historick songs is produced, for, whatever powerfully interests human affection, or rouses human passion, as naturally breaks forth into song as the stream flows or the sun shines.

Materials, of this varied and interesting description, had time accumulated in every country where Romance, at an after period, formed the only intellectual solace of its martial inhabitants. As society advanced in refinement, and the rudeness and simplicity of earlier ages partially disappeared, the Historick Ballad, like the butterfly bursting the crust of its chrysalis state, and expanding itself in winged pride under the gladdening and creative influence of warmer suns and more genial skies, became speedily transmuted into the Romance of Chivalry. In the history of poetry, the transition from fact to fiction is easy as it is instantaneous. Like Coleridge's night, "at one stride comes the dark." One fertile source of the fabulous arises from the metaphors and figures of an imaginative age receiving in ignorant, dull, and prosaick times a literal interpretation. Again, the exaggerations natural to an excited state of feeling—the desperate struggle of the soul wrestling with its own grand but dim conceptions, and endeavouring to give them a substantive shape, so as to suit the apprehension of others, ere language has fully unfolded its capabilities, and become rich in abstract terms and logical distinctions, are the means of introducing no slender portion of fable into the early annals of a country, and of giving to its traditionary literature the warmth and brilliancy of

Romantick embellishment. Even those tales of monstrous worms, dragons, and hippogriffs; of giants measuring full fifteen feet in length, or of dwarfs scarce three span long, with all which the Romance of the Middle Ages teems, can, in some measure, be traced to this source. In truth, the most extravagant creations in this vein have had some prototype in fact or in nature at one time; however difficult it may now be to recognize and detect the minute and meagre original under the superincumbent load of splendid and fanciful decoration with which the genius and taste of many subsequent ages have successively beautified and disguised it. All facts in the lapse of time become fables, and the converse of the proposition, that all fables have been originally facts, is equally true.

That the Romance of Chivalry was the legitimate descendant of the Heroick Ballad, appears sufficiently obvious from this single fact that the taste for enjoying, and of course producing these fictitious narratives, broke out in each country of Europe, as it successively arrived at that point of refinement which required mental excitement to cherish and keep in activity its warlike and chivalrous propensities. The heroes whom the Minstrels chose for their versifications were uniformly selected from those worthies of antiquity whose names and famous actions the traditions and ancient songs of the land still kept in remembrance. These, again, were occasionally supplanted by others who flourished in more recent times, and even contemporary warriors at last came in for their share of adulation, and of that glory with which the muse can arrest and halo an otherwise fleeting name. But the origin of Romantick Fiction, instead of being thus sought for in the traditions of each particular land where it obtained, and being looked on as the natural intellectual growth of that land, at a certain stage of its progress towards refinement and the courtesies of life, and as step by step, advancing from the simple narrative ballad to the more elaborate composition, which embraced a variety of such narratives, and at length bourgeoned and branched out into all those complicated and fictitious adventures and singular poetick creations for which the Metrical Romance is distinguished, has, with much learning and ingenuity, been by different writers traced to a variety of opposite and contradictory sources. One hath assigned it a Scandi-

navian, another an Arabian, a third an Armorican origin, while others have claimed this distinction for Normandy and Provence. To examine into the merit of these respective hypotheses is foreign from our present purpose, but to ascribe to any one of them the sole origin of that stupendous fabrick of poetical invention which delighted the Middle Ages would be as foolish as the simple shepherd's thought, who, after tracing with affectionate fondness the windings of his slender native stream, till he found it terminate in the ocean sea, deemed the limitless expanse of waters before him no other than the accumulations of the small well spring, which, in the solitude of the far uplands, he knew full well, did morning and evening hum its tiny song, and gush with the gladness of new-born life, in a silver-like thread, down the dark hill side.

Each of the systems, it is true, does in part satisfactorily account for this species of poetick compositions, but it would require them all blended together to obviate every objection which applies to each singly. Supposing, however, that the Metrical Romance, is, as already mentioned, but the elongation of the Heroick Ballad, produced gradually in the course of years, by the means slightly hinted above, all the difficulties and contradictions into which an adherence to any one of the theories, now enumerated, would eventually involve such an enquiry, can never occur. It is while in its *transition* state, that the Metrical Romance of one country readily receives and incorporates into itself the traditions and fictions of another, and while it receives, it likewise imparts a portion of its own peculiar character to the Romance of the other. Thus, the spirit of the whole becomes alike, and the more the intercourse is which subsists politically between different nations, the closer becomes the resemblance in their Romance; and the rate of exchange, so far as fact and fable, traditionary lore and poetical fictions, are concerned, stands pretty much *at par*.

In Scotland, the feudal system, and the institutions of chivalry, subsisted longer in force than in the southern portion of the island: and for this reason, I am inclined to think, that the Minstrels occupied a reputable footing in society longer than their brethren of the south. In 1471, they are classed along with "Knychtis and Heraldis," and with such as could spend "a hundretht pounds wortht of landis

rent."* Blind Harry, the only one of their number whose works we can refer to, appears to have, in his person, come up to the notion we are led to form of the life and business of the ancient minstrel. He chaunted his heroick strains before the princes and the nobles of the land.† From the long poem which he has left, relative to Sir William Wallace, we have an instance of the diligence with which the professed Minstrel gathered the detached traditionary songs of the people, and wove them into a continuous poem. Even so late as the time of King James the VI., in which a number of sapient acts were passed, and among others, some fierce enactments against the whole class of "maisterfull and ydill beggaris, sornaris, fulis, bairdis," &c., there is an express provision in favour of the Minstrels of great lords and the Minstrels of towns.‡ As the profession of a Minstrel authorised a wandering life, and insured a welcome wheresoever he should sojourn, it was one of the first to be assumed by that numerous class of idlers, and broken men, who, in a State undergoing vital changes in its political

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* Item, it is statut and ordanit in this present parlyament, that considering the gret powerte of the Realme, the gret expensses and cost mad apon the brynging of silkis in the Realme, that thar for na man sal weir silkis in tyme cummyng, in gown, doublate and clokis, except knychtis, menstrallis, and herraldis, without that the werar of the samyn, may spend a hundretht pundis wortht of landis rent under the payn of amerciament to the king of x lib als oft as thai ar fundyn and eschetin of the samyn, to be gevyn to the herraldis or menstrallis, except the clathis that ar mad befor this parlyament. &c. Acta Parliamentorum Jacobi III. A. D. 1471.

† Qui historiarum recitatione coram principibus, victum et vestitum quo dignus erat, nactus est. Major Lib. iv. Cap. XV.

‡ And that it may be knawin quhat maner of personis ar meanit to be ydill and strang beggaris, and vagaboundis, and worthy of the pvnisement befoir specifiit, It is declarit, that all ydill personis, gaying about in ony cuntre of this realme, vsing swbtile, crafty, and unlauchful playis, As iuglerie, fast and lowiss, and sic vtheris, The ydill people calling thame selffis Egiptianis, Or ony vther that fenzeis thame to have knawlege in phisnomie, palmestre, or vtheris abused sciencis, quhairby they perswade the people that they can tell thair weardis deathis and fortunes and sic vther fantasticall ymaginationis, And all personis being haill and stark in body and abill to wirk, Allegeing to have bene hereit in the sowthland brint in the lait trowbles about Edinburgh and Leith, Or allegeing thame to be benneist for slauchter or vtheris wickit deidis, and vtheris nowther having land nor maister, nor vsing ony lauchful marchandice, craft or occupatioun, quhairby to win thair levingis and can gif na rekning how they lauchfullie get thair leving. And all menstralis, sangstaris, and taill tellaris not avowit in speciall service be sum of the lordis of parliament or greit barronis, or be the head burrowis and citeis, for thair common menstralis All comoun labouraris being personis abill in body leving ydillie and fleing laubour. All counterfaittaris of licencis to beg OR using of the same, knowing thame

features, like Scotland at the time we speak of, would rather starve than be compelled to work, and at all times would prefer *sorning* on their neighbours, than being forced to do either. But if, as has been shewn, till a recent period, there were favourable conditions in our legislative enactments for the Minstrel, the Bards,* who too overran the country, and doubtless sang in the Gaelic tongue of Fin Mak Coul, and Gow MacMorne, and the whole descendants, direct and collateral, of that gigantick race, were treated with no such gentleness. On them, the rigour and the pains of law fell with undiscriminating violence. A vagabond, thief, counterfeit, limmer, and bard were synonymous. Dunbar, in his Flyting, styles Kennedy, a native of Carrick, "a brybour Bard." And it is a curious fact that in the West of Scotland, Renfrewshire at least, the phrase *bardy*, a word of common occurrence, is used to signify impudent, rude, uncivil, forward, or quarrelsome.

Though legends relating to the Fingalian Cyclus of Heroes, and fables of King Arthur, and the chivalry of the Table Round, were one time popular in the Lowlands of Scotland, it is not a little remarkable that not the slightest vestige of them is now to be found in our ancient ballads.† I believe, however, that in some nursery tales, traces of Celtick traditions can be discerned, and among the rhymes of

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to be counterfaitit. All vagaboundis, scollaris of the vniuersiteis of Sanct Androis, Glasgow, and Abirdene, not licencit be the Rector and Dene of Facultie of the Universitie to ask almous. All schipmen and marinaris, allegeing thame selffis te be schip-broken without thay have testimoniallis as is heirefter declarit, Sal be takin, adiugeit, demed, and puneist as strang beggaris, and vagaboundis.

* To our fathers' time and ours something remained and still does of this ancient order. And they are called by others and by themselves jockies, who go about begging, and use still to recite the sluggornes of most of the true ancient sirnames of Scotland, from old experience and observation. Some of them I have discoursed with, and found to have reason and discretion. One of them told me there were not now twelve of them in the whole isle; but he remembered when they abounded so as at one time he was one of five that usuallie met at St. Andrews. Martines' Reliquiæ Divi Andreæ, p. 3. Jockey appears to be derived from Joculator.

† It is said that Fynmakcoule, the sonne of Coelus Scottisman, was in thir dayes, ane man of huge statoure, of xvii cubits of hicht. He was ane gret huntar, and richt terribil, for his huge quantite, to the pepill: of quhome ar mony vulgar fabillis amang us, nocht unlike to thir fabillis that ar rehersit of King Arthure. And becaus his dedis is nocht authorist be autentik authoris, I will rehers na thing thair of. Croniklis of Scotland the sevent buke, chap. 18.

children used in their games, there are yet a few scraps which refer to King Arthur.*

The ballad poetry of England and Scotland has been at one time so much alike that it is difficult, if not impossible, to discriminate between what truly may be considered as the native production of the one or the other. To lay down any general law for ascertaining their respective rights of property in literature of this description, is therefore impracticable. If England exhibits ancient manuscripts in which these ballads are contained, Scotland proves immemorial possession of them by oral transmission even to the present times. The claims of either party, in this way, appear pretty equally balanced.

Ritson, with that scrupulous scepticism for which his writings are generally remarkable, reluctantly admits that the following may be considered as Minstrel Ballads peculiar to England, viz. :

1 The Battle of Chevy Chace.
2 The Battle of Otterbourne.
3 Little Musgrave and Lady Bernard.
4 Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor.
5 Fair Margaret and Sweet William.
6 John Dory.
7 John Armstrong.
8 Captain Care.

" Being all of this kind," he adds, " known to exist ; " for Mr. Ritson long pertinaciously denied the existence of the MS. from which Dr. Percy gave a number of the ballads published in the Reliques. This list is but scanty, and little would either country have to boast of its early Minstrelsy were its limits to be thus circumscribed by the mere

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* It is written that Arthure tuke great delectatioun in wersling of strang kempis, havand them in sic familiarite, that quhen he usit to dine, or tuke consultatioun in his weris, he gart thaim sit down with him in maner of ane round crown, that nane of thum suld be preferrit till otheris in dignite : for quhilkis his seit was callit The Round Tabil. And thoucht his vailyeant dedis wer worthy to have memorie, yet the vulgare fabillis quhilkis ar fenyeit of the samin lies violat thair fame, and makis thaim to have the less credence. Cron. of Scotland the Nint buke, cap. 11.

asseveration of learned petulance, and constitutional irritability. Of the eight ballads selected by Ritson as those, "which, according to the rules laid down by Dr. Percy, may," as the critick observes, "be supposed to have been written and sung to the harp," six are traditionally preserved in Scotland viz., the 2, 3, 4, 5, 7 and 8, and these with such variations as may entitle them to be looked on as the composition of a native Minstrel, not adopted songs. At all events, it shews the early intercommunity of song which existed between the countries, and the perfect identity of their popular poetry.

In the writings of the early English Dramatists, especially Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, we find numberless snatches of ancient ditties introduced, with an effect singularly felicitous, and allusions made to others of whose existence we have now no other evidence. Most of them appear to have been also common to Scotland, and some of them certainly the production of her Minstrels.*

In the reign of Elizabeth and James VI., the Minstrel ballads of England began to be superseded in vulgar affection by a more ambitious class of similar compositions written purposely for the press by sundry indefatigable small poets of that prolifick day. The chief ballad-

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* In "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," old Merrythought gives this verse, evidently a portion of a Scottish Song, both in subject and style; perhaps it may have belonged to some edition of the popular ballad of "The Laird of Logie"—

She cares not for her mammy, nor
She cares not for her daddy, for
  She is, she is, she is,
My lord of Lowgave's lassie.

The same blythe old fellow sings this stanza, which is to be found in some sets of the Douglas Tragedy, and in an unedited ballad I have heard recited, called "Lord Thomas and Lady Margaret."

He set her on a milk white steed,
  And himself upon a grey,
He never turned his face again,
  But he bore her quite away.

In the "Two Noble Kinsmen," the Jailer's daughter sings part of a song beginning—"The George alowe came from the south," regarding which commentators are silent, though I suspect it is the same song as one that is still known in Scotland by the name of the "Turkish Galley," or the "Lowlands Low."

mongers of said period have been enumerated by Percy and Ritson. These caterers for popular taste seem to have considered but few of the ancient ballads worthy of renovation; and such as they did adopt were subjected to a fiery ordeal which tamed their spirit, and left them with passing little of their original character. In speaking of a ballad, styled "The doleful death of Queen Jane, wife to King Henry VIII.," the editor of the collection where it appears, after mentioning that it was written in the Reign of King James I., observes that "that age so abounded with poets, that we owe almost half of our Historical Ballads to it. Not that I believe they were first written at that Time; but the language of 'em being grown very obsolete, it was then refin'd, and the songs put into a new and more fashionable Dress. We are told by some criticks that we are not so much beholden to the Number of Poets who lived in that time, as to the number of Scots King James brought over with him; for our English Bards, fearing the nation would be overrun with Scotchmen, and then the memory of our worthies would perish, took care to revive all their Historical Ballads, and to disperse 'em amongst the people, not only to transmit their actions to posterity, but that the latest ages might see we did not owe our origin to the Scots."* This, if true, was very patriotick; but it is a thousand pities that those who took the trouble of white-washing the face of the time-sullied song of their native land had not more taste and judgment than what appears to have fallen to their share.

The favourite ballads were again collected into penny Garlands, in the titles of which their several editors seem to have tortured their ingenuity to some purpose.† These were frequently reprinted, and numbers of them, as well as single ballads, have been preserved in various collections.‡ Till about 1712, ballads were, both in England

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* A collection of Old Ballads. Lond. 1726. Vol. ii. p. 118. 2d Edit.

† Percy's Reliques. Ritson's Ancient Songs, &c.

‡ The famous Pepysian collection of old ballads at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 5 volumes, contains two apparently of Scottish extraction, viz., the "Elfin Knight," which will be printed in this volume; and the "Lord of Lorn," a worthless piece, as we are informed by Ritson. This collection may be found to contain more, were it examined by one skilled in the traditionary poetry of Scotland. Another collection,

and Scotland, printed on broadsides; since then they have pretty generally assumed the book form, which has continued the established mode of printing them; though from this practice there are frequent deviations. Ballads intended for being sung through the streets are still printed on one side of a narrow slip of paper, but those meant for being vended through the country by the worshipful fraternity of Flying Stationers, have the honour of being made up into the Book form.

The historick ballads of Scotland will not detain us long. Indeed, we possess but very few ancient monuments of this description of song. That at one time there existed a large body of heroick ditties, commemorative of national struggles and personal adventure, is unquestionable; but with the events which produced them, these warlike strains have passed into oblivion. In the pages of our early chronicles, incidental allusions to these songs sometimes occur, but these notices are ever meagre and unsatisfactory, for it would seem that the "learned clerks" who compiled our authentick annals, had little sympathy with the tastes of the "lewd vulgare," and seldom deigned to pretermit the labours of their own cunning pen for the sake of recording a popular rhyme. For these "short and simple annals" they had no relish, and it is questioned if modern historians are one whit more condescending.

The first allusion we find to Historical Songs, relates to William,

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matchless of its kind, and perhaps exceeding that above noticed, is the far renowned Roxburghe collection, in three volumes, and abounding in many curious pieces of early Scottish poetry. It has the ballad of Glenlivat. A collection formed by the late Mr Baynes, the friend of Ritson, in two volumes, is in the possession of Mr Douce.—Another collection of these things is in the British, and a fifth in the Ashmolean Museum. The editor regrets that he knows none of the collections now enumerated by personal inspection; but he believes that they contain few, very few, of what are the real ancient minstrel ballads of the country, and this opinion he forms from the great quantity of sad trash to be found in works whose materials are professedly derived from these sources. Scotland is unfortunately destitute of any similar collections. In the Advocates' Library there is one consisting of about 70 pieces, all apparently of English growth, with the exception of one, entitled "The West Country Wager, or the merry Broomfield," a traditionary fragment of which Herd gave under the title of "I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you," and which was afterwards published in a more complete form in the Border Minstrelsy, with the title of the "Broomfield Hill." The song is popular still, and is often to be met with. In a catalogue of John Stevenson, bookseller, Edinburgh, 1827, occurs a very curious collection of ballads and other pieces, mostly printed at Edinburgh between 1689 and 1700.

brother of King Achaius, one of the douceperes of Charlemagne, and who "conqueist," says Bellenden, "be his manheid and prowes, sic fame that he was callit 'The Knicht but Reproche,' in all his weris, and got sic riches and landis that he was gretumly renownit amang the princiss of France." "It is he," says Hume of Godscroft, "who is named in songs made of him, Scottish Gilmore." This, the historian of the Douglasses, gives on the authority of Major, whose words, however, as Mr. Finlay has observed, hardly admit of such a construction; they are "Qui a nostratibus vulgaliter Scotisgilmor vocatur." "May we presume then," continues the same writer, "that since the expression, *vulgaliter vocatur*, when applied to Gilmore, appeared to Hume's mind equivalent to, *is named in songs*, these songs must have been still current in the days of the later historian;* or can we only conclude, that at the time when Major wrote (about 1508,) he was still a popular hero in Scotland." The ingenious doubt thus started we cannot resolve; but this only is certain, that whatever these songs were, or whensoever current, every vestige of them hath disappeared from our traditionary poetry.

"Robin Hood and his fallow litill John," were popular with the Minstrels of Scotland as they were with those of England. Our early Poets and Historians never tire of alluding to songs current in their own times, relative to these waithmen and their merry men. Even to this day there are fragments of songs regarding them traditionally extant in Scotland, which have not yet found their way into any printed collection of ballads commemorative of these celebrated outlaws. Were they carefully gathered, they would form an interesting addition to "Ritson's Robin Hood." In that collection the ballad of "Robin Hood and the beggar," is evidently the production of a Scottish Minstrel, pretty early stall copies of which were printed both at Aberdeen and Glasgow.

What Coleridge has characteristically styled, "The grand old Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens," has undoubtedly a right to be classed among our

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* Bellenden's Boece, 10 Buke, cap. 4. History of the Family of Douglas. Major Lib cap. II. 13. Finlay's Ballads, Vol. I. p. 12.

Historick Songs. It has been referred to the times of Alexander III., and in the prefix thereto in this collection, the opinion hitherto entertained of its alluding to the bringing home of the Maiden of Norway has been challenged, and, in place thereof, it has been suggested that the song commemorates the disastrous shipwreck which awaited the return of a number of those noblemen who formed the retinue of Margaret, when she was married to Erick of Norway. Her marriage is thus noticed by Wintoun—

A. D. 1281.

The nest yhere foluand
The Kyngis Douchtyr of Scotland,
This Alysandrys the thryd that fayre May,
Wyth the King wes weddyt of Norway.
Margret scho wes callyd be name,
Commendyt fayre, and of gud fame.
Of August that yhere the twelft day,
Hyr wayage scho tuk on til Norway.
In the assumptyowne of our Lady,
Scho thare ressawyd wes honorably.
Suppos, of caws as hyr behowyd
Swa fra hyr kyn scho wes removyd,
Hir Hart stad in gret hewynes;
With honowre yheit scho ressawyd wes.

Between the time occupied in the voyage, as given by the Historian, and that described in the ballad, there is a remarkable coincidence :

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may,
They hae landed in Norroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

There being only a day of difference in their reckoning; for the Assumption of our Lady falls on the 15th August; even the days of the week do not disagree, for I find, from a laborious calculation, that the 12th of August, 1282, was a Monday.

The variations in recited copies of the ballad are exceedingly numerous, and some are of considerable beauty. In Mr. Buchan's "Gleanings of Ancient Ballads," p. 196, four stanzas are given additional to the set printed in the Border Minstrelsy. In another copy

of the ballad I have found a mermaid introduced at the commencement of the storm in these words—

Upstarted the mermaid by the ship,
  Wi' a glass and a kame in her hand,
Says—Reek about, reek about, my merry men,
  Ye are not very far from land.
Ye lie, ye lie, ye bonny mermaid,
  Sae loud as I hear you lie,
For sin I hae seen your face this night,
  The land I will never see.

And another verse describes the magnificence of the bark Sir Patrick commanded, in a style similar to what occurs in romance :—

Their ship it was a goodly ship,
  Its topmast was of gowd,
And at ilka tack o' needle wark,
  A silver bell it jowed.

In another version of the ballad there is a bold recklessness displayed on the part of the hero which does not appear in the other copies yet printed. Sir Patrick and his crew, like some reckless pirates mentioned in Dampier's Voyage, meet their fate with a hurra and a brimming cup in their hand.

Drink, O drink, my merrie men all,
  Drink of the beer and wine O,
For gin Wodensday by twall o' the clock,
  We'll all be in our lang hame O.
And aye they sat, and aye they drank,
  They drank o' the beer and wine O,
And gin Wodensday by twall o' the clock
  They were a' in their lang hame O.

This same version has also a very emphatick stanza, descriptive of the violence of the storm.

Come down, come down, my bonny boy,
  I think ye tarry lang O,
For the jaw gangs in at my coat neck,
  And rins out at my richt hand O.

And concludes with some lines of uncommon beauty, for they limit our sympathy to individual suffering and domestick grief.

Young Patrick's lady sits at hame,
  Sewing her silken seam O,
And aye as she look'd at the saut sea waves,
  I'm feared he'll ne'er return O.
Young Patrick's lady sits at hame,
  Rocking her eldest son O,
And aye as she looked at the saut sea waves,
  I'm feared he'll ne'er come hame O.

The desolating period which succeeded the death of Alexander, till the decisive battle of Bannockburn, must have been peculiarly fertile in heroick song. Wallace, the idol of the people, and the gallant asserter of his country's independence, became the nucleus of a large series of such narratives. Wintown records one of his earliest adventures, which still lives in the shape of a ballad. And he closes his notice of him by alluding to the "Gret gestis," to which his illustrious actions had given rise.

Of his gud Dedis, and Manheid
Gret gestis I heard say ar made,
Bot sa mony I trow nowcht,
As he until hys dayis wroucht.
Qwha all hys dedis of prys wald dyte,
Hym worthyd a gret Buk to wryte,
And all thai to wryte in here,
I want both wyt and gud laysere.

The industry of Henry the Minstrel has done justice to the history of the Patriot, and it is believed that in his heroick poem will be found incorporated all the detached songs, founded on real or fabulous incident, which were living on the breath of tradition regarding the hero at the time Henry lived. The disappearance of these detached songs can be ascribed to no other cause than the extreme popularity which the work of Henry has acquired. I have heard it as a byeword, in some parts of Stirlingshire, that a collier's library consists but of four books—the Confession of Faith, the Bible, a bunch of Ballads, and Sir William Wallace.—The first for the gudewife, the second for the gudeman, the third for their daughter, and the last for the son—a

selection indicative of no mean taste in these grim moldwarps of humanity.

No ballads relative to the Bruce and his chivalry exist, the celebrity of Barbour's historick poem having in the course of time wholly swept their memory away. That one, who, in his own person and fortunes, realized the most perfect picture we have of a "Knight adventurous," and who seems himself to have had a very lively relish for the compositions of the Minstrel muse,* should fail being commemorated in song, is inconsistent with probability. We know that a herald in a solemn feast being desired by Edward of Carnarvon to say what three knights then living were most approved in arms, unhesitatingly named Bruce as one of the number. The minstrel and the herald were, at that period, oftentimes one and the same profession. When Barbour wrote, ballads relative to this period appear to have been common, for the poet, in speaking of certain "Thre worthi poyntis of wer," omits the particulars of the "Thrid which fell into Esdaill," being a victory gained by "Schyr Johne the Soullis" over "Schyr Andrew Hardclay," for this reason,

> I will nocht rehers the maner,
> For wha sa likes thai may her,
> Young wemen quhen thai will play,
> Syng it amang thaim ilk day.

"The monkishe rymes, truffes and roundes," made alternately by the Scottish or English, as either side prevailed, and of which some specimens are preserved in the chronicles of the latter, do not properly belong to the class of narrative ballads. These rhymes, it may be stated, are written in what is called the "ryme Cowee," and which appears to have borne a marked resemblance to that description of metrical abuse styled "Flyting," by our Scottish Makers, of which we have some notable examples in the poetick encounters of Dunbar and

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* Barbour gives an interesting account of him, in one instance comforting his followers by reading to them portions of the Romance of Ferumbrace, and on another occasion of being accustomed to tell them

> Auld storyis of men that wer
> Set in tyll assayis ser.

Kennedy, and Montgomery and Hume. The lines preserved in Fabyan's Chronicle on the Battle of Bannockburn, which "The Scottis enflamyd with pride in derysyon of Englyshemen made," and which, he informs us, was "after many dayes sungyn in daunces, in caroles of ye maydens and mynstrellys of Scotlande, to the reproof and dysdayne of Englishemen with dyverse other,"—are, I believe, all that ever existed of that Song. They are of a piece with the "scornful rhyme," which the Scots made when the English were repulsed at the siege of Berwick, but which rhyme, unhappily for its authors, besides being repaid in similar coin, on a future occasion drew down the unrelenting vengeance of the personage whom it had satirized.

There is a ballad of an early date referred to by Hume of Godscroft, in his history of the family of Douglas, in these words: "The Lord of Liddesdale, being at his pastyme hunting in Attrick Forest, is beset by *William* Earle of Douglas, and such as he had ordained for that purpose, and there assailed, wounded, and slain, beside Galeswood, in the year 1353, upon a jealousie that the Earle had conceived of him with his Lady, as the report goeth, for so sayes the old song:

> The Countesse of Douglass, out of her bowre she came,
> And loudly there that she did call;
> It is for the Lord of Liddesdale,
> That I let all these teares downe fall.*

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* "The song also declareth how shee did write her love letters to Liddesdale to dissuade him from that hunting. It tells, likewise, the manner of the taking of his men, and his owne killing at Galsewood, and how hee was carried the first night to Linden Kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried within the abbacie of Melrosse." *A generall History of Scotland, by David Hume of Godscroft, London, 1657, p. 77.* It is somewhat singular that this fragment has not yet been appropriated by Mr. A. Cunninghame, and other menders and patchers of ancient song, as a fit subject on which to whet their lively and ingenious wits. The historian has furnished them with materials ample enough for the nonce, and their temerity has led them certainly on other occasions to achieve more daring outrages on antiquity, with less to guide them in their tilt against truth, taste, candour, and common honesty. The fanciful and eloquent writer whom I have chanced here to name, I am aware, expresses his doubts regarding the antiquity of the few lines Godscroft has preserved—so has he relative to the Elegiack Song on the death of Alex. III., preserved in Wyntownis Cronykil, but his opinions on these matters are little to be regarded, for his ideas regarding what is old, and what is new, in our vernacular poetry, seem very unsettled.

Of this ballad, the Editor of the Minstrelsy of the Border mentions that a few fragments still survive, and that these occur in that work; but after a minute search for them, I suspect they have been omitted by some oversight, as they are not now to be found there.

The same writer supposes that this stanza, which also occurs in Godscroft's history, and which refers to the infamous murder of William, sixth Earl of Douglas, in the castle of Edinburgh, by the hands of his Sovereign in 1440, is part of a ballad which had been composed on that event.

> Edinburgh Castle, Town, and Tower,
> God grant thou sinke for sinne,
> And that even for the black dinner
> Earl Douglas gat therein.

A tragedy of this description, in which personages of the highest eminence were actors, and which was so repugnant to humanity and inconsistent with honour, would no doubt soon be reduced into song; but if it did, with the exception above quoted, there exists no other vestige.

In the list of "storeis and taylis" given in the Complaynt of Scotland, there is mention made of the "tail of Sir valtir the bald leslye," which, Dr. Leyden supposes, may have been a Romance of the crusades now lost. If so, it is one of those which must have supplied a reasonable portion of ballad narratives to the vulgar, among whom, it would seem, the name of Lesley was not unknown when Verstegan wrote and Dr. Mackenzie compiled his cumbrous volumes of Scottish Biography.*

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* Mr Finlay seeks to connect with this a tradition preserved by Verstegan in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," Lond. 1634, p. 292. "A combat being once fought in *Scotland* between a Gentleman of the family of *Lesleyes*, and a knight of *Hungary*, wherein the *Scottish* Gentleman was victor; in memory thereof, and of the place where it happened, these ensuing verses doe in *Scotland* yet remaine:—

Betweene the lesseley and the mare,
He slew the Knight, and left him thare."

Mackenzie, in his life of John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, gives a different account of this tradition. After mentioning that the family of Lesley sprung from Bartholemy Lesly, a Hungarian gentleman, who accompanied Queen Margaret from Hungary to England, and from thence to Scotland, where he married one of her maids of Honour about 1067, by whom he had a son named Malcolm, which Malcolm, having been appointed Governor of Edinburgh Castle, defended the same so valiantly that the King first knighted him, and then made him Governor thereof for life, in reward for his services.

Mr. Pinkerton, in his Select Scottish Ballads, has, in the preliminary dissertation with which the second volume is garnished, this foot note:—"The loss of Chevy Chase might be compensated to Scotland by the recovery of many tragic pieces of no inferior merit, were means used by those who have opportunities for that purpose. *Bertram the Archer*, the Robin Hood of Scotland, is now hardly known to have existed, though he was celebrated in many a heroick ditty. The only stanza known to the Editor is given, as it closes with a pretty thought. Bertram, being surrounded by his enemies, addresses his weapon in this manner:

> My trusty bow of the tough yew,
> That I in London bought,
> And silken strings, if ye prove true,
> That my true love has wrought."

If Songs relative to this Bertram ever existed, it is to be regretted that they have now passed into irretrievable oblivion. The stanza given by Mr P., it is but right to mention, appears a genuine remain of some old song, and no fabrication of his own.*

The battle of Otterbourne, fought in August, 1388, has not passed unsung; and as the glory inclined to the Scottish in that conflict, it is

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"But this was not all," says our historian, "for he desired him to ride a Day's Journey North from Dumfermling, and wherever he bated his horse he would give him a Mile round. The First place he halted at was *Fechil*, now called Leslie in *Fife*; the Second was at *Innerlepad* in *Angus*; the Third was at Feskie in the Merns; then at *Cushnie* in Mar; and Lastly at *Leslie* in Garioch, where his Horse gave over. Upon his return, the King asked him, Where he had left his Horse? He answered, *At the Lesseley beside the Mair*. The King, noticing how well that agreed with his name, said to him—

> Vol. ii. p. 502. *Lord* Lesley *shalt thou be,*
> *And thy Heirs after thee.*"

* It unfortunately happens that one does not well know when Mr P. is in sober earnest, and when merely indulging in innocent jesting, while writing of ancient ballads. The *many heroic ditties* in which this Archer, it seems, was celebrated, have certainly never been heard of in the present day, nor has the reading, enquiry, or observation of the present writer enabled him to detect any allusion to his deeds in history or tradition. It may not be improbable, however, that the fine fragment of Barthum's Dirge, preserved in the Border Minstrelsy, may refer to this individual. There is in the fragment of "The Laird of Muirhead" allusion also made to a person of this name. Since writing this note, I find the same verse occurs in some copies of Johnie of Breadislie, or Johnie of Cocklesmuir."

but natural to conceive that it would become a favourite theme with their Minstrels. We find an allusion made to it in the Complaynt of Scotland, and, indeed, two lines of the ballad itself quoted. Traditionary, though imperfect, versions of it are still current among the peasantry, one of which is given by Herd, and another in the Border Minstrelsy. But to this ballad England lays claim, as a production of her Minstrels, because there happen to be two ancient MS. copies of it preserved in her Libraries. The possession of ancient title deeds does not, however, prove a right to property in which another has quietly been seated, and has enjoyed unchallenged for centuries. The history and poetry of Scotland has, it must be gratefully acknowledged, been deeply indebted to the pen of English Antiquarians for its elucidation and preservation, and also to the English Press for its early publication. But the pious care thus shewn for the genius of another land does not authorize any appropriation thereof, and Scottish works whose authors were known, have, of course, been unsubjected to the imposition of a new name, as their authors coming in the shape of that English Clerke, who kindly undertook their transcription. But Scotland has been pillaged, both of her Metrical Romance and of her Ancient Ballad, by such appropriations. Fortunately for letters, these productions of her Minstrels, too often having only an oral existence, were, when heard in the southern parts of the kingdom, written down to be preserved either as mere curiosities, or as being recommended by the interest of their narratives. The amanuenses set their own names to the compositions they thus copied, and the critick who subsequently examined these monuments gratuitously assigned the authorship to the scribe, or fixed the paternity of the composition by the country in which they found a manuscript of it extant, though the living song, and the spoken language of another land, everywhere bore allusions to, and proved its connection with, the literature thus unnaturally divorced from it. The changes which Romance underwent were not so fatal as those to which the historical ballad was subjected, when it fell into the hands of the English scribe. The one suffered merely in its language, and that but slightly, but the other was, in addition to this, materially changed in its narrative, and a different colouring given to its facts, in order to harmonise better with the national prejudices,

and to gratify the national vanity of the copyist, or of those for whom its perusal or recitation, after it had undergone these alterations, was intended. That the "Battle of Otterbourne" was thus dealt with by an English transcriber appears obvious, for it studiously omits dilating on Percy's capture, while it accurately details his combat with Douglas; whereas, it would appear that, in the genuine Scottish version, the capture of Percy formed a prominent incident, seeing it is the one by which the author of the Complaynt refers to the ballad.

> The Percie and Mongumbrie met,
> That day, that woful day.

No English historian alludes to this ballad as an English composition, whereas Hume of Godscroft, who wrote in the reign of James VI., distinctly announces that the Scots' song of that Battle was different from the English—the English ballad being that entitled The Hunting of the Cheviot—and he quotes the beginning of the ballad exactly as it is to be found yet preserved by tradition, and as the English MS. authorises it. One strong proof that England cannot be considered as the birth-place of this ballad is, that at a subsequent period one of her Minstrels founded upon it The Hunting of the Cheviot, in which he gives rein to his imagination, and alters many circumstances. He was probably induced to make this diversion in favour of England by consequence of the extreme popularity of the other ballad, and because its text could not, while the facts were yet fresh in men's minds, and purse and person of many yet smarting, be safely moulded into any other form than that in which it was originally produced. But under a different name, and educing new incidents, and with allusions to other contests in which his countrymen had the advantage, Mr. Richard Sheale succeeded in supplanting the veritable narrative with his own Bulletin. This he unhesitatingly enriched with everything valuable, which, consistently with his plan, he could pillage from the other.

But Master Sheale, besides paring down facts to suit his views of propriety, and, perchance, of profit, appears also to have been indebted to Romance for some of the finest parts of his heroic poem. This noble and pathetick picture,

The perci leanyde on his brand,
  And sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede mane be the hande,
  And said, wo ys me for thee.
To have savyde thy liffe, I wolde have pertyde with
  My landes for years thre,
For a better man of hart nar of hande,
  Was not in all the North Contrè,

will be found to have an archetype in the Romance of Kyng Alysaunder. When the Macedonian arrives at the spot where Darius had been assassinated by *Besas and Besanas*,

Anon he lyghte of his hors,
And tok in armes that gentil cors.

on which Darius addresses a few words to him before the spirit went, and the poet continues,

Ac theo deol that Alysaunder made,
No may I nought fully rede,
Darie starf in his armes two,
Lord that Alesaunder was wo,
He wrong his hondes saun faile,
Oft he cried and oft he waile,
"Y wolde Y hadde al perce y-geve,
With that Y mighte have thy lif."

and that gallant squire whom the Minstrel bewails,

"For Wetharynton my harte was wo,
  That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
  Yet he knyled and fought on his kne,"

finds a parallel for obstinate doughtiness in the Gigantick Burlonge who encounters Sir Tryamoure, and by whom he is lopped down to reasonable fighting dimensions in the same way.*

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* Hys swerde lyghtly he up hente,
And to Burlonge faste he wente,
  For nothing wolde he flee,
And as he wolde have rysen agayne,

The ancient ballad of Chevy Chase was, as is supposed, about the time of Elizabeth or James, re-written and modernised, and became very popular, being one of the very few minstrel songs which the ballad writers of that day thought worthy of being printed. In Scotland it was altered so as to suit political feeling, and flatter national vanity. That the view given of the Ballad of Otterbourne may not be deemed extravagant, I may instance the ballad of "Thomas of Ersyldoune," no MS. copies of which exist in Scotland, but of which there exist, or did exist at one time, no less than three in England. It is, however, traditionally remembered in Scotland. This beautiful and strange tale of Faerylonde is not claimed as an English production, though it is only in England that ancient MSS. of it are extant, and yet it cannot be deemed entirely the production of the pen of True Thomas, or of the Minstrel, who chose to ascribe the vaticinations to that seer, seeing it has been at an early period transcribed by an English Clerke, and from time to time interpolated with such stanzas as favoured a temporary political purpose, and could bear a construction inimical to the interests of that country of which the prophet was a native.

From the Complaynt of Scotland we also learn that there was a ballad on the subject of the Chevalier de la Beautè, who was murdered by the Homes during the regency of John Duke of Albany. The two lines given in that work,

> God sen the Duc had byddin in France,
> And Delabaute had neuyr cam hame,

were probably the beginning of the ballad, and are all that now remains

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He smote his legges even a twayne,
  Harde faste by the knee.
Tryamoure badde hym stande uprighte,
And all men may se now in fyghte,
  We ben mete of a syse.
Syr Tryamoure suffred hym
To take another wepen,
  As a knyght of moche pryce,
Burlonge on his stompes stode,
As a man that was nye wode,
  He fought wonder faste, &c.

Utterson's Ancient Popular poetry, Vol. 1. p. 69.

it. The Sang of Gilquhiskar, also mentioned in the Complaynt, was perhaps an historick ballad. But nothing of it is known to antiquaries save the name. Such of our Historick Ballads as are still extant, and have found their way into various publications, do not require to be adverted to here, it being sufficient to notice them when the published collections in which they are contained come to be recapitulated.

It may assist those who have hitherto paid little attention to the Traditionary Song of Scotland now to give a few slight notices of the several works in which its Historick and Romantick ballads have successively appeared, and a list of the ballads themselves which these compilations respectively contain. In giving this catalogue, it may once for all be mentioned, that such ballads as are clearly supposititious, or of quite a modern date, will be passed over in silence. This list must necessarily be somewhat imperfect; but it may serve to the general reader all the purposes of reference, and to some more industrious and accurate cultivator of this kind of literature it may prove the starting point of a more extended and minute enquiry.

As has already been urged, the songs or ballads which refer to matters of history, may, in most instances, be deemed coeval compositions with the facts on which they are founded. Of course, this class fixes the era of its production with sufficient precision; but with regard to the more numerous, and, perchance, more ancient, as well as interesting description of Song, which has been denominated the Romantick and Legendary Ballad, we have little else left than conjecture to assist us in assigning it a determinate age. A large portion of the ballads coming under this head *must* have arisen out of real events, and, therefore, ought to be reckoned as historick songs, could they only be satisfactorily traced to their origin. This, however, from the silence of authentick history, or from the dilapidations of Time, cannot be done. It is evident enough, however, to any skilful eye, that the latest of such compositions does not descend further than the middle of the 17th century.

The earliest collection of popular poetry known to have issued from the Scottish press is a volume printed at Edinburgh, "By Walter Chepman and Androw Myllar, in the year M.D.VIII." This volume is, with reason, supposed to be perfectly unique, no other than the copy preserved in the Advocates' Library being at this hour known to exist.* As illustrative of the language and literature of Scotland at that early period, it is eminently curious and valuable; but the only part of its contents to which our subject leads us to refer, is

A GEST OF ROBYN HODE.

The appearance of which long ballad is not only an additional proof of the high popularity of that bold outlaw in Scotland, but goes to establish the fact that the celebrity of his name in song was not alone owing to the carping of England's Minstrels, but to the equal labours of Northern Gleemen. It is not meant, however, to claim this "Gest" as a Scottish production, though there certainly is some ground to do so; its appearance in Scotland, preceding its imprint, by Wynkin de Worde, by some years. Between the Scottish and English impression there occurs no difference, save in a few orthographical points.

The popular literature of Scotland and of England about this period, appears to have been pretty much alike. One of the most interesting productions of the Saint Andrew's press, is "The Complaynt of Scotland," published, as is supposed, in the year 1549, and reprinted at Edinburgh, under the care of Dr. Leyden, in 1801. It is peculiarly valuable, as preserving in that division of it, styled "Ane monolog of the actor," what may be looked on as a tolerably full and accurate catalogue of the popular Romance and Song of its author's day; at all events, it is indicative of its author's taste in such matters. In character, it resembles the famous library of Captain Cox, whose books, Laneham, in his letter from Kenilworth, hath daintily described as

* The lovers of ancient poetry will be much gratified to learn that a beautiful Fac Simile reprint of Chepman and Myllar's volume is nearly ready, under the careful supervision of Mr. David Laing—another monument of that eminent bibliographer's unwearied and devoted attachment to the illustration and preservation of the early poetry of his native land.

being "fair bound in parchment, and tyed with a whipcord." It would occupy too much space to repeat here that enumeration which the author of the Complaynt has given, or to echo again the illustrative notices which the learning and research of Dr. Leyden have bestowed upon the subject. The amount of our knowledge respecting the "storeis and flet taylis," or the "sweit melodious sangis of natural music of the antiquitie," mentioned in the Complaynt, has received but slender addition since Dr. Leyden wrote. "The taiyll of the reyde eyttyn witht the thre heydis" cannot now be found in Scottish Romance; but there is a ballad still traditionally preserved, in which a Giant is introduced equally endowed with heads, but whether he was a reyde Etin or no, the record is silent. He is thus described:

Then flew the foul thief from the west,
  His make was never seen;
He had three heads upon ae halse—
  Three heads on ae breast bane.
He bauldly stepped to the king,
  Seized steed in his right hand,
Says, "Here am I, a valiant man,
  Fight me now if ye can."

Alarmed by the rudeness of this uncouth combatant, the King exclaims,

"Where is the man in a' my train,
  Will tak this deed in hand?
And he shall hae my dochter dear,
  And the third part of my land."

Whereupon a gentle knight, who had courted and won the affections of the said king's daughter,—(it may be well to mention, for the satisfaction of the curious, that she was "The king's daughter of Linne,") and received from her certain rare gifts, besides two precious rings, the virtues of which were to keep the body of the wearer invulnerable, and to staunch the blood of any one of his followers who might be wounded, —undertakes the combat in these words:

"O, here am I," said young Ronald,
"Will tak the deed in hand;
An ye'll gie me your dochter dear,
I'll seek nane o' your land."
"I wudna for my life, Ronald,
This day I left you here;
Remember ye, your lady gay
For you shed mony a tear."
For he did mind on that ladie,
That he left him behin';
And he hadna mair fear to fight
Than a lion frae a chain.
Then he cut off that Giant's heads,
Wi' ae sweep o' his hand;
Gaed hame and married his ladie,
And heired her father's land.

In another ballad, published in a recent collection,* occurs an Etin of a different stamp, more courteous, it is true, than the triple-headed Giant now noticed, but still a fellow of prodigious strength (and a pagan to boot, as which of them are not,) for

He pou'd a tree out o' the wud,
The biggest that was there;
And he howket a cave monie fathoms deep,
And put May Marg'ret there.

These Etins, by their deeds, establish their claims to a Scandinavian extraction. "The tail quhou the kyng of estmureland mareit the kyngis dochtir of vestmureland," Ritson has shown may probably be another name for the "Geste of Kyng Horn," in opposition to an opinion

* Ancient Scottish Ballads, Edinburgh, 1827, p. 225. Of this ballad I have seen a much more perfect and beautiful version, entitled, "Young Akin," in an immense MS. collection of Traditionary Ballads, &c., made by Mr. Buchan of Peterhead, which he intends for publication. The contents of that collection are of singular interest and value; and it is much to be desired that Mr. Buchan may meet with encouragement sufficient to induce him to give his work to the publick. It is the fruit of many years' labour, and to collect it must have cost its enthusiastick compiler a very serious expense.

hazarded by Dr. Leyden and Sir Walter Scott that it might perhaps have had some affinity to the ballad of "King Estmere." Without expressing any opinion on this controverted point, I may mention that, in one version of the ballad printed in the Border Minstrelsy under the title of *Fause Foodrage*, I have found the three kings mentioned there as being—

> The Eastmure king, and the Westmure king,
> And the king of O Norie.

Certainly a very near approximation to the names contained in the above tale. In quoting the title of a song mentioned in the Complaynt, the editor of the Songs of Scotland, Vol. I. p. 75, from his love of mutation has fallen into an error, perhaps of little consequence, but just enough as should be lesson sufficient to every person of sound sense to quote precisely as it is writ, and not otherwise. "Turne the sueit ville to me," which, in modern orthography, is "Turn thee, sweet Will, to me," has been altered by Mr. Cunninghame into *Turn thy sweet will to me.* Had he spelled as he found his author did, he would have avoided this blunder.

During the heat of the Reformation there were many "ballatis sangis blasphematious rhymes, alsweill of kirkmen as temporall and vtheris tragedies," published, but none of these, nor of the historick ballads during the reigns of James V., Queen Mary, and James VI., have reached to our day in a *collected form.* That patchwork of blasphemy, absurdity, and gross obscenity, which the zeal of an early Reformer spawned under the captivating title of "Ane compendiovs Booke of Godlie and Spiritvall Songs,"* is neither comprehended under the description of Song we are now in quest of, nor do its miserable and profane parodies reflect any trace whatever of the stately ancient narrative ballad.

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* Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of Sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates, changed out of Prophaine Sanges for avoyding of Sinne and Harlotrie, with augmentatioun of sundrie Gude and Godly Ballates not contained in the first edition. Newlie corrected and amended by the first Originall Copie. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart.

The Aberdeen "Cantus," printed successively in the year 1662, 1666, and 1682,* though containing several old Songs, English as well as Scottish, does not supply any copies of Historical or Romantick ballads. Yet I find the burden of the XIX. Song, third edition, is the same with that of an old ballad which records an Elfin knight's attempt to murder an innocent maiden whom he had persuaded to ride off with him to some greenwood side, but who, like the False Sir John of the ballad of May Colvin, falls himself into the snare he had set for his love. The ballad alluded to begins thus:

Lady Isabel sits in her bouir sewing,
Aye as the gowans grow gay;
She heard an Elf knight his horn blowing,
The first morning in May;
She heard an Elf knight his horn blowing,
The first morning in May.

"In a list of books," says the editor of the Border Minstrelsy, "printed for and sold by P. Brocksby, 1688, occurs 'Dick o' the Cow,' containing north country songs." This collection, which is conjectured would have supplied many of the Border historical ballads and war-like ditties, besides the one mentioned in its title, is, unfortunately, not now extant, or, at least, is not known to the Bibliographer under that designation.

The compilation made and printed by James Watson, in three parts—the first of which appeared in 1706,† the second in 1709, and the third in 1710—has preserved several interesting parcels of our vernacular poetry, but contains none of the compositions connected with

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* *Cantus* Songs and Fancies *To Three, Four, or Five Parts*, both apt for Voices and Viols. With a brief introduction to Musick, as is taught in the Musick-school of *Aberdeen*. The Third Edition, much *Enlarged and Corrected*. Printed in ABERDEEN, by JOHN FORBES, and are to be sold at his Printing House, above the *Meal Market*, at the Sign of the TOVVNS ARMES. 1682.

† A choice Collection of COMIC and SERIOUS Scots Poems, Both Ancient and Modern, By several Hands. PART I. EDINBURGH, Printed *by James Watson*, Sold *by John Vallange*, MDCC.VI.

the present enquiry, unless the poem with which the second part opens, beginning

I. DURING THE REIGNE OF THE ROYAL ROBERT,*

be looked upon in this light. The same poem is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, 1549, among the "storeis and flet taylis" as "the ryng of the roy Robert."

Watson's work was succeeded by "The Evergreen, being a collection of Scots poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," printed in two small 12mo volumes at Edinburgh in 1724. This publication is highly creditable to the patriotism, industry, and good taste of its editor, the far-famed Song writer, Allan Ramsay. His principal materials were derived from a valuable manuscript presented by the Earl of Hyndford to the Advocates' library, and since known by the name of its compiler, as the Bannatyne MS. At the time Ramsay published, the business of editing Ancient poesy was not well understood, nor were the duties of an Editor in that department of letters accurately defined. The poet, accordingly, seems happily removed beyond the fear of being caught sleeping in his task, and far above feeling any annoyance when detected in the commission of any literal, verbal, or critical mistake. Indeed, it is questionable if greater editorial fidelity than what he vouchsafed to give, would, in such matters, have then been duly appreciated. In the liberties which he took with the antient Song of his country, he has, however, unfortunately supplied a precedent for posterity to quote, and set an example which men of less talent, and even less critical integrity, have been eager to imitate. The ballads of the description now wanted, printed in the Evergreen, are not numerous.

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* This poem occurs in the Maitland MS., and its author, according to that authority, was Dean David Steill, a Scottish poet, who is supposed to have flourished about the close of the fifteenth century. From the Maitland MS. Mr. Laing has printed a copy in his "Early Metrical Tales," Edinburgh, 1826, to which is prefixed notices of the occasion of the poem, of its author, and of the editions which it has gone through.

They are—

2. THE BATTLE OF HAIRLAW.

3. JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

4. THE REIDSQUAIR RAID.

2. Antiquaries have differed in opinion regarding the age of this composition; but the best informed have agreed in looking upon it as of coeval production, or nearly so, with the historical event on which it is founded, and in this opinion the present writer entirely coincides. No edition prior to Ramsay's time has been preserved, though it was printed in 1668, as we are informed by Mr. Laing, in his Early Metrical Tales, an edition of that date having been in the curious library of old Robert Mylne. In the Complaynt of Scotland, 1549, this ballad is mentioned. In the Polemo Middinia, its tune is referred to—

> Interea ante alios dux piperlarius heros,
> Præcedens magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam,
> Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare Batellum.

And in a MS. collection of tunes, written in the hand of Sir William Mure of Rowallan, which I have seen, occurs "the battle of harlaw." From the extreme popularity of the Song, it is not to be wondered at though every early imprint of it has now disappeared. Ramsay probably gave his copy from a stall edition of his own day, which copy has successively been edited by Mr. Sibbald, Mr. Finlay, and Mr. Laing, and has appeared in other collections. A copy apparently taken from recitation is given in "The Thistle of Scotland," Aberdeen, 1823. The editor of which, among a good deal of stuff which is not very comprehensible, points out various localities, and gives three stanzas of a burlesque song on the same subject, popular in the north.

3. Ramsay mentions that this is the true old ballad of the famous John Armstrong of Gilnockhall in Liddisdale, and which he copied from a Gentleman's mouth of the name of Armstrong, who was the sixth generation from this John, and who told him that it was ever esteemed the genuine ballad—the common one false. This noted Border-pricker was gibbeted by James V. in 1529. The common ballad alluded to by Ramsay is the one, however, which is in the mouths of the people. His set I never heard sung or recited; but the other frequently. The common set is printed in *Wit Restored, London*, 1658, under the title of "A Northern Ballet," and in the London collection of Old Ballads, 1723, as "Johney Armstrong's last Goodnight." That collection has another ballad on the subject of Armstrong, entitled "Armstrong and Musgrave's Contention." In J. Stevenson's Catalogue, Edinburgh, 1827, is a copy on a broadside, with this title, "John Armstrong's last Farewell, declaring how he and eight score men fought a bloody battell at Edinburgh, to the tune of Fare thou well, bonny Gilt Knock Hall," an edition still adhered to in the stall copies of the ballad. The version of the ballad, as given in the Evergreen, is followed by the editor of the Border Minstrelsy, in whose valuable compilation it finds a place, with suitable illustrations.

4. Is given from the Bannatyne MS., but inaccurately. A correct copy from the same source occurs in the Border Minstrelsy. The Raid commemorated in song happened on the 7th July, 1576.

In the same year, 1724, Ramsay published another collection of considerable merit, viz., "The Tea Table Miscellany, being a choice collection of English and Scotch Songs," in which are inserted the following ballads; but whether derived from printed copies, or from tradition, is not mentioned.

5. WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE BE BONNY.

6. SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

7. BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

It were discourteous not to mention that Hardyknute, a fragment originally printed in 1719, the ingenious fabrication of Lady Anne Wardlaw, likewise appeared in the Evergreen. It was long looked upon as an ancient composition, and many still cherish this fond and idle notion. It is not improbable, however, that in the days of the accomplished authoress, there may have existed some historick song relative to the conflict of the Largs, (somewhat like an enlarged version of the metrical account given of that event by Winton,) which she used as the foundation of her clever poem. In a volume of "Poems and Songs, by Alexander Tait, 1790," which I suspect is now *scarce*, and certainly is *curious*, will be found a Ballad of his enditing, on the same subject. He plunders from Hardyknute without remorse; but uses his spoil in such an odd way, and so peculiarly his own, that none who read him can forbear pardoning his plagiarisms.

5. This, perhaps, should not be included in the present list; for many versions induce me to believe that it is only a part of the ballad generally known under the title of "Jamie Douglas," in some copies of which are to be found almost every stanza of the present song incorporated. The tune is the same in both; and the narrative, so far as it can be guessed at, also coincides. In the appendix will be given a traditionary version of "Jamie Douglas" corroborative of the opinion now hazarded. If Ramsay was the first who effected the divorce of the sentimental from the narrative parts of the ballad, he deserved some credit for his taste and ingenuity.

6. The two concluding stanzas of this ballad are looked on as a modern addition. In recited copies I have heard this stanza repeated, which does not occur in printed copies. It follows the 14th stanza:

My meikle tae is my gavil post,
My nose is my roof-tree;
My ribs are kebars to my house,
And there is nae room for thee.

A different version, William and Marjorie, is given in the present compilation, taken from the recitation of an old woman. This ballad, or part of it, is often made the tail piece to others, where a deceased lover appears to his mistress.

7. An English version of this ballad is frequently to be met with. The 8th and 9th have appeared in numerous subsequent publications. Of the last, many various sets exist; one is given from tradition in this work; another in Finlay's Ballads; a third in

8. THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

9. JOHNNY FAA, THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

"A collection of Old Ballads, collected from the best and most ancient copies extant, with Introductions, Historical, Critical, or Humourous," printed at London in 1723, 24 and 25 in 3 vols. 12mo, contains a copy of

10. GILDEROY,

but no other Scottish ballad. This is a very judicious compilation of English ballads; but there is no reference to the authorities from which they are obtained, which, in a work of the kind, is a serious defect.

"Mactaggart's Gallovidian Dictionary," improved, no doubt, by that strangest of all human editors; a fourth in Chambers' "Scottish Gipsies," Edin., 1823; and some scraps of a fifth set in one of the volumes of the Scots Edinburgh Magazine, the modesty of the correspondent who communicates it, not permitting him to pollute the pages of that immaculate work with its grossness. He is really very considerate.

10. Gilleroy in Gaelic signifies the red-haired lad: Patrick McGregor, or Gilleroy, the subject of this ballad, suffered for his crimes in 1638, and his fate was commemorated in song. "The above-inentioned ballad," says the author of Caledonia, "was printed at Edinburgh during the moment of Gilleroy's exit." It was certainly reprinted at London in the black letter before 1650. There is another copy of it, with some variations, in Playford's *Wit and Mirth*, first edition of vol. iii., which was printed in 1702. There is also a copy with variations in Durfy's Songs, 1719, vol. v. p. 39, and another with variations, in a collection, second edition, London, 1723, vol. ii. (vol. i.) p. 271. These copies, though possessing several stanzas of poetic merit, contained some indelicacies that required suppression. An altered and delicate edition appeared in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*. But before this appeared, the ballad had been altered by Sir Alexander Halket, said Ritson in his Scots Songs, ii. 24: yet, according to a truer account, this operation on the old ballad was performed by Mrs. Elizabeth Hacket, the daughter of Pitferan, and the wife of Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pittrevie, the real authoress of Hardy Knute. See Blackwood Mag. 1, p. 380. The ballad of Gilderoy on that new cast may be seen in Percy's Reliques, I. 321, with the exception of one stanza; also in Herd's Scots Songs, i. 73, and in Ritson's Scots Songs, ii. 24, none of whom give the whole thirteen stanzas." Caledonia, vol. iii. p. 36. I have seen a broadside printed at Edinburgh before 1700, which differs from the copies mentioned above. In Lady Wardlaw's amended copy, a good many of the old stanzas are retained; others are omitted, or in part retouched, and several from her own pen are added. It would seem that when Ritson consulted the Museum on this occasion, he had gone on farther than the index, for if he had turned to p. 67, he would have found that the piece entitled in the index "Gilderoy," was the song written to that tune, beginning

"Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit,"

and not any copy of the ballad itself, which nowhere in any of the six volumes of the

Till the appearance of The Reliques of Early English Poetry, in 1755, I am not aware of any intermediate publication which relates to the present enquiry. The singular merit of that work, not only as exhibiting much curious, profound, and accurate research into various departments of the history of Early English poetry, a walk, till then, comparatively speaking, unexplored; but also as everywhere carrying with it traces of its Editor's fine genius and chaste taste, has been long and fully appreciated. Important as the additions are which said work has made to our knowledge of ancient poesy, customs, and manners, the influence which it has had on the literature of the present day, and the change it has been the main instrument of producing on the character of its poetry, are of the most obvious and beneficial description.

The materials of his volumes were, as Dr. Percy informs us, principally obtained from an ancient MS., much dilapidated, and in many parts carelessly and inaccurately penned. Of the existence of this MS. no person can now doubt, since Ritson himself was at length reduced to the necessity of admitting its being. For the mode in which the pieces taken from this MS. were given to the publick, Dr. Percy has been rated by the critick now named in no measured terms. With his own pen he had supplied the breaches time or accident had wrought in the originals—he had curtailed some parts and expanded others, and had corrected literal or verbal errors in his text, without any previous intimation to the reader. This was the sum and substance—"the front of his offending." Grave as these delinquencies might have been in a work exclusively projected for the use of the mere antiquarian, they appear venial when it is considered that the object of the one in question was popular—to imbue the general reader with a taste for olden poesy, to stimulate his curiosity, and direct his mind to congenial enquiries; and by no means intended to satisfy the minutest wish of the Archaiological scholar. How ably he accomplished his views, the work itself is sufficient testimony.

Museum has a place. The song, *Ah! Chloris*, was composed by the Right Honourable Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session, about 1710.

A number of the ballads published in the *Reliques* are of dubious origin, being common to Scotland as well as England. The battle of Otterbourne,* Glaskerion,† Child Waters,‡ The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter,§ Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor,‖ The Childe of Elle,¶ and even Sir Cauline,** will all be found traditionally current in Scotland from time immemorial, differing, it is true, somewhat in form, but in substance essentially agreeing with the English versions: the paternity of these, therefore, we shall not now discuss. The following ballads which appeared in the *Reliques* belong to Scotland:

11. THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

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* See Herd's collection.

† Glenkindy in Jamieson's collection. ‡ Burd Helen of Jamieson's collection.

§ In many shapes current in Scotland, one of which is inserted in the present collection.

‖ The same is the case with this. ¶ Resembles Young Erlinton.

** This romantick ballad exists in Scotland under the title of King Malcolm and Sir Colvine. It has never been printed. There is a copy in Mr. Buchan's MS., above referred to, which begins thus:

There lived a king in fair Scotland—
King Malcolm called by name,
Whom ancient history does record
For valour, worth, and fame.
And it fell ance upon a day,
The king sat doun to dine,
And there he missed a favourite knight—
His name was Sir Colvine.
But out it spak anither knight,
Ane of Sir Colvine's kin:
"He's lying in bed, right sick of luve,
All for your daughter Jean."

It describes the combat between Sir Colvine and the "Knight of Elrick's hill," in which the former is victorious, and then concludes—

Up he has ta'en that bloody hand,
Set it before the king;
And the morn it was Wodensday,
He married his daughter Jean.

11. Stated to be given from a MS. copy sent from Scotland. Herd gives this and

12. WHY DOIS ZOUR BRAND SAE DRAP WI' BLUID?
13. SIR PATRICK SPENS.
14. EDOM O' GORDON.

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another version, entitled "Sir Hugh," in his collection. Mr. Jamieson gives a third copy, and in this collection is a fourth variety of this exceedingly popular ballad.

12. "This curious song was transmitted to the Editor by Sir D. Dalrymple, Bart., late Lord Hailes."—Percy. "It is rather a detached portion of a ballad. The verses of which it consists generally conclude the ballad of the 'Twa Brothers,' and also some verses of 'Lizie Wan.' A ballad of the same nature seems to be known in Germany, for it is quoted in Werner's Tragedy of the 29th February. In the *Finnische Runen* of Schroter is given a traditionary ballad known in Finland, entitled *Weriner Pojka, The bloody Son*, a very counterpart of the Scottish ballad.

13. This has been considered one of the oldest of our historick ballads. The Editor of the Border Minstrelsy recovered a much fuller set, which is there printed, and furnished Mr. Jamieson with another version, which is inserted in his compilation. One of the best sets of this ballad is yet unedited. It is in the MS. of Mr. Buchan, before referred to, and one stanza of it happily confirms the opinion which I ventured to express regarding the event which gave rise to the ballad. A few lines of this it may be worth while to quote.

Ye'll eat and drink, my merry men,
  And see ye be weel thorn;
For blaw it weet, or blaw it wind,
  My gude ship sails the morn.
Then out it speaks a gude auld man—
  A gude deid mat he die,
"Whatever I do, my gude master,
  Take God your guide to be.
For late yestreen I saw the new meen,
  The auld meen in her arm,"
"Ohon, alace," says Sir Patrick Spens,
  "That bodes a deadly storm."
But I maun sail the seas the morn,
  And likewise sae maun you,
To Norway wi' our king's daughter,
  A chosen Queen she's now.

14. I have heard a different set of this ballad, the locality of which is Loudoun Castle in Ayrshire. The one in the Reliques was printed at Glasgow by R. and A. Foulis, 1755, in 8vo, 12 pages, being taken by Lord Hailes from the recitation of a lady. On the authority of his MS., which, it seems, contained this ballad, Dr. Percy made some alterations in the Glasgow edition. The event on which it is founded occurred in 1578. Ritson, in his Ancient Songs, has given from the Cotton library a copy, entitled "Captain Care," "the undoubted original," as he says, "of the Scottish ballad." This, it seems, has at the end, "Finis per me Will^m. Asheton, Clericum," the name, he supposes, of the author; but it is evident that Master Asheton was merely the clerk who transcribed it.

15. THE HEIR OF LINNE.
16. YOUNG WATERS.
17. GIL MORICE.
18. FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.
19. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

In the preface to "Albyn's Anthology," Edinburgh, 1800, its Editor, the late Mr. Campbell, mentions that "In the year 1755, 'A Collection of Old Ballads' was printed at Glasgow." At that time, a number of ballads were separately printed by the Foulises, and these, when gathered together, might form the collection referred to above.

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15. Is given from the Editor's MS. The traditionary version extant in Scotland begins thus:

The bonnie heir, the weel-faur'd heir,
And the weary heir o' Linne,
Yonder he stands at his father's gate,
And naebody bids him come in.
O see whare he gangs, and see whare he stands,
The weary heir o' Linne.
O see whare he stands on the cauld causey,
Some ane wuld ta'en him in.
But if he had been his father's heir,
Or yet the heir o' Linne,
He wadna stand on the cauld causey—
Some ane wuld ta'en him in.

16. Is "given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet, 8vo. The world is indebted for its publication to the Lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earl of Hume, who died at Gibraltar."—Percy. I have never met with any traditionary version of this ballad.

17. Has already been noticed at length, see p. 257.

18. The common title of this ballad, which is a favourite of the Stalls, is "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes."

19. Was transmitted from Scotland. Some traditionary copies of the ballad have this stanza, which is the 19th in order.

And 4 and 20 milkwhite swans,
Wi' their wings stretch'd out wide,
To blaw the stour aff the highway,
To let fair Annie ride.

Mr. Jamieson has published a copy from recitation, entitled "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," of very great beauty.

In 1769 Mr. Herd published his "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.," and, again, in 1776, in two volumes, a collection of much merit, and one wherein many curious lyrical pieces have found a sanctuary. The principal faults of this compilation consist in its ancient and modern pieces being indiscriminately mingled together; and that no reference is ever made to the authorities from which they are derived, except what this slight announcement contains: "It is divided into three parts. The first is composed of all the Scottish Ancient and Modern Heroic Ballads, or Epic Tales, together with some beautiful fragments of this kind. Many of these are recovered from tradition or old MSS., and never before printed. The second part consists of Sentimental, Pastoral, and Love Songs; and the third is a collection of Comic, Humorous, and Jovial Songs."—Preface, p. viii., Edition, 1776. The ballads undermentioned appear to be those which, till the date of this publication, had not appeared in a collected form:

20. THE YOUNG LAIRD OF OCHILTREE.

21. BOTHWELL.

22. FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

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20. Another copy of this historick ballad, under its correct title, "The Laird of Logie," is given from recitation in the Border Minstrelsy. There is another set of it to be found in stall prints, which has a chance of being the original ballad, as composed at the time of the Laird's deliverance in 1592.

21. This ballad is very popular, and is known to reciters under a variety of names. I have heard it called "Lord Bangwell," "Bengwill," "Dingwall," "Brengwill," &c., and "The Seven Sisters, or the leaves of Lind." In the Border Minstrelsy, vol. iii. 72, Fifth Edition, is a version, entitled "Corspatrick." The same authority mentions that a copy in Mrs. Brown of Falkland's MS. is styled "Child Brenton." Mr. Jamieson has translated a Danish ballad, "Ingefred and Gudrune," (Northern Antiquities, p. 340), wherein he points out the striking resemblance it bears to the present one. In a book, misnamed "Remains of Galloway and Nithsdale Song," it is titled, "We were sisters, we were seven." It is amusing to see this motley version challenging that in the Border Minstrelsy as being interspersed with modern patches, and claiming for itself the merit of being a pure and unalloyed traditionary copy. Unparalleled impudence!

22. Another copy of this is given in Popular Ballads and Songs, vol. i. 66, under the title of "The Cruel Brother; or, the Bride's Testament." It is a very common ballad, and has been wafted to distant parts of the island, as appears from a copy to be found

23. LIZIE WAN.

24. MAY COLVIN.

25. THE WEE WEE MAN.

26. BONNY MAY.

27. LAMMIKIN.

28. EARL RICHARD.

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in "Some Ancient Christmas Carols, &c.," collected by Davies Gilbert, London, 1823, p. 68, styled "The Three Knights." The other ballad in said book, called "The Three Sisters," is a Scottish one, but of which the editor has given an imperfect version.

23. The copy of this ballad is from tradition, and agrees pretty accurately with other recited copies. There are several other ballads on the same disagreeable topick to be frequently met with, some of which have not, as yet, been edited.

24. A fuller set of this is given by Mr. Sharpe in his *Ballad Book*, taken from recitation; but I have seen a printed stall copy as early as 1749, entitled "The Western Tragedy," which perfectly agrees with Mr. Sharpe's copy. I have also seen a later stall print, called "The Historical Ballad of May Culzean," to which is prefixed some local tradition that the lady there celebrated was of the family of Kennedy, and that her treacherous and murder-minting lover was an Ecclesiastick of the monastery of Maybole. In the parish of Ballantrae, on the sea coast, there is a frowning precipice pointed out to the traveller as "Fause Sir John's Loup." In the north country, at the Water of Ugie, I am informed by Mr. Buchan, there is a similar distinction claimed for some precipice there. The same gentleman has recovered other two ballads on a similar story—one called "The Water o' Wearie's well," and the other, from its burden, named "Aye as the gowans grow gay," in both of which the heroes appear to have belonged to the Elfin tribe.

25. Is also printed in this collection, which see.

26. In the Border Minstrelsy, a finer copy of this ballad, said to be the original song of the "Broom of the Cowdenknowes," is given. It would be endless to enumerate the titles of the different versions of this popular song which are common among reciters.

27. Another set is published in this compilation. There is a "Lambirkyns wod" near Dupplin, in Perthshire. Can this have got its name from the cruel mason whom, the ballad assures us, "lived in the wode?" If so, it must be very ancient. It is localised, too, I believe, at Balwearie in Fifeshire; but there are few places where the ballad is remembered but which has also some ancient edifice in the neighbourhood reared by the hands of Lammikin. Indeed, it seems questionable how some Scottish lairds could well afford to get themselves seated in the large castles they once occupied unless they occasionally treated the mason after the fashion adopted in this ballad.

28. Is imperfect, but two perfect copies are given in the Minstrelsy of the Border, one entitled "Earl Richard," made up of two copies to be found in Herd's MS., and the other supplied by the Ettrick Shepherd, from the recitation of his mother, named "Lord William." Under the first title is another version to be found in "Scarce Ancient Ballads," Aberdeen, 1822, p. 3, disguised under uncouth orthography, and considerably interpolated by its editor. Another set of this popular ballad is in Kinloch's

29. THE BONNY LASS OF LOCHRYAN.

30. THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

31. KERTON HA' OR THE FAIRY COURT.

"Ancient Scottish Ballads," entitled "Young Redin," and in Mr. Buchan's MS. is preserved yet another copy, the title of which has escaped my memory.

29. Is given in another shape in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. 2, p. 433, Fifth Edition, and another variety of it occurs in Mr. Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, vol. i., p. 36. Mr. Cunninghame, in his Songs of Scotland, vol. i., p. 298, has, in his version, favoured the world with an ample specimen of his own poetical talents. His improved readings are very pretty, but ingenuity is ill bestowed when employed to vitiate truth, though it be but in an old song. It is curious to remark how the catastrophe of many ballads, like the present, arise from the witchcraft and sorceries of malicious mothers.

30. Is the Scottish traditionary version of the Battle of Otterburn. The hiatus in a verse of Herd's copy, a recited copy enables me to supply :—

O yield thee to yon braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilly lie,
For there lies aneth yon braken bush,
What aft has conquer'd mae than thee.

Another version is given in the Border Minstrelsy, and Mr. Finlay, in the introduction to his Historical and Romantic Ballads, vol. i., p. 18, has preserved two stanzas of another copy. The ballad preserved in the Harleian and Bodleian collections, we may repeat, is certainly a Scottish composition, though altered for the nonce by the English transcriber. The last line of the third stanza, Dr. Percy says, is corrupt in both MSS., being "Many a styrande stage," and he has altered it thus, "Styrande many a stagge," a change in which subsequent editors have silently acquiesced; but the reading of the MS. is, I suspect, right, and the commentator wrong; for *stage* or *staig*, in Scotland means a young horse unshorn of its masculine attributes, and the obvious intention of the poet is merely to describe that the Scottish alighted from many a prancing steed in order to prepare for action, not to amuse themselves with hunting deer. The lines should, therefore, be—

Upon Grene Leyton they lighted dowyn
[Off] many a styrande stage.

It was one of the Border laws that the Scotch array of Battle should be on foot. The horses were used but for a retreat or pursuit. Various old ballads allude to this custom of debating matters of life and death on foot, see Childe of Elle, Douglas Tragedy, &c. The ballad itself confirms this reading, see Fytte 2.

With that the perssye was grevyd sore,
Forsoth as I yow saye,
He lyghted dowyn upon hys foote,
And schotte his horse clene away.

31. Appeared in a completer form in Johnson's Museum, vol. v., p. 423, as Tam Linn, which was altered and reprinted in Lewis' Tales of Wonder. A more formidable edition was published in the Border Minstrelsy, some verses of which—we allude to those supplied by some ingenious gentleman residing near Langholm—are clearly supposititi-

32. CLERK COLVILLE.
33. WILLIE AND ANNET.
34. THE CRUEL KNIGHT, (a Fragment.)
35. WHA WILL BAKE MY BRIDAL BREAD, (a Fragment.)
36. I'LL WAGER, I'LL WAGER, (a Fragment.)
37. THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

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ous, and ought to be omitted. The "Tail of Young Tamlene" is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, and Dr. Leyden concludes that it was a Romance of Faerye, which, in its transmission to the present times, has acquired its present balladised form. I suspect its title of Thomlin or Thomalin, a diminutive of Thomas, was given to distinguish it from the Vaticinal Rymes, which were early current, under the title of "True Thomas," or "Thomas the Rymer." The poet of Ercildoune was seduced by fairy charms to expatriate himself, and it was only to avoid paying the tax to Hell, which also disturbed the happiness of Tomalin, that he was compelled to revisit this world. A lusty full grown man must have been a great aid to the Fairy Exchequer, when its subsidies to the Devil had to be paid in kind.

32. Was reprinted in "The Tales of Wonder," with some additions and alterations. Pinkerton gives a fragment about a Mermaid, which he afterwards acknowledged to be a fabrication of his own; but Mr. Finlay maintains that it is old, which, however, I don't believe, though the subject, I grant, is old enough, and very common in the tales of almost every country. Furthermore, the "Fause Mermaid," in Mr. Finlay's Ballads, is evidently a modern composition. "The Mermaid of Gallowa," printed in *Remains of Galloway and Nithsdale Song* as a traditionary ballad, is now admitted to be from the pen of Mr. Cunninghame.

33. Was published in another shape, under the title of "Sweet Willie." A good traditional version of it is given in this collection, viz., "Fair Janet," taken from the *Ballad Book*.

34. Is a fragment which was afterwards completed by Mr. Finlay, under the title of "Young Johnston and the Young Colonel," and is also inserted in this collection, with a few additions and variations. For the sake of poetick justice to the Young Johnston, from another version I give the lines which explain his reason for slaying his love, and which follow in order that stanza wherein she upbraids him for his cruelty:

Ohon! alace! my lady gay,
To come sae hastilie;
I thought it was my deadly fae
Ye had trysted into me!

35. Is the fragment of "Fair Annie" referred to in this collection, p. 327, where the different published versions of the ballad are also mentioned.

36. Occurs in a fuller shape in the Border Minstrelsy as "The Broomfield Hill;" but this is a ballad which has long been printed under the title of "The West Country Wager."

37. Also occurs in Johnson's Museum, with some variations; but neither of the copies are so full as one which may occasionally be met with in stall editions, published about sixty years ago.

38. AND THERE SHE LEANT HER BACK TO A THORN.

39. EARL DOUGLAS, (a Fragment.)

In 1781, the late Mr. Pinkerton published his "Scottish Tragic Ballads," a thin volume, printed at London, which was followed, in 1783, by "Select Scottish Ballads," in two volumes: the first whereof is a reprint of the "Tragic Ballads," with several augmentations, and the second contains "Songs and Humourous Poems." In these, Mr. P. planted a considerable number of effusions from his own pen, alleged to be ancient, but which he had the candour to confess were fabrications, when Ritson, with an acrimony by no means within the limits of good taste or common politeness, took him to task on the subject. His recantation will be found in "List of Scottish Poets," prefixed to "Ancient Scottish Poems," p. cxviii. His sins as an editor of old ballads have been fully enough detailed by his literary antagonists, and it is not now of moment to resume the ungracious task of reprehension. The only old ballad his volumes contain, not till his time inserted in our collections, is—

40. SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

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38. Is a ballad generally printed under the title of "The Cruel Mother." Innumerable and curious versions of it are to be obtained from recitation, much better than any hitherto printed.

39. Is a fragment of "Jamie Douglas," published afterwards more fully by Mr. Finlay, vol. ii. p. 1. The name "black Fastnes" occurring in these copies, is a curious instance of the sound misleading the sense. Herd and Finlay have both printed it as being the name of the malicious individual who sowed dissension betwixt Douglas and his lady, instead of being, as it assuredly is, a mere rhetorical figure. It is the abbreviated way of pronouncing *Falsetness*, Faustness, a fact which the keen eye of a recent Editor of old Ballads could not see, though he discerned at once that a "Tailliant" must of necessity be an "Italian." An imperfect version of this ballad is, in his collection, named "The Laird of Blackwood."—Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 58. A stall copy of this ballad was printed in 1798, under the title of "Fair Orange Green."

40. "Printed," as is said, "from a modern edition, in one sheet, 12mo, after the old copy." On this was founded the popular ballad of *The Buchanshire Tragedy, or Sir James the Ross*, said to be written by Michael Bruce.

In 1784, a *gurdy* little volume was published at Hawick, by George Caw, having this title:—"The Poetical Museum, containing Songs and Poems on almost every subject, mostly from periodical publications." In that work appeared the following ballads, which were afterwards inserted in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, viz. :—

41. DICK OF THE COW.
42. JOCK O' THE SIDE.
43. HOBIE NOBLE.

"The New British Songster, a Collection of Songs, Scots and English, with Toasts and Sentiments for the Bottle.—Falkirk, 1785," furnishes a ballad which belongs to a numerous class of Scottish legends, the merit of which is not very obvious—it consisting for the most part of enigmatical questions and answers. These metrical riddles, however, are sufficiently ancient, and can be traced throughout the early poetry of almost every land. This ballad is entitled

44. CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

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44. This is also inserted in Mr. Jamieson's "Popular Ballads and Songs." Few are more popular; it occurs in every assortment of stall literature. Winton is copious in his details of an attempt made by the Devil to puzzle, by curious questioning, that singularly holy and wise man, Saint Serf; but, as usual, the saint prevails in this combat of wit and learning. Of a similar nature is that recorded in a Gallwegian tale, named "The Fause Knight upon the road," wherein the fiend is baffled by the pertinent answers of a "wee boy," who must have been a very saint in miniature. As this ballad has never been printed, and is briefer than these compositions generally are, it is now given:—

O whare are ye gaun?
  Quo' the fause knicht upon the road;
I'm gaun to the scule,
  Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.
What is that upon you back?
  Quo' the fause knicht upon the road;
Atweel it is my bukes,
  Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.
What's that ye've got in your arm?
  Quo' the fause knicht, &c.

James Johnson, Musick seller in Edinburgh, began publishing his valuable work, entitled "The Scots Musical Museum," in 1787, and continued doing so till 1803, when the 6th and last of his attenuated

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Atweel it is my peit,
  Quo' the wee boy, &c.
Wha's aucht they sheep?
  Quo' the fause knicht, &c.
They are mine and my mither's,
  Quo' the wee boy, &c.
How monie o' them are mine?
  Quo' the fause knicht, &c.
A' they that hae blue tails,
  Quo' the wee boy, &c.
I wiss ye were on yon tree,
  Quo' the fause knicht, &c.
And a gude ladder under me,
  Quo' the wee boy, &c.
And the ladder for to break,
  Quo' the fause knicht, &c.
And you for to fa' doun,
  Quo' the wee boy, &c.
I wiss ye were in yon sie,
  Quo' the fause knicht, &c.
And a gude bottom under me,
  Quo' the wee boy, &c.
And the bottom for to break,
  Quo' the fause knicht upon the road;
And ye to be drowned,
  Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.

In the "Legenda Aurea," a tale occurs of a worthy bishop who was a devoted admirer of Saint Andrew, much to the dissatisfaction of the Devil. The Evil One transforms himself into a comely wench, who speedily found favour in the holy man's sight, and there is no saying but his soul might have been placed in jeopardy by her blandishments on one occasion when feasting together, had it not been for a loud knocking at the gate, which opportunely disturbed their enjoyments. On looking out, a poor pilgrim was seen beating furiously for admittance. The fiend lady, afraid lest her victim should escape her machinations, stipulates that before the pilgrim be admitted, he should answer certain three questions, to be propounded by her. The pilgrim being no less a personage than Saint Andrew, answered the two first questions promptly, and the third to so much purpose, that the fiend immediately flew off in native ugliness, filling the air with horrid imprecations, whereby the bishop saw at once his imminent peril, and became still more unremitted in his devotions at the shrine of the Saint who thus interposed in his behalf.

volumes seems to have appeared; though from Musical works generally not having in their title pages, or elsewhere, the year in which they happen to be printed, considerable doubts are bred regarding the date of their publication. In one or other of his volumes will be found these ballads—

45. LORD RONALD MY SON.
46. GEORDIE.
47. THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNY, THE BROOM BLOOMS FAIR.
48. GUDE WALLACE.

In 1790, R. Morison & Son, of Perth, published "A Select Collection of Favourite Scottish Ballads," in 6 vols., 12mo, a neat compilation from Ramsay, Herd, Percy's Reliques, Pinkerton, &c., but it contains no ballads not elsewhere printed.

Ritson's curious and valuable collection of "Ancient Songs, from the time of King Henry III. to the Revolution,"—London, 1790, has four ballads, all of which are traditionally preserved in Scotland, viz. :—

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45. Many versions of this exist. It appears in the Border Minstrelsy as "Lord Randal," and is known to nurses as "The bonnie wee croudlin' Doo."

46. Of this, many variations exist among reciters. One of the copies is styled "Geordie Luklie." In Ritson's *Northumberland Garland*, 1793, is "a lamentable ditty made upon the death of a worthy gentleman, named George Stoole, etc., to a delicate Scottish tune," evidently imitated from the Scottish song. Mr. Kinloch has published another version in his "Ancient Scottish Ballads," p. 192, and quotes a passage from Buchanan as the probable source from which the ballad had its origin. One set makes Geordie very ungratefully drown his deliverer in the sea in a fit of jealousy. 'Tis a pity the rascal escaped the gallows.

47. Printed in full in this collection. Only three stanzas were given in the *Museum*.

48. Also in Jamieson's ballads, with additions by the Editor. Likewise in Finlay's Ballads. Another version occurs in Buchan's Gleanings, p. 114, and in Laing's "Thistle of Scotland," p. 100, will be found yet another version of this popular ballad. The copy given in *The Songs of Scotland* is, as usual, inlaid with the Editor's own mosaick work.

49. THE THREE RAVENS.

50. THE UNGRATEFUL KNIGHT AND THE FAIR FLOWER of NORTHUMBERLAND.

51. THE LIFE and DEATH of SIR HUGH of the GRIME.

52. A LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF A COMBAT BETWEEN SIR JAMES STEWARD AND SIR GEORGE WHARTON.

it also contains the copy of "CAPTAIN CARE," before referred to.

"Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.," in two volumes, Edinburgh, printed for Lawrie and Symington, 1791, is, so far as regards its ballads, merely a republication of Herd's collection, already noticed, with a few of Mr. Pinkerton's effusions in the ballad vein, by way of augmentation.

"The Northumberland Garland, or Newcastle Nightingale, a matchless collection of Favourite Songs," printed at Newcastle, 1793, one of the numerous compilations of the industrious Ritson, has a ballad entitled *Fair Mabel of Wallington*, which, in Scotland, is traditionally preserved, though in a less perfect form, under the name of

53. "THE MILD MARY."

In 1794, in 2 vols. 12mo, appeared Ritson's interesting work on "Scottish Song," which must long remain a text book for the care and accuracy bestowed upon it by its editor. From a stall print he gives the popular ballad of

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49. Traditionary versions of this will be found in the Border Minstrelsy, and in Albyn's Anthology. I have met with several copies almost the same as in Ritson.

50. A Scottish version appears in Kinloch's Ballads, under the title of "The Provost's Daughter."

51. See Johnson's Museum, the Border Minstrelsy; it is a very common ballad.

52. A traditionary version is in the Border Minstrelsy.

53. In Mr. Buchan's manuscript I have seen another version under a different title, which has escaped my memory.

54. THE DUKE OF GORDON'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

"An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, &c., by Alexander Campbell, to which are subjoined, Sangs of the Lowlands of Scotland, carefully compared with the original editions," Edinburgh, 1798, 4to, does not make any addition to our stock of ballads. It, for this reason, need not have been noticed. The editor says that "in the songs contained in his compilation, he followed the earliest and best editions;" but he does not say what these are, nor where found. Can this have been an intentional omission on the part of the Editor, to save himself from what is in Scotland known as "back speiring?"

Mr. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder," London, 1800, in 2 vols. 8vo, contain some Scottish ballads of the preternatural cast, but modernised and improved so as to suit the other contents of that work. These, therefore, do not require to be adverted to here, they having all been subsequently published in their own proper habiliments elsewhere.

"Scottish Poems of the XVI. Century," Edinburgh, 1801, one of the numerous useful publications, illustrative of Scottish History, edited by Mr. Dalzell, advocate, contains the ballad of

55. THE BATTLE OF BALRINNES.

In 1802, the first two volumes of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, issued from the Kelso press, so justly celebrated for correct-

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55. Fought in 1594 by the Earls of Huntley and Erroll against Argyle. It is also known under the title of "Battle of Glenlivet;" a copy is in the Pepys' collection. What Mr. Dalzell has given is, I suppose, from a copy in the Advocate's library, printed at Edinburgh in 1681, 12mo. A version of this ballad is partly printed in "Popular Ballads and Songs." A copy is printed in "Scarce Ancient Ballads," Aberdeen, 1822, from whence obtained is not mentioned. From the same quarter I have seen stall prints of it. A collated copy is to be wished for, as the versions now mentioned serve to correct errors and supply omissions, to be found in each separately.

ness and typographical beauty."* A third volume was added in 1803. It has gone through frequent editions since then, the arrangement of the contents in the subsequent editions differing somewhat from that of the earlier. The edition used for reference here is the fifth, Edinburgh, 1812.

It is no feeble commendation of the present writer which can enhance the value of this great national work. Fortunate it was for the Heroick and Legendary Song of Scotland that this work was undertaken, and still more fortunate that its execution devolved upon one so well qualified in every respect to do its subject the most ample justice. Long will it live a noble and interesting monument of the unwearied research, curious and minute learning, genius, and taste of its illustrious Editor. It is truly a patriot's legacy to posterity; and much as it may now be esteemed, it is only in times yet gathering in the bosom of far futurity, when the interesting traditions, the chivalrous and romantick legends, the wild superstition, the tragick song of Scotland, have wholly faded from the living memory, that this gift can be duly appreciated,—it is then that these volumes will be conned with feelings akin to religious enthusiasm—that their strange and mystick lore will be treasured up in the heart as the precious record of days for ever passed away—that their grand, stern legends will be listened to with reverential awe, as if the voice of a remote ancestor, from the depths of the tomb, had woke the thrilling strains of martial antiquity.

The following ballads were not published till they appeared in the Border Minstrelsy :—

56. AULD MAITLAND.
57. THE SANG OF THE OUTLAW, MURRAY.
58. LORD EWRIE.

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* Preface to Albyn's Anthology, Edinburgh, 1816, p. viii.

56. Is supposed, with reason, to relate to the hero mentioned in Douglas's *Palice of Honour*, "There I saw Maitland upon auld beard grey." If so, the ballad must be very ancient.

59. THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.

60. JAMIE TELFER OF THE FAIR DODHEAD.

61. KINMONT WILLIE.

62. THE DEATH OF FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

63. BARTHAM'S DIRGE.

64. ARCHIE OF CA'FIELD.

65. ARMSTRONG'S GOODNIGHT.

66. THE FRAY OF SUPORT.

67. LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.

68. THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY.

69. THE BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH.

70. THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

71. THE BATTLE OF PENTLAND HILLS.

72. THE BATTLE OF LOUDON HILL.

73. THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

74. ERLINTON.

75. THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

76. YOUNG BENJIE.

77. PROUD LADY MARGARET.

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59. Another version of this is in the *Museum*.

69, 70, 71. A covenanting strain on the subject of the troubles detailed in these ballads, Mr. Laing has printed in his curious work, "Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century," Edinburgh, 1825, under the title of "Bothwell Lines;" and to counterbalance it, he gives another, written by a well-wisher of his Majesty, entitled "A Description of the Insurrection that was in the West." In profane poesy the covenanters seem to have been anything but excellent.

74. May be compared with the "Child of Elle," "The Douglas Tragedy," and "Ribolt and Guldborg," translated by Mr. Jamieson from the Kæmpe Viser. In the "Songs of Scotland," occurs another copy, thickly bestrewn, however, with the ingenious Editor's emendations.

77. This ballad is imperfect in the Minstrelsy, for it omits the grave advice which the ghostly brother gave to his proud sister, who, in my copy, is named Janet. The full set of the ballad concludes thus :

78. SIR HUGH LE BLOND.

79. GRÆME AND BEWICK.

80. THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

My body's buried in Dumfermline,
And far beyond the sea;
But day nor night nae rest could get
A' for the pride o' thee.
Leave aff your pride, Jolly Janet, he says,
Use it not any mair,
Or when ye come where I hae been
Ye will repent it sair.
Cast aff, cast aff, sister, he says,
The gowd band frae your crown,
For if ye gang whare I hae been
Ye'll wear it laigher down.
When ye're in the gude kirk set,
The gowd pins in your hair,
Ye tak mair delyte in your feckless dress
Then ye do in your mornin' pray'r.
And when you waulk in the kirk yaird,
And in your dress are seen,
There is nae lady that sees your face
But wishes your grave were green.
Ye're straight and tall, handsome withall,
But your pride owergangs your wit;
But if you do not your ways refrain,
In *Pirie's chair* ye'll sit.
In Pirie's chair ye'll sit, I say,
The lowest seat o' hell;
If ye do not mend your ways,
It's there that ye must dwell.
Wi' that he vanished frae her sight
In the twinklin' o' an eye;
And naething mair the lady saw
But the gloomy cluds and sky.

The Scottish Parliament seems often to have afflicted itself in passing acts against the sumptuous and costly claithing of ladies. But this ballad must have done more good than a hundred sumptuary enactments, for it consigned the fair contraveners at once to hell, and to a particular spot of it, of which my ignorance of localities does not enable me to give any farther information than the text affords.

80. I am passing loath to deprive Scotland of the least remnant of her song, but this appears to me to be nothing else than a fragment of the English ballad, entitled "The Famous Flower of Serving Men; or, the Lady turn'd Serving Man."

81. JOHNIE OF BRAIDISLIE.

82. KATHARINE JANFARIE.

83. THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

84. THE GAY GOSSHAWK.

85. BROWN ADAM.

86. JELLON GRAHAME.

87. WILLIE'S LADYE.

88. CLERK SAUNDERS.

89. THE DÆMON LOVER.

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81. Versions of it occur under the title of "Johnie of Cockielaw and Cocklemuir."

82. Buchan's "Gleanings," and "A North Countrie Garland," contain other versions of this popular ballad, and in this collection another set occurs. Mr. Jamieson gives a Danish ballad, "Child Dyring," in "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities."

83. A different version published in this collection. There are many sets of it.

84. Another copy is given in this collection.

86. A copy of this ballad, differing in a few immaterial points, I have heard under the title of "Hynd Henrie and May Margerie."

87. Was published, with additions and alterations, in "Tales of Wonder." Another copy, "Sweet Willie o' Liddesdale," is in Jamieson's Ballads, and there is a Danish ballad given in "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," "Sir Stig and Lady Torelild," on the same subject.

88. Another set occurs in "Popular Ballads and Songs," 1805. I have heard a copy called "The Seven Bluidy Brothers," the concluding stanza of which apparently has paved the way for the introduction of the ghost of the slaughtered lover, which occurs in the copies hitherto published.

Go make to me a high high tower,
Be sure ye mak it stout and strang,
And on the top put an honour's gate,
That my love's ghost may come and gang.

And so the ballad ends; but the description of Gate, here meant exclusively for the accommodation of a ghost passing out and in, I do not well comprehend. The verses now given appear, however, naturally to introduce this one in Mr. Jamieson's copy:—

When seven years were come and gane,
Lady Margaret she thought long,
And she is up the hichest tower
By the lee licht o' the moon.

89. On this subject, I am informed there is an English ballad, but I have not seen it. On a similar topick there is a different ballad, generally known by the title of the "Deil's Wowing," in which the fiend conquers the maid's scruples to go with him by the all potent charm of gold.

90. ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILY.

91. FAUSE FOODRAGE.

92. KEMPION.

93. THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

94. KING HENRY.

95. PRINCE ROBERT.

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90. Another version, entitled "The Wedding of Robin Hood and Little John," is in Mr. Kinloch's "Scottish Ballads."

91. I have a copy of this ballad, in which the parties interested are styled "The Eastmure king, the Westmure king, and the king of O Norie." The antiquarian will probably set down two of these gentlemen as ancestors or descendants of the king of Eastmureland and king of Westmureland, mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland.

92. Has been frequently printed in a different form, under the title of the "Laidley worm of Spindelston heugh,"—"the most common version of which," says the Editor of Kempion, "was either entirely composed or re-written by the Reverend Mr. Lamb of Norham." Mr. Lamb does not appear to have taken any more liberties with it than has been done by other editors of old songs, who have hitherto escaped without animadversion. In this collection I have given another copy, obtained from recitation, "Kemp Owayne," which preserves in greater purity the name of the hero than any other yet published. He was, no doubt, the same Ewein or Owain, ap Urien the king of Reged, who is celebrated by the bards, Taliessin and Llywarch-Hen, as well as in the Welch Historical Triades. In a poem of Gruffyd Llwyd, A.D., 1400, addressed to Owain Glyndwr, is the following allusion to this warrior:—"Thou hast travelled by land and by sea in the conduct of thine affairs, like Owain ap Urien in days of yore, when, with activity, he encountered the black knight of the water." His mistress had a ring, esteemed one of the thirteen rarities of Britain, which, (like the wondrous ring of Gyges,) would render the wearer invisible.—See notes to the "Mantle made Amiss," in Way's Fabliaux, vol. I. In the ballad given in this collection, the lady whom he disenchants coaxes him to kiss her thrice by successively proffering a royal belt, a royal brand, and a ring found by her in the green sea, all possessing marvellous virtues.

94. "King Henry" was published in "Tales of Wonder," then in Mr. Jamieson's collection, where three stanzas, not printed in the Border Minstrelsy, are to be found.

95. Another version of this is given in the present collection. I have seen a third copy, which gives two stanzas not found in either of the sets before the publick.

Lord Robert and Mary Florence,
  They were twa children ying;
They were scarce seven years of age
  Till luve began to spring.
Lord Robert loved Mary Florence,
  And she lov'd him above power,
But he durst not for his cruel mither,
  Bring her intill his bower.

96. ANNAN WATER.

97. THE CRUEL SISTER.

98. THE QUEEN'S MARIE.

99. THE BONNIE HYND.

100. THOMAS THE RHYMER.

The next work of merit on a similar subject with the Border Minstrelsy is Mr. R. Jamieson's "Popular Ballads and Songs," Edinburgh, 1806, 2 vols. 8vo. The additions which Mr. Jamieson's industry has

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97. Is a ballad which appears in a multitude of shapes, and which has been parodied in England. Different versions from that published in the Border Minstrelsy will be found in "Popular Ballads and Songs," also in the "Ballad Book."

99. I notice this for the purpose of supplying some of the lacunae which appear in it. The second line of the third stanza, instead of what it is, should be—

It's not for you a weed;

and after the third stanza should follow this:

He's taen her by the milk-white hand
And softly laid her down,
And when he lifted her up again
He gae her a silver kaim.

After the 8th stanza of the printed copy should be the mark of a part lost, which, however, could be supplied if it were necessary, and perhaps very nearly in the terms it originally stood, by the corresponding verses of another ballad which turns upon the same incident. The two last lines of the ninth stanza should be printed thus:—

She's soakt it in her red heart's blood,
And twin'd herself of life.

After the 11th stanza should be inserted the following verses:—

What need ye care for your bonny hynd?
For it ye needna care;
There's eight score hynds in yonder park,
And five score hynds to spare.
Four score of them are siller shod,
Of these ye may get three;
But oh! and oh! for my bonny hynd
Beneath yon Hollen tree.

100. The first part is from recitation. The other two parts are supplied by the Editor. There are two ancient MSS. of Thomas's poetical vaticinations, and these have been given to the publick, one by Mr. Jamieson in his "Popular Ballads and Songs," and the other by Mr. Laing in his "Select Reliques of Ancient Popular Poetry."

made to the catalogue of our traditionary poetry are considerable. In the plan of his publication he was in part anticipated by the Border Minstrelsy; their materials having in a great measure been the same, and obtained from the same source, *viz.*, Mrs. Brown of Falkland. Of ballads not in any collection published till they appeared in Mr. Jamieson's work, the following is believed to be a correct note:—

101. THE TWA BROTHERS.

102. LADY MAISRY.

103. GLENKINDY.

104. THE BARON OF BRACKLEY.

105. THE LAIRD OF WARISTON.

106. BURD HELEN.

107. THE TRUMPETER OF FYVIE.

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101. Another version is in this collection, and a third in Mr. Sharpe's "Ballad Book."

102. Another version of it is in this collection, a third will be found in the "Scots Magazine," June, 1822, and a fourth in the "North Countrie Garland."

103. Is supposed to refer to a Welsh bard, Kirion the Sallow. Percy has another version in his Reliques, and Mr. Cunninghame in his "Songs of Scotland," has chosen to melt both versions in a flux of his own, which has disfigured and quite changed the features of each.

104. Buchan, in his "Gleanings of Scottish Ballads," gives a different version of this ballad. See, also, "The Thistle of Scotland," and "Scarce Ancient Ballads."

105. Another copy will be found in Kinloch's Ballads. An interesting memoir of the unfortunate heroine of this ballad has been edited by Mr. Sharpe,—Edinburgh, 1827.

106. Is the "Childe Waters" of Percy's Reliques. Mr. Jamieson has added some supplemental stanzas, giving the ballad a tragick ending; but all copies that I have heard recited end thus:

> Your bridal and your banqueting
> Shall be both on one day;

leaving no room to infer a melancholy catastrophe. In Mr. Buchan's MS. is a capital and perfect copy.

107. The stall copy of this ballad has been given in the present collection. It is said to be the modern way of the ballad. I am indebted to the "Gleanings of Scottish Ballads" for correcting me in supposing that the date, 1674, referred to the death of Tiftie's Annie. It seems it was acted in the north country as a drama. Of these rude histrionick representations by the vulgar we have few hints, but Mr. Cunninghame has recently given some information on that subject in his very eloquent essay on Scottish song, prefixed to his "Songs of Scotland." The Editor of the "Gleanings" says, "The unfortunate

108. WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET.

109. LORD RANDAL.

110. QUEEN JANE OF ENGLAND.

111. THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

112. BONNY BEE HOLM.

113. YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

114. BONNY BABY LIVINGSTON.

115. ALLSISON GROSS.

116. LADY ELSPAT.

117. LORD WA'YATES AND AULD INGRAM.

In 1808, the late Mr. Finlay of Glasgow published his "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," in 2 vols.—a work of considerable

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maiden's name was Annie or Agness (which are synonymous in some parts of Scotland) Smith, who died of a broken heart on the 9th January, 1631, as is to be found in a roughly cut stone, broken in many places, in the green churchyard of Fyvie." The inscription is: "Here lyes Agness Smith, who died on 9th January, 1631." See "Thistle of Scotland," p. 68.

108. This ballad I have not been able to get in a complete state till lately, though many fragments of different versions have been familiar to me. Mr. Cunninghame mentions that there is a version where Willie's Ghost appears to his lady, and he gives some stanzas. For the supplemental verses of this ballad, see Appendix.

109. Will be found embellished and altered in the "Songs of Scotland."

110. There is an English ballad on the same subject, see London collection, 1723. Another version in Kinloch's Ballads, but not so perfect as can be obtained from recitation.

111. Many versions of this popular ballad are to be met with. The common stall prints are very good. Mr. Jamieson gives two different copies. The ballad refers to the father of Thomas a Becket, a circumstance not hitherto noticed. Another version is in Kinloch's Ballads, and a fourth in "Scarce Ancient Ballads,"—Peterhead, 1819. Association recalls to my memory another ballad relating to Eastern climes, viz., "John Thomson and the Turk," which I believe is not published in any collection, though allusion is often made in old poets to that worthy warrior's submission to a termagant spouse. It will be found in the Appendix.

117. Is printed in another and complete shape in the "North Countrie Garland," but a more perfect and beautiful version has been recovered by Mr. Buchan, and is in his MS. collection.

merit; but which made few additions to our traditionary poetry. He gave, however, a complete set of the "Cruel Knight," under the title of "Young Johnstone and the Young Colonel," and which is also known to reciters by the name of "Sweet Willie and the Young Colonel." He also furnished some considerable additions to the ballad of "Jamie Douglas," and gave, in one or two instances, different versions of some popular pieces. "The Mermaid," though Mr. Finlay considers it to be an old ballad, is certainly wholly rewritten. There are stories sure enough of Knights, yea, Squires of low degree, being captivated by these "Swimming Ladies," rife in every part of the country; and the only one on record, who was so fortunate as to escape their embraces, was a gentleman commemorated in this rhyme, given by Mr. Chambers in his late curious work :—*

> Lorntie, Lorntie, wer't na for your man,
> I had gart your heart's blude skirl in my pan.

But as to the verses in Mr. Finlay's book, or those in Mr. Pinkerton's, on a similar subject, being ancient, I must beg leave to remain incredulous.

The only additions these volumes give are—

118. THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLY.

119. WILLIE MACINTOSH.

An extraordinary work under this title comes in for a share of our attention: "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song; with Historical and Traditional Notes relative to the Manners and Customs of the

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* "The Popular Rhymes of Scotland,"—Edinburgh, 1826, p. 208.

118. From a stall copy, printed about thirty years ago, and two recited copies, Mr. F. gives this version. Other editions of it are very common. One is in the "Ballad Book."

119. This fragment relates to the burning of Auchindown in 1592. Some additional stanzas are given in "Laing's Thistle of Scotland," p. 106.

Peasantry, now first published, by R. H. Cromek, F.A.S., Editor of 'The Reliques of Robert Burns,'"—London, 1810, 2 vols., 8vo. Whether the Editor's ignorance was imposed on, or whether he knowingly connived at the deception practised on the publick, I know not; but certainly there never was, and never can be, a more barefaced attempt made to gull ignorance than what this work exhibits. It professes to give, as ancient ballads and songs, things which must have been written under the nose of its Editor. It alters or disguises others, and says these interpolated copies are the only genuine and perfect versions, and that all else is vitiated or incomplete. More pretention, downright impudence, and literary falsehood, seldom or ever come into conjunction. It has not one single ancient ballad within its four corners, excepting a portion of "Gil Brenton," which is inlaid in a frame of modern imitation, and a stanza or two of "Hynd Henry and May Margerie," a story similar to that of "Jellon Graeme." Regarding the parties employed, and their manner of getting up this work, some additional information can be had by consulting M'Taggart's "Gallovidian Dictionary," if any dependance can be placed on that printed mass of mingled sense and absurdity.

Thomas Evans' "Collection of Old Ballads," originally published in 1777, in two volumes, afterwards enlarged and republished in 1784, in 4 volumes, was latterly remodelled and revised by his son, R. H. Evans, under whose care a new edition came forth in 1810. The sources from which the materials of these volumes were chiefly obtained, its Editor states to have been the Pepysian and Roxburgh collections. The only ballad which relates to our present object in this publication is the

120. MEMORABLES of the MONTGOMERIES.

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120. Said to be reprinted from a pamphlet published at Glasgow, 1770, 4to, by R. & A. Foulis, and there said to be printed "from the only copy known to remain, which had been preserved about 60 years by the care of Hugh Montgomerie, senior, at Eglesham, being one of the factors of the family of Eglinton." It consists of 34 stanzas, and

121. THE BATTLE OF CORICHIE.

In 1814, a valuable work,* to which we have often had occasion to refer, was published at Edinburgh, the joint labour of three eminent scholars—Henry Weber, Robert Jamieson, and Sir Walter Scott. The department of the volume undertaken by Mr. Jamieson, being "Popular, Heroic, and Romantic ballads, translated from the Northern languages," establishes the singular coincidence which exists betwixt the ballads of Scotland and those of Denmark and Sweden, nòt only in their incidents, but also in those characteristick peculiarities of phraseology and expression which distinguish our Traditionary songs. To those fond of tracing the obvious connection thus existing in the traditions and popular poetry of countries long separated from each other, the writings of Mr. Jamieson must ever prove "both pleasing and profitable;" and there are few who know anything of the subject on which he has bestowed so much attention, and reflected so much light, but will readily subscribe to almost every one of the philosophick and ingenious views he has so well expressed in the dissertation which precedes his masterly translations. To point out some of the striking resemblances between the Scottish and Scandinavian ballad, it is only necessary to refer the reader to the translation of "Skion Annie," given in "Popular Ballads," for comparison with the ballad of "Fair Annie," founded on the same incidents;—to the ballads of "Young Child Dyring," page 335 of the work now noticed, and "Catharine Janfarie," of the Minstrelsy of the Border;—to "Ingefred and Gudrune," page 340, the

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however flattering it may be to family pride, it has nothing to interest the general reader. It smacks very much of the luminous compositions which occasionally drop from the pens of country Schoolmasters and parish clerks, when, laying aside their birken wands, they betake them to more intellectual sources of enjoyment.

121. Said to be written by one Forbes, a Schoolmaster on Deeside.

* "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances; being an abstract of the Book of Heroes and Nibelungen Lay, with translations of Metrical Tales, from the old German, Danish, Swedish, and Islandic languages." Edinburgh, 1814, 4to.

subject of which is the same with that of "Cospatrick," "Bothwell," or "Gil Brenton;" but there is an unedited ballad in Scotland, which is a nearer approximation to the Danish Song, inasmuch as the substitution of the maiden sister for the real bride constitutes a prominent feature of the tale;—to "Ribolt and Guldborg," page 317, whose affinity to the "Child of Elle," "Erlinton," and "The Douglas Tragedy," cannot be mistaken;—to "Sir Stig and Lady Torelild," page 344, which resembles "Willie's Lady" in the Border Minstrelsy;—to "Sir Wal and Lisa Lyle;"—"Fair Midel and Kirsten Lyle," which ballads find a counterpart in a Scottish ballad, called "Leisome Brand" (not edited), though their catastrophes differ. In the Scottish ballad, after the lady and her child die, the mother of "Leisome Brand" gives her sorrowing son a phial containing three drops of Peter's blood, two of which let fall on the one, and the third on the other, have the effect of restoring both lady and child to life. Others of the ballads translated from the Danish have parallels in Scotland; but this would lead into a field of enquiry too extensive. This work has now been noticed, principally because it preserves an interesting relick of ancient Scottish Song, entitled

122. CHILD ROWLAND AND FAIR BURD HELEN,

a legend still current in the nursery.

"A Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads, Tales, and Songs, with Explanatory Notes and Observations," by John Gilchrist. Edinburgh, 1815. This is a sensible and judicious selection, in two volumes, compiled from works already noticed.

"The British Minstrel, a Selection of Ballads, ancient and modern, with Notes, Biographical and Critical," by John Struthers, author of the "Poor Man's Sabbath," Glasgow, 1821, 2 vols., 12mo. In his preface, the Editor has favoured the world with a few of his own opinions on old ballads and their authors, neither very remarkable for novelty nor truth, and conceived in anything but good taste. This work does not profess to make any addition to our list of traditionary ballads;

but at p. xxv. of the preface, for the purpose of illustrating some observation, the editor gives the following ballad, which is of some antiquity, and of considerable popularity:—

123. THE WYLIE WIFE OF THE HIE TOWN HIE.

"Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland," Edinburgh, 1824, 4to. This interesting and curious volume, edited with singular judgment and fidelity by my friend Mr. Laing, contains three pieces that may be classed along with the compositions now engaging our attention. They are—

124. ANE BALLAT OF THE NINE NOBLES.

125. DEFENCE OF THE SCOTS.

126. THE BLUDY SERK.

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123. The first lacuna in Mr. S.'s copy may be supplied by a stanza of frequent occurrence in all ballads recording the mishaps of bonnie lassies, and which need not be repeated. The last break in his copy is thus supplied by a recited version:—

Aye she sat, and aye she grat,
And kaim'd her yellow hair;
And aye she curs'd the hostler's wife,
That wysit her in at the door.

And after the stanza which concludes Mr. S.'s copy, follows:—

Aye she sat, and aye she sang,
And kaim'd her yellow hair;
And aye she bless'd the hostler's wife
That wysit her in at the door.

So short-sighted are we poor mortals, that what at one time we deem the direst mishap which could befall us, we afterwards welcome as our best boon.

124. "Occurs," says Mr. Laing, "at the end of the large and splendid copy of Fordun's Chronicle, in the University Library of Edinburgh, and is written in the same hand with the rest of the manuscript." The nine nobles commemorated in this ballad are Hector, Alexander, Cæsar, Joshua, David, Judas Machabeus, Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bullogne, and Robert the Brus.

125. The lines entitled "The Duik of Orlyance, in Defence of the Scots," are "transcribed from the Maitland collection of Scottish Poetry, deposited in the Pepysian Library, Cambridge, and are nearly an extract, with some occasional variations, from Andrew of Wintown's Chronicle."—*Laing.*

126. Is from the pen of Robert Henryson, a Scottish Poet of considerable celebrity, who lived about the latter part of the fifteenth century. Its subject is taken from the "Gesta Romanorum."

"Scarce Ancient Ballads, many never before published," Aberdeen, 1822, a thin duodecimo, contains a ballad till then unknown to our collections, entitled

127. THE HIRE MAN CHIEL.

"The Scottish Minstrel, a Selection from the Vocal Melodies of Scotland, ancient and modern," arranged for the Piano-Forte, by R. A. Smith, in six volumes, the last of which was published in 1824, a work, valuable for the many original pieces of musick contributed by the distinguished composer who superintended its progress through the press, contains in its 4th volume, published in 1822, the following ballad, viz:—

128. GLENLOGIE.

"The Thistle of Scotland; a Collection of Ancient Ballads, with Notes," by Alexander Laing, Aberdeen, 1823, contains

129. THE RANTIN LADDIE.

130. THE BATTLE OF ALFORD.

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128. Another version is given in Mr. Sharpe's "Ballad Book,"—Edinburgh, 1824, and two years afterwards it appeared in "The Popular Rhymes of Scotland," with this announcement:—"We subjoin a ballad *never before* published, in which they are styled gay, (the writer is speaking of the Gordons), and in which a fine trait of their personal manners is preserved," p. 200.—It is said the one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and it would seem from the above quotation that one half of the literary population either forgets or is in happy ignorance of what its other half has written. Of the two versions, that in the "Scottish Minstrel" is the more poetical. Some unaccountable liberties are taken with the songs printed in that work, and many emendations and alterations, singularly infelicitous, nay, ridiculous and childish, have been made, proceeding, no doubt, from the scrupulous delicacy of that parliament of Gentle Ladyes, to whose charge the literary department of it belonged. An index of expurgated passages would form a curious comment on these fair editors. Though decidedly hostile to all interpolation and castration of ancient song, we cannot, in courtesy, do battaile with such combatants.

129. This was omitted to be noticed as having first appeared in the "Museum."

130. This is a fragment. The battle was fought July 3d, 1646.

131. ROB ROY.

"The Common-Place Book of Ancient and Modern Ballads, and Metrical Legendary Tales, an Original Selection, many never before published," Edinburgh, 1824, is noticed for the purpose of mentioning that such of its ballads as are for the first time published, are all modern.

"A Ballad Book."—A little fairy volume under this title was printed for *private* distribution, by its editor, C. K. Sharpe, Esq., in 1824. It contains many curious pieces, "gathered," as its address to the "Courteous Reader" declareth, "from the mouths of nurses, wet and dry, singing to their babes and sucklings, dairymaids pursuing their vocation in the cow-house, and tenants' daughters while giving the Lady (as every Laird's wife was once called,) a spinning day, whilom an anniversary tribute in Annandale." Besides giving different versions of a number of ballads noticed in their proper place, it presents us with the following, for the first time published in a collected shape :—

132. DYSMAL.

133. GLASGOW PEGGIE.

134. FAIR MARGARET OF CRAIGNARGAT.

135. O ERROL IT'S A BONNY PLACE.

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131. The subject of this is the abduction of Jane Kay, by a son of the celebrated Rob Roy.

132. Is founded on the Italian story of the Prince of Saleno's daughter. In some copies the lady is named "Isbel," in others "Diamond," which approaches nearer Ghismonda than the uncouth Dysmal.

133. This song is common in stalls under this title, or that of the "Earl of Hume," or the "Banks of Omey;" in Kinloch's "Ballads" is another version.

134. Was a common stall ballad sixty years ago, at least the copies I have met with are about that time. It is popular in the West Country. Mr. Sharpe's copy, taken from recitation, agrees with the printed copy. Craignargat is a promontory in the Bay of Luce.

135 and 136. Are founded on domestick history, and comparatively recent. The latter is a very common ballad; of the first several sets have been published, see Buchan's "Gleanings;" "North Countrie Garland."

136. RITCHIE STORIE.

A yet more slender volume appeared in the same year, edited by James Maidment, Esq., and, like the "Ballad Book," its impression was limited to thirty copies. Its title is, "A North Countrie Garland." Many of the pieces in it had never before been published. Small as is the volume, it makes considerable addition to our catalogue of ancient ballads.

137. LORD THOMAS STEWART.

138. THE BURNING OF FRENDREUGH.

139. LORD SALTON AND AUCHANACHIE.

140. BONNY JOHN SETON.

141. BURD HELEN AND YOUNG TAMLENE.

142. EPPIE MORRIE.

Mr. Peter Buchan, an industrious and successful collector of local and traditionary Song, published at Peterhead in 1825, a modest little volume, entitled "Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish scarce old Ballads, chiefly Tragical and Historical, many of them connected with the localities of Aberdeenshire, and to be found in no other collection extant, with explanatory notes." A portion of the materials contained in this collection has been anticipated in the notice taken of the "North Countrie Garland." Besides a variety of curious songs and minute information relative to their localities and authors, which, however, are, from their nature, foreign to our present purpose, the "Gleanings" furnish these ballads, not hitherto noticed, viz. :—

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139. This ballad I have seen more perfect in a version recovered by P. Buchan.

140. Sir John Seton, the subject of the ballad, was killed at the battle of the Bridge of Dee, June, 1639. The ballad is also to be found in Buchan's "Gleanings."

141 and 142. Both these ballads are very popular, and various sets of them are to be found traditionally current. The last is a common stall Ballad. Another version of it is in Mr. Kinloch's "Ballads," who seeks to identify its hero with James V. when he went to France in 1536 in quest of a wife.

143. THE EARL OF ABOYNE.

144. LORD THOMAS OF WINSBERRY.

The end of last year (1826,) saw the publication of a work long and anxiously desired by his countrymen, "The Songs of Scotland," edited by Mr. Allan Cunninghame. It came out prefaced with an eloquent and discursive essay, in which the genius of the poet, and the discrimination of the man of taste are more apparent than the skill of the antiquarian or the labour of the collector. The announcement of this work some years ago had excited much interest in this part of the island, and much was expected from it. The confidence reposed in the abilities of its intended editor was unbounded. The opportunities he enjoyed in early life of becoming perfectly and practically acquainted with all that was truly valuable and worthy of preservation in the oral song of his native land, and with the manners and domestick habits of those in whose memory that song lived, were known; while the prosecution of congenial pursuits, and the eminent success with which he had himself cultivated the Lyrick Muse, ensured an adequate knowledge of all that was worth selection from its stores of Written Song. Added to which, his admiration of living and departed genius, and the devout love which his writings ever breathed towards the land of his birth, were all so many guarantees that this self-imposed and self-suggested task would be diligently, faithfully, judiciously, and intrepidly discharged. Perhaps too much was expected. When it did appear, its execution came not up to the wishes of his friends; nor did it realise the sanguine hopes of those who could most competently judge of its merits.

The apology for this will be that the work was meant to be popular; that the tastes of the many had to be consulted more than the sober approbation of the few, and above all, that special heed had to be paid to the humours of that great market in which the principal part of the commodity was to be vended. This matter lies between the publisher and the author; and how much the latter may have been

fettered and circumscribed in his plan, or influenced in his views by the conditions imposed by the former, the publick has neither a right to enquire, nor perhaps any curiosity to know. But even in a work meant exclusively for the gross body of mere song readers, its popularity could in no ways be injured by minute correctness in the information it had to communicate, nor its value deteriorated by its contents being faithful transcripts of the originals whence they were derived.

It was not, however, a mere book-making speculation, or a good vendible article which Scotland was prepared to welcome from the pen of one of her gifted and patriotick sons, but a standard collection of all that time and early associations had hallowed as her Lyrick Songs. She deemed that one whose own compositions teemed with passion, feeling, and creative power would love and venerate with the enthusiasm known but to the noble and generous heart, the writings of a kindred spirit, however obscure or however nameless—that he would be the last in the world to dishonour these by altering their form—that form on which the master-hand that moulded them had impressed his seal, and in which they had first received currency among the admirers of song. Nor did it ever occur that the celebrity these compositions had obtained would be sapped, and the spot they occupied in the affections and memories of the people be supplanted by their editor substituting his own compositions in their place, decorated with their names, and built upon their sentiments and incident. To his pious care had been willingly consigned the sacred duty of gathering, as it were, the sacred and unurned ashes of departed, and of anonymous genius, and of placing these in a shrine at which posterity might bend the knee, without any of those misgivings regarding the genuineness of the reliques it contained which paralyze the devotion of the heart. Never, however, was it contemplated that these reliques should be made part and parcel of what the collector should find himself in the vein of fabricating in a similar style; nor was it asked of him to repair the devastations time and accident had wrought on these, with any interpolation, amendment, or addition, however appropriate, well-imagined, or cleverly executed. It is an unholy and abhorrent lust

which thus ransacks the tomb, and rifles the calm beauty of the mute and unresisting dead; and it is a most irreverent jest to tear away the ancient cerements in which they were swathed, for the purpose of tricking them forth in the garish holiday garments of the living and the walking flesh; and yet this monstrous passion hath filled the soul of the Editor of "The Songs of Scotland," and this heartless, tasteless, and impious jest, glares frightfully in many a corner of his four volumes. While thus violating ancient song, he seems to have been well aware of the heinousness of his offending.—He might shudder and sicken at his revolting task indeed! To soothe his own alarmed conscience, and, if possible, to reconcile the minds of his readers to his wholesale mode of hacking, and hewing, and breaking the joints of ancient and traditionary song; and to induce them to receive with favour the conjectural emendations it likes him to make, he, in the course of his progress, not unfrequently chooses to sneer at those, and to underrate their labours, who have used their best endeavours to preserve ancient song in its primitive and uncontaminated form. Thus the late Joseph Ritson comes in for a share of his odium—the shade of that antiquary was a scarecrow to his imagination. He feared the iron hand of the critick would reach him from the grave, and pound his fabrications into dust.

To revive gross ribaldry and witty obscenity would be the last wish of any well-conditioned mind, though much which comes under that sweeping denomination in a sanctimonious, formal, and puritanical age has no claim to such a distinction. But to engraft on some ancient loose ditty a modern composition which, so far as words go, offers no outrage to the delicately sensitive ear; but in its spirit and covert allusion, smacks of the elder devil which it has supplanted, and under a veil of snowy whiteness, dallies with wantonness in clean, nice, and well-picked phrase, is positively doing more substantial harm to sound morality than ever its rude prototype in the unvarnished grossness of its strains could, under any circumstances, have effected. Songs are sung, yea, sweet, delicate, prim-lipped songs are warbled by the most fastidious sticklers for purity of sentiment and language, everywhere, and every day, breathing of more vicious and decided im-

morality and lax principle than ever the most licentious and outspoken lyricks of our fathers can have pretensions to. When a song is inimical to virtue, and unfit to be heard by modest ears, let it utterly perish without a sigh, and above all, and for any sake, without a comment. To give part and withhold part, while that which is withheld furnishes the scrupulous editor with subject for some smart and sly note, only provokes curiosity, and becomes the sure means of perpetuating what otherwise would have soon, and of itself, slid silently into oblivion.

The faults of Mr. Cunninghame as an editor have been alluded to generally: to have condescended on particular instances to prove each charge thus freely and unhesitatingly urged against him, would have savoured of vindictive officiousness. Even as it is, what has been said may look too harsh; but an honest opinion is worth hearing in an age by far too mealy-mouthed and complimentary for the interests of wholesome learning. When a second edition of his work is called for, it is sincerely to be hoped that the alloy which has injured the beauty and value of the first, will be carefully left out.

To our collection of ancient ballads it does not, as I had reason to hope it would do, supply any additions. Nor are there any interesting but different versions given of ballads already known, which can be depended on as genuine. It is true there is no ballad printed in these volumes (with two or three memorable exceptions) exactly as it is to be found in previous collections; and it is also true, that the Editor sometimes states that he is indebted for these variations to traditionary copies which he remembers himself, or has recovered; but these are words of course—a kind of professional fiction which the reader may or may not believe, just in proportion to the amount of his own knowledge regarding the subject of which his author treats.

Very opposite to Mr. Cunninghame's mode of editing early songs, is that of the compiler of "Ancient Scottish Ballads," an octavo volume, which appeared at Edinburgh, in the beginning of the year. In it the Editor, Mr. Kinloch, has judiciously abstained from all conjectural emendations, and presented to the publick, in the shape he received

them, a considerable number of traditionary ballads, principally obtained from recitation in the northern shires. Additional value is given to the volume by its containing the airs to which several of its pieces are chaunted. It appears to me, however, that some of these must have been incorrectly noted. Consistent with our plan, the following are the additions which this volume makes to our list of Ancient Ballads :—

145. LORD LOVEL.

146. BONNIE ANNIE.

147. THE DUKE OF ATHOL'S NOURICE.

148. ELFIN KNICHT.

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146. I am inclined to think this is an Irish ballad, though popular in Scotland. Its Editor has hazarded a note to explain what happens to a corruption in the text. It is on the line

He made his love a coffin *off the Goats of Yarrow*.

"*Goats*," he says, "signifies inlets where the sea enters;" but in what part of Scotland he found this signification for a term usually applied to a ditch or drain, is more than I can fathom. We know that by reference to other languages, such a meaning may be made out; but as the word has been substituted by the mistake of the reciter, it is not worth while to make it matter of controversy. A copy of the ballad, in my hands, corrects the error in Mr. K.'s version.

Make my love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,
Whare the wood it is dear and the planks they are narrow,
And bury my love on the high banks of Yarrow.
Sing fal lal.
They made his love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,
They made his love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,
And they buried her deep on the high banks of Yarrow.
Sing fal lal, de deedle, fal lal, de deedle lair, Oh a Day!

147. Not a complete copy. In Buchan's MS. there is, however, a perfect version.

148. This is a traditionary version of the ballad under the same title in the Pepysian Collection—see Appendix. Another version was published by David Webster, Edinburgh, in a projected work which has reached no farther than the first number. The only thing remarkable in which is, that the Editor states he gives it from the recitation of two *ladies*, one of whom is his own mother, and the other an honest fishwife of Musselburgh.

149. THE LAIRD OF DRUM.

150. JOCK O' HAZLEGREEN.

151. HYNDE ETIN.

Following out the chronological order adopted at the beginning of these short notices, I am now brought to the present work,* which, besides giving a number of different versions of known ballads, and completing others which were imperfectly recovered by former editors, has made these additions to our traditionary literature :—

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150. Is an imperfect copy of the old ballad on which Sir Walter Scott founded his beautiful and popular song of the same name.

151. Of this ballad Mr. Buchan has recovered a much fuller copy before alluded to.

* It may here be mentioned in order to obviate an apparent inconsistency that this work was published in detached parts, at considerable intervals of time; so that before it was wholly completed, other works appeared containing different versions of some ballads here stated as first printed in this work. Thus the three first mentioned ballads, at least different sets of them occur also in works already noticed, *Hynd Horn* and the *Bonnie Banks o' Fordie*, under the title of "The Duke of Perth's Three Daughters," will be found in Mr. Kinloch's "Ancient Scottish Ballads," and *Johnie Scott*, under the title of "Johnie Buneftan," occurs in the same collection, as well as in "The Gleanings," where it appears under the title of "Lord John," though, in point of fact, the versions given here were published of a prior date to those in the works alluded to. "Johnie Scot," is Jack the Little Scot mentioned by Ritson, as being a ballad in a MS. collection of John Frazer Tytler, Esq. The epithet *little* appears to have been given him derisively, for in a copy of the same ballad in Mr. Buchan's MS., *he* appears to have been a man of prodigious stature. The title of that copy is *Lang Johnie Moir*. The following passage illustrative of the famous feat of arms accomplished by Johnie Scot was kindly pointed out to me by Mr. Sharpe :—James Macgill of Lindores, having killed Sir Robert Balfour of Denmiln in a duel, "immediately went up to London in order to procure his pardon, which, it seems, the King (Charles II.) offered to grant him, upon condition of his fighting an Italian gladiator, or bravo, or, as he was called, a bully, which, it is said, none could be found to do. Accordingly, a large stage was erected for the exhibition before the King and court. Sir James, it is said, stood on the defensive till the bully had spent himself a little ; being a taller man than Sir James, in his mighty gasconading and bravadoing, he actually leapt over the knight as if he would swallow him alive ; but, in attempting to do this a second time, Sir James ran his sword up through him, and then called out, 'I have spitted him, let them roast him who will.' This not only procured his pardon, but he was also knighted on the spot."—*Small's Account of Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife, p.* 217. The strange name *Babylon* in the Banks of Fordie, I believe, is a corruption of *Babe Alone*, similar to *Burd Alane*, which frequently occurs in ballads.

152. HYNDE HORN.

153. THE BONNIE BANKS O' FORDIE.

154. JOHNNIE SCOT.

155. BONNIE SUSIE CLELAND.

156. THE WEARY COBLE OF CARGILL.

157. CHILD NORICE.

158. YOUNG HASTINGS THE GROOM.

159. REDESDALE AND WISE WILLIAM.

160. SWEET WILLIAM.

161. YOUNG BEARWELL.

162. LORD DERWENTWATER.

163. WILLIE THE WIDOW'S SON.

These ballads, such as they are, have been printed precisely in the form in which they were remembered by the several individuals who sung or recited them. It has been the studious endeavour of the present writer to avoid everything which savoured of critical emendation. For their rude and ungainly shape, no apology is necessary, nor will any be offered.—They are as they were received, and that is ex-

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155. Though the lady's name and sirname are specially mentioned by the Minstrel annalist, I have been unable to trace this ballad to any historical source. In its subject it resembles "Lady Maisry." In Italian romance it is mentioned that ladies guilty of incontinence, were, by the laws of Scotland, doomed to the flames; but this cruel enactment has no foundation, we believe, in the criminal code of the land.

157. Of this interesting ballad I have since met with a more complete copy under the title of "Babe Nourice." The gloves "lined with the silver grey," should be printed "lined with the silver gris," the rhyme demands this change, as well as sense, and the mention of this fur occurs frequently in our Metrical romances as well as early poets. Chaucer's monk is described as having

> —— his sleves purfiled at the hond
> With gris, and that the finest in the lond.

And in Lindsay's *Complaynt of the Papingo*, the clergy are also characterized as

> Cleikand to thame skarlot and cramosye,
> With menever martrik *grys* and ryche armyne.

planation enough. If these reliques of early traditionary song are of any value, it is needless to press upon the attention of the reader how imperative the duty falls upon him who undertakes the thankless labour of their publication of presenting them truly as they exist, and no otherwise. What their texts or forms originally were, we have no means of knowing; what they are now, we do know; all then which remains by us to be done, is to transmit that knowledge unimpaired, and with rigid fidelity, to posterity. By publishing in this manner, we stamp upon them all the certainty and authenticity which their shadowy and mutable nature can receive.

Though the field in which many have reaped, may, by this time, be well deemed nearly bare, yet much is still left for future skill and industry to glean. Those who enjoy opportunities of recovering traditionary song will, it is to be hoped, not overlook them; for the time seems approaching that, take the sickle who likes in hand, it will be vain to expect it can reap anything but stubble and profitless weeds. The changes which, within this half century, the manners and habits of our peasantry and labouring classes, with whom this song has been cherished, have undergone, are inimical to its further preservation. They have departed from the stern simplicity of their fathers, and have learned with the paltry philosophers, political quacks, and illuminated dreamers on Economick and Moral science, to laugh at the prejudices, beliefs, and superstitions of elder times. If they could separate, or if those whose follies they ape could separate, the chaff from the wheat, it were well; but in parting with the antiquated notions of other days, they part also with their wisdom and their virtues. The stream of innovation is flooding far and wide, and ancient land-marks are fast disappearing. All this may be mighty well in the eyes of those who have no thought but for the little day which bounds their own existence; but the mind whose sympathies embrace the past, and grasp at the future, cannot view these changes unmoved. Contemplating the rapid decay of much that we have been accustomed to love and venerate in the manners and fireside pleasures of our country's

peasantry, our feelings find no unapt echo in the words of Burn the Violer, the last, properly speaking, of our Scottish Minstrels:

> But Burn cannot his Grief asswage,
> While that his Day endureth,
> To see the changes of this Age,
> Which fleeting Time procureth.
> For many a place stands in hard case,
> Where Burn was blythe beforrow;
> With Homes that dwelt on Leader Side,
> And Scots that dwelt in Yarrow.

To many it may appear a foolish labour, this of gathering old ballads. Were it worth while, it were easy to vindicate such pursuits, and to point out their utility; but as this exception can only be taken by the superficial thinker and the sciolist, it is of little moment to enlighten their understanding on the subject. The ignorant are happy, it is said, and sorry should we be with any impertinent knowledge to disturb their bliss. It was foolish in the Syrens to crack their throats with song, when the cautious Ulysses had sealed his ear with wax.

If the present writer is correct in claiming for these minstrel productions an era of high antiquity, he would contend that the melodies to which they are yet uniformly chaunted, must have been coeval with their composition; and that these, therefore, are by far the oldest tunes, if tunes, some of them may be called, which we now possess. Several of these chaunts have already been laid before the publick; but like the words themselves, they have too often passed through a process of refinement, which has militated against their individuality and primitive character. A few of the simple airs to which some of these old ballads are sung, have been added to this volume. For noting them down, the editor has to return his grateful acknowledgements to his friend Mr. Andrew Blaikie, who kindly devoted much of his valuable time to this laborious task. The accuracy with which they are noted down and engraved, is worthy of all commendation.

For the characteristick etchings which embellish the volumes, I am indebted to the burin of my friend Mr. Henderson of Glasgow.

While I am thus expressing my obligations for favours received, I might catalogue a host of friends, who have been most unremitting in their endeavours to forward my wishes in various important matters connected with this volume. In the course of the work I have taken occasion to mention how much I have been indebted to several distinguished individuals, for kind services rendered me, whose names now I need not again repeat; but in closing accounts, I would prove bankrupt in gratitude, were I not to mention with warmest thanks, my friends Dr. Andrew Crawford of Lochwinnoch, Mr. Robert Allan of Kilbarchan, and Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead, as having rendered me most essential help in procuring copies of ballads not hitherto printed, and different sets of others already edited.

If, in compiling this book, I had submitted each difficulty which occurred to myself during its progress to the consideration of writers who have already distinguished themselves in this walk of literature, and had taxed their politeness by soliciting information on every point where I found my own knowledge inadequate, it certainly would have come forth to the publick much freer of errors, and much more valuable in regard to its materials, than what it now can pretend to do. Like a parasitical plant, it would have derived fresh vigour, verdure, and beauty, from each new and noble stem to which it had successively clung for existence. But though well aware that in the book-making fashions of the day such liberties are neither uncommon nor are looked on as either obtrusive or strange, I remembered me that it was unseemly and unknightly to claim fellowship with veterans in arms, till there had been a poor endeavour made to win courtesy by undertaking some solitary probationary adventure, however inglorious or unsatisfactorily its termination might prove. The fruit of my Errantry in an obscure path hath been this little quarto.

In parting with it, I am not blind to its many imperfections; and though to these imperfections I can half reconcile myself as being in

part caused by circumstances placed beyond my controul, they are yet of that nature which obliges me once for all to crave the indulgence of both the candid and the courteous reader. Conscientiously I can avow it was from no lack of a willing heart that I have failed in rendering this volume so valuable as I could have wished. But for these faults of omission and commission, in the words of an old writer,* "I referre me wholy to the learned correction of the wise; for wel I wote, that no treatice can alwayes be so workmanly handled but that somewhat sometymes may fall out amisse, contrarie to the minde of the wryter, and contrarie to the expectation of the reader: wherefore, my petition to thee, Gentle Reader, is to accept those my traveyles wyth that minde I doe offer them to thee, and to take gently that I give gladly, in so doing, I shall thinke my paynes well bestowed, and shall bee encouraged hereafter to trust more unto thy courtesie."

13th October, 1827.

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* Hill's "Physiognomy," London, 1571.

ERRATUM.

For 141 and 142, *Foot Note, p.* xciv. *read*—143 and 144.

MINSTRELSY,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

EARL MARSHALL.

THIS excellent and highly humorous ballad is printed in the second volume of Percy's Reliques, under the title of "Queen Eleanor's Confession." The present version has been recovered from recitation; and though it differs but little from that given in the Reliques, it is presumed, on the whole, to be more correct and spirited. The learned Editor of the work referred to, justly observes, that the ballad itself is entirely fabulous: for, though the gallantries of Queen Eleanor were the chief grounds of the dissolution of her marriage with Louis the VII. of France, her conduct, in so far as fidelity to the bed of her second husband, Henry II. of England, had concern, was quite irreproachable. The tune to which this ballad is sung will be given at the end of the work. In singing, the two last lines of each stanza are repeated.

QUEENE Eleanor was a sick woman,
And sick just like to die;
And she has sent for two fryars of France
To come to her speedilie.
And she has sent, &c.

The king called downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three:
"Earl Marshall I'll go shrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee."

"A boone, a boone," quoth Earl Marshall,
And fell on his bended knee;
"That whatsoever the queene may say,
No harm thereof may bee."

"O you'll put on a gray friar's gowne,
And I'll put on another;
And we will away to fair London town,
Like friars both together."

"O no, O no, my liege, my king,
Such things can never bee;
For if the Queene hears word of this,
Hanged she'll cause me to bee."

"I swear by the sun, I swear by the moon,
And by the stars so hie,
And by my sceptre, and my crowne,
The Earl Marshall shall not die."

The King's put on a gray friar's gowne,
  The Earl Marshall's put on another,
And they are away to fair London towne,
  Like fryars both together.

When that they came to fair London towne,
  And came into Whitehall,
The bells did ring and the quiristers sing,
  And the torches did light them all.

And when they came before the Queene,
  They kneeled down on their knee;
"What matter! what matter! our gracious Queene,
  You've sent so speedilie?"

"Oh, if you are two fryars of France
  Its you that I wished to see;
But if you are two English lords
  You shall hang on the gallowes tree."

"Oh, we are not two English lords,
  But two fryars of France we bee,
And we sang the Song of Solomon,
  As we came over the sea."

"Oh, the first vile sin I did commit,
  Tell it I will to thee:
I fell in love with the Earl Marshall,
  As he brought me over the sea."

"Oh, that was a great sin," quoth the king,
  "But pardon'd it must bee."
"Amen! Amen!" said the Earl Marshall,
  With a heavie heart spake hee.

"Oh, the next sin that I did commit,
  I will to you unfolde:
Earl Marshalle had my virgin dower
  Beneath this cloth of golde."

"Oh, that was a vile sin," said the King,
  "May God forgive it thee."
"Amen! Amen!" groaned the Earl Marshall,
  And a very frightened man was hee.

"Oh, the next sin that I did commit,
  Tell it I will to thee:
I poisoned a lady of noble blood
  For the sake of King Henrie."* (vide page 6.)

"Oh, that was a great sin," said the King,
"But pardoned it shall bee."
"Amen! Amen!" said the Earl Marshall,
And still a frightened man was hee.

"Oh, the next sin that ever I did,
Tell it I will to thee:
I have kept strong poison this seven long years
To poison King Henrie."

"Oh, that was a great sin," said the King,
"But pardoned it must bee."
"Amen! Amen!" said the Earl Marshall,
And still a frightened man was hee.

"Oh, dont you see two little boys
Playing at the football;
Oh, yonder is the Earl Marshall's son,
And I like him best of all.

"Oh, dont you see yon other little boy
Playing at the football;
Oh, that one is King Henrie's son,
And I like him worst of all.

"His head is like a black bull's head—
His feet are like a bear"——
"What matter! what matter!" cried the King,
"He's my son and my only heir!"

The King plucked off his fryar's gowne,
And stood in his scarlet soe red:
The Queen she turned herself in bed,
And cryed that she was betrayde.

The King lookt o'er his left shoulder,
And a grim look looked he:
"Earl Marshall," he said, "but for my oath,
Thou hadst swung on the gallowes tree."

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* In the Reliques, this stanza runs thus :

"The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover :
I poysoned fair Rosamonde
All in fair Woodstocke bower."

THE TWA CORBIES.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

There were twa corbies sat on a tree
Large and black as black might be,
And one the other gan say,
Where shall we go and dine to-day?
Shall we go dine by the wild salt sea?
Shall we go dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land,
I waved my wings, I bent my beak,
The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek;
There they lie, one, two, and three,
I shall dine by the wild salt sea.

Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,
A lonesome glen and a new slain knight;
His blood yet on the grass is hot,
His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot,
And no one kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady's away with another mate,
So we shall make our dinner sweet;
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,
Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.

Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,
I will pick out his bonny blue een;
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
To theak yere nest when it grows bare;
The gowden down on his young chin
Will do to sewe my young ones in.

O cauld and bare will his bed be,
When winter storms sing in the tree;
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,
He will sleep, nor hear the maiden's moan;
O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,
The wild deer bound and foxes cry.

9

SIR PATRICK SPENS

LAYS claim to a high and remote antiquity. It is supposed by Bishop Percy to be founded on some event of real history; but in what age the hero of it lived, or when the fatal expedition, which it records, happened, he confesses himself unable to determine. Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Finlay, in their respective collections, concur in assigning it a like foundation, though they disagree as to the historical incident whence it has originated; while, on the other hand, Mr. Ritson asserts that "no memorial of the subject of the ballad exists in history."*

Our limits forbid us from giving at length the historical sketches which Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Finlay have brought forward in support of their different theories; and we must refer the reader, who wishes to weigh the value of their arguments, to the works themselves. It is enough, at present, to state, that the Editor of the Border Minstrelsy inclines to think that the present ballad may record some unsuccessful attempt to bring home Margaret, commonly called the Maid of Norway, previous to that embassy despatched for her by the Regency of Scotland, after the death of her grandfather, Alexander III. And, though no account of such an expedition appears in history, it is nevertheless ingeniously contended, that its silence cannot invalidate tradition, or form any argument against the probability of such an event—more especially when the meagre materials whence Scottish history is derived, are taken into view. Mr. Finlay objects to giving the ballad, as it stands, so high a claim to antiquity, but suggests that if it be referred to the time of James III., who married Margaret, daughter of the King of Denmark, it would be brought a step nearer probability.

To both these opinions, however, Ritson's observation applies with overwhelming force. There is no historical evidence of this disastrous shipwreck, either in the embassy for the Maiden of Norway, or in that

* Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. 1. Border Minstrelsy, vol. 1. Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, vol. 1. p. 45. Ritson on Scottish Song, vol. 2, p. 4.

for the wife of James III. And meagre as the sources of our history may be, it seems improbable that an expedition which terminated so fatally, and to which so many of the choicest gallants of the day, and highest nobles of the land, must necessarily have been attached, should fail to be chronicled. Had they fallen in the field of battle, would all memory of them have been lost? Certainly not. If they perished on the ocean, why is history oblivious of their names? The very circumstance of a national calamity like this happening by shipwreck, being of more rare occurrence than one of equal magnitude in time of war, would, we think, be a very mean of securing it a more prominent place in the histories of the times. The ballad must therefore be either wholly fabulous, or it must refer to some other event than any yet spoken of.

Our own opinion is, that the ballad is founded on authentic history; and that it records the melancholy and disastrous fate of the gallant band which followed in the suite of Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., when she was espoused to Eric of Norway. According to Fordun,* in this expedition many distinguished Nobles accompanied her to Norway to grace her nuptials; several of whom perished in a storm while on their return to Scotland. Whoever studies the ballad attentively, and makes due allowance for the transpositions, corruptions, and interpolations which must unavoidably have crept into its text, must ultimately become a convert to the opinion we have now advanced. The bitter taunt of the Norwegians to Sir Patrick:

> "Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd
> And a' our *queenis* fee,"

was without meaning and point formerly—its application is now felt.

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* Paulo tamen ante hoc A sciz. D.MCC.LXXXI, desponsata est Margareta filia regis Alexandri tertii regi Norwegiæ Hanigow sive Hericio nuncupato; quæ pridie Idus Augusti Scotiam relinquens, nobili transfretavit apparatu, cum Waltero Bullok comite, et ejus de Menteth comitissa, una cum abbate de Balmurinach et Bernardo de Montealto *ac aliis multis militibus et nobilibus;* ac in vigilia assumptionis nostræ Dominæ Norweiam est ingressa et a rege honorifice suscepta, ac ab archiepiscopo illius regni, invita matre ejusdem regis, coronata est. Post vero nuptias solemniter celebratas *dicti abbas et Bernardus et alli plures in redeundo sunt submersi.*—Fordun, lib. x. cap. xxxvii.

11

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine."

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

" O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

" Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

" Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd
And a' our queenis fee."
" Ye lie, ye lie ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I hae brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me—
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast—
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult [1] flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude ship's side
—But still the sea came in.

O laith laith were our gude Scots lords
  To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played
  They wat their hats aboon.[2]

And mony was the feather bed
  That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
  That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white—
  The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake of their true loves—
  For them they'll see na mair.

O lang lang may the ladyes sit,
  Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
  Come sailing to the strand!

And lang lang may the maidens sit,
  Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves—
  For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen[3]
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

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1 We have taken the liberty of spelling this word aright, to save comments in future. It is unnecessary, almost, to mention that, in pronouncing it, the *l* is not heard. It seems to us particularly obvious that "if a bar or bolt (Scottice *bout*) had loosened," a plank must necessarily have "started."

2 This stanza we have heard sung, by old people, thus:

Laith laith were our braw Scots lords
To weet the cra's o' their shoon!
But lang before the spring was played
Their hair was wat aboon,

which, perhaps, ought to be the genuine reading. The person who sung it said, that *cra's* meant the upper leather of the shoe; and we are indebted to him for this information, otherwise we would have been at a loss to explain the word.

3 This line varies very much in different editions. Though in the text we have adhered to that given in the Border Minstrelsy, we are inclined to favour the reading—

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour.

For, with submission to the opinion of Sir W. Scott, the meaning of this line is not that the shipwreck took place in the Frith of Forth, but midway between Aberdour and Norway. And, as it would seem from the narrative at the commencement of the ballad, that Sir Patrick sailed from the Forth, it is but fair to infer that in his disastrous voyage homeward, he would endeavour to make the same port. This opinion will be corroborated, if we are correct in assigning the ballad to the historical event mentioned in the introductory remarks.

JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE.

HISTORY is silent with regard to this young Nimrod. "He appears," says the editor of the Border Minstrelsy, "to have been an outlaw and deerstealer,—probably one of the broken men residing upon the border. It is sometimes said, that this outlaw possessed the old castle of Morton, in Dumfriesshire, now ruinous." Another tradition assigns Braid, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to have been the scene of his "woeful hunting." A few stanzas of apparently an older copy of this ballad we have received, and as they possess some merit, we have subjoined them to this copy, (taken from the Border Minstrelsy,) in the hope that the verses awanting may hereafter be supplied.

JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands—
"Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs
That are bound wi' iron bands."

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang—
"O Johnie! for my benison,
To the grenewood dinna gang!

"Eneugh ye hae o' the gude wheat bread,
And eneugh o' the blude-red wine;
And therefore, for nae venison, Johnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame."

But Johnie's busk't up his gude bend bow,
His arrows, ane by ane;
And he has gane to Durrisdeer
To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
And in by the benty line,
There has he espied a deer lying
Aneath a bush of ling.

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side;
But, atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnie has bryttlēd[2] the deer sae weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs;
And wi' these he has feasted his bludy hounds,
As if they had been erl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
And drank sae-much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bludy hounds
Fell asleep, as they had been dead.

And by there came a silly auld carle,
  An ill death mote he die!
For he's awa to Hislinton,
  Where the Seven Foresters did lie.

"What news, what news, ye gray-headed carle,
  What news bring ye to me?"
"I bring nae news," said the gray-headed carle,
  Save what these eyes did see.

"As I came down by Merriemass,
  And down amang the scroggs,[3]
The bonniest childe that ever I saw
  Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

"The shirt that was upon his back
  Was o' the Holland fine;
The doublet which was over that
  Was o' the lincome twine.

"The buttons that were on his sleeve
  Were o' the goud sae gude;
The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
  Their mouths were dyed wi' blude."

Then out and spak the First Forester,
The heid man ower them a'—
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw."

But up and spak the Sixth Forester,
(His sister's son was he)
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die!"

The first flight of arrows the Foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak the Seventh Forester,
"The next will gar him die."

Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane;
And he has slain the Seven Foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane;
He's laid him twa-fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

" O is there na a bonnie bird,
  Can sing as I can say;
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
  And tell to fetch Johnie away?"[4]

The starling flew to his mother's window stane,
  It whistled and it sang;
And aye the ower word o' the tune
  Was—" Johnie tarries lang!"

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
  Another o' the slae-thorn tree,
And mony mony were the men
  At fetching our Johnie.

Then out and spak his auld mother,
  And fast her tears did fa'—
" Ye wad nae be warned my son Johnie,
  Frae the hunting to bide awa.

" Aft hae I brought to Breadislee,
  The less gear[5] and the mair,
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee,
  What grieved my heart sae sair!

"But wae betyde that silly auld carle!
An ill death shall he die!
For the highest tree in Merriemass
Shall be his morning's fee."

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude graie dogs are slain;
And his body lies dead in Durrisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

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1 *Ling*—Heath. 2 *Bryttled*—To cut up venison. See the ancient ballad of *Chevy Chace*, v. 3. 3 *Scroggs*—Stunted trees.

4 Perhaps, after this stanza should be inserted the beautiful one preserved by Mr. Finlay, so descriptive, as he justly remarks, of the languor of approaching death.

There's no a bird in a' this forest
Will do as meikle for me,
As dip its wing in the wan water,
And straik it on my e'e bree.

5 *Gear*—Usually signifies *goods*, but here *spoil*.

JOHNIE OF BRAIDISBANK.

JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands hands;
And he is awa to Braidisbanks,
To ding the dun deer down down,
To ding the dun deer down.

Johnie lookit east and Johnie lookit west,
And its lang before the sun sun;
And there did he spy the dun deer lie,
Beneath a bush o' brume brume,
Beneath a bush o' brume.

Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he's woundit her in the side side;
Out then spake his sister's son,
"And the neist will lay her pride pride,
And the neist will lay her pride."
(A stanza wanting.)

They've eaten sae meikle o' the gude venison,
And they've drunken sae muckle o' the blude blude,
That they've fallen into as sound a sleep
As gif that they were dead dead,
As gif that they were dead.
(Some stanzas wanting.)

"Its doun, and its doun, and its doun doun,
And its doun amang the scrogs scrogs:
And there ye'll espy twa bonnie boys lie,
Asleep amang their dogs dogs,
Asleep amang their dogs."
(Some stanzas wanting.)

They waukened Johnie out o' his sleep,
And he's drawn to him his coat coat;
"My fingers five save me alive,
And a stout heart fail me not not,
And a stout heart fail me not!
* * * * *

THE MASTER OF WEEMYSS.

(Never before Published.)

The Master of Weemyss has biggit a ship,
To saile upon the sea;
And four-and-twenty bauld marineres,
Doe beare him companie.

They have hoistit sayle and left the land,
They have saylit mylis three;
When up there lap the bonnie mermayd,
All in the Norland sea.

"O whare saile ye," quo' the bonnie mermayd,
"Upon the saut sea faem?"
"It's we are bounde until Norroway,
God send us skaithless hame!

Oh Norroway is a gay gay strande
And a merrie land I trowe;
But nevir nane sall see Norroway
Gin the mermaid keeps her vowe!

Down doukit then, the mermayden,
Deep intil the middil sea;
And merrie leuch that master bauld,
With his jollie companie.

They saylit awa, and they saylit awa,
They have saylit leagues ten;
When, lo! uplap be the gude ship's side
The self same mermayden.

Shee held a glass intil her richt hande,
In the uthir shee held a kame,
And shee kembit her haire, and aye shee sang
As shee flotterit on the faem.

And she gliskit round and round about,
Upon the waters wan;
O nevir againe on land or sea
Shall be seen sik a faire woman.

And shee shed the haire off her milk white bree
Wi' her fingers sae sma' and lang;
And fast as saylit that gude ship on,
Sae louder was aye her sang.

And aye shee sang, and aye shee sang
As shee rade upon the sea;
"If ye bee men of Christian moulde
Throwe the master out to mee.

"Throwe out to mee the master bauld
If ye bee Christian men;
But an ye faile, though fast ye sayle
Ye'll nevir see land agen!

"Sayle on, sayle on, sayle on," said shee,
"Sayle on and nevir blinne,
The winde at will your saylis may fill,
But the land ye shall never win!"

Its never word spak that master bauld,
But a loud laugh leuch the crewe;
And in the deep then the mermayden
Doun drappit frae their viewe.

But ilk ane kythit her bonnie face,
  How dark dark grew its lire;
And ilk ane saw her bricht bricht eyne
  Leming like coals o' fire.

And ilk ane saw her lang bricht hair
  Gae flashing through the tide,
And the sparkles o' the glass shee brake
  Upon that gude ship's side.

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
  The wind blaws unco hie;"
"O there's not a sterne in a' the lift
  To guide us thro' the sea!"

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
  The storm is coming fast;"
"Then up, then up my bonnie boy
  Unto the topmost mast.

"Creep up unto the tallest mast,
  Gae up my ae best man;
Climb up until the tall top mast
  And spy gin ye see land."

"Oh all is mirk towards the eist,
And all is mirk be west;
Alas there is not a spot of light
Where any eye can rest!"

"Looke oute, looke oute my bauldest man,
Looke oute unto the storme,
And if ye cannot get sicht o' land,
Do you see the dawin o' morn?"

"Oh alace, alace my master deare,"
Spak then that ae best man;
"Nor licht, nor land, nor living thing,
Do I spy on any hand."

"Looke yet agen my ae best man,
And tell me what ye do see:"
"O Lord! I spy the false mermayden
Fast sayling out owre the sea!"

"How can ye spy the fause mermayden
Fast sayling on the mirk sea,
For there's neither mune nor mornin' licht—
In troth it can nevir bee."

"O there is neither mune nor mornin' licht,
Nor ae star's blink on the sea;
But as I am a Christian man,
That witch woman I see!

"Good Lord! there is a scaud o' fire
Fast coming out owre the sea;
And fast therein the grim mermayden
Is sayling on to thee!

"Shee hailes our ship wi' a shrill shrill cry—
Shee is coming, alace, more near:"
"Ah woe is me now," said the master bauld,
"For I both do see and hear!

"Come doun, come doun my ae best man,
For an ill weird I maun drie:
Yet, I reck not for my sinful self,
But thou my trew companie!"

HALBERT THE GRIM.

THE following beautiful verses were suggested to the writer of them, by the highly graphic description of the abode of Pluto, given by Matthew Paris.—And the gentleman whose character is here attempted to be delineated, is such a person, as, in the estimation of the learned Monk of St. Alban's, was fully entitled to be an inhabitant of the place of terrors.

Miles quidam, qui vitam, suam in cædibus innocentium, et torneamentis peregerat, et rapinis. Hic omnibus armis militibus armatus, equo nigerrimo insidebat; qui piceam flammam cum fœtore spumo per os et naress cum urgeretur calcaribus, efflabat.—Matt. Paris, p. 219.

THERE is blood on that brow;
  There is blood on that hand;
There is blood on that hauberk,
  And blood on that brand.

Oh! bloody all over
  Is his war cloak, I weet;
And he's wrapped in the cover
  Of murder's red sheet.

There is pity in many:
  Is there any in him?
No! Ruth is a strange guest
  To Halbert the Grim.

The hardest may soften,
  The fiercest repent;
But the heart of Grim Halbert
  May never relent.

Death doing on earth
  Is ever his cry;
And pillage and plunder
  His hope in the sky!

'Tis midnight, deep midnight,
  And dark is the heaven;
Halbert in mockery,
  Wends to be shriven.

He kneels not to stone,
  And he bends not to wood;
But he swung round his brown blade,
  And hewed down the Rood.

He stuck his long sword
  With its point in the earth;
And he prayed to its cross hilt,
  In mockery and mirth.

Thus lowly he louteth
And mumbles his beads;
Then lightly he riseth,
And homeward he speeds.

His steed hurries on,
Darkling and dim;
All fearful it prances,
With Halbert the Grim.

Fiercer it tramples,
The spur gored its side;
Now downward and downward
Grim Halbert doth ride.

The brown wood is threaded,
The gray flood is passed;
And hoarser and wilder
Is the moan of the blast.

No star lends its taper,
No moon sheds her glow;
For dark is the dull path
That Baron must go.

Though dark is the sky,
And no moon shines abroad,
Yet, flashing with fire,
Now gleams the lone road!

And his black steed, I trow,
As it galloped on,
With a hot sulphur halo,
And flame-flash all shone.

From nostril and eye,
Out gushed the pale flame,
And from its chafed mouth, the
Churn'd fire-froth came.

They are two! they are two!—
They are coal black as night,
That now staunchly follow,
That grim Baron's flight.

In each lull of the wild blast,
Out breaks their deep yell,
'Tis the slot of the Doomed One,
These hounds track so well.

Oh downward, still downward,
  Slopeth his way;
No let hath his progress,
  No gate bids him stay.

No noise hath his horse-hoof,
  As onward it sped;
But silent it falls,
  As the foot of the dead!

But redder and redder,
  Flares far its bright eye,
And harsher these dark hounds,
  Yell out their fierce cry.

Sheer downward, and downward,
  Then dashed life and limb,
As, careering to hell,
  Sunk Halbert the Grim!

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orate.pro.anima.ejus.

HYND HORN.

AN imperfect copy of this very old Ballad appeared in "Select Scotish Songs, Ancient and Modern," edited by Mr. Cromek; but that gentleman seems not to have been aware of the jewel he had picked up, as it is passed over without a single remark. We have been fortunate enough to recover two copies from recitation, which, joined to the stanzas preserved by Mr. Cromek, have enabled us to present it to the public in its present complete state. Though HYND HORN possesses no claims upon the reader's attention, on account of its Poetry, yet it is highly valuable, as illustrative of the history of Romantic Ballad. In fact, it is nothing else than a portion of the ancient English Metrical Romance of "KYNG HORN," which some benevolent pen, peradventure "for luf of the lewed man," hath stripped of its "quainte Inglis," and given

"In symple speche as he couthe,
"That is lightest in manne's mouthe."

Of this the reader will be at once convinced, if he compares it with the Romance alluded to, or rather with the fragment of the one preserved in the Auchinleck MS. entitled, "Horne Childe and Maiden Riminild," both of which ancient Poems are to be found in Ritson's Metrical Romances.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind the reader, that Hend or Hynd means "courteous, kind, affable," &c., an epithet which, we doubt not, the hero of the Ballad was fully entitled to assume. The tune to which the Ballad is sung will be given at the end of the volume; and any other notices we have to offer respecting it will find a place in the preliminary remarks to accompany the volume.

NEAR Edinburgh was a young child born,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And his name it was called Young Hynd Horn,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he served the King,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And it's a' for the sake of his dochter Jean,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The King an angry man was he,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Oh I never saw my love before,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Till I saw her thro' an augre bore,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"And she gave to me a gay gold ring,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
With three shining diamonds set therein,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"And I gave to her a silver wand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
With three singing laverocks set thereon,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What if those diamonds lose their hue?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Just when my love begins for to rew,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"For when your ring turns pale and wan,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Then I'm in love with another man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

He's left the land, and he's gone to the sea,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And he's stayed there seven years and a day,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he has been on the sea,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And Hynd Horn has looked how his ring may be,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

But when he looked this ring upon,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
The shining diamonds were both pale and wan,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Oh! the ring it was both black and blue,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And she's either dead, or she's married,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

He's left the seas, and he's come to the land,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And the first he met was an auld beggar man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What news, what news, my silly auld man?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
For it's seven years since I have seen land,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What news? what news? thou auld beggar man,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
What news? what news? by sea or land?
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

" No news at all, said the auld beggar man,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
But there is a wedding in the king's hall,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

" There is a King's dochter in the west,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And she has been married thir nine nights past,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

" Into the bride-bed she winna gang,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Till she hears tell of her ain Hynd Horn,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

" Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And I'll give to thee my scarlet cloak,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

" Wilt thou give to me thy begging staff,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And I'll give to thee my good gray steed,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

The auld beggar man cast off his coat,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And he's ta'en up the scarlet cloak,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man threw down his staff,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And he has mounted the good gray steed,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
But young Hynd Horn for the king's hall,
And the birk and the blume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
But young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

When he came to the King's gate,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
He asked a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

These news unto the bonnie bride came,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
That at the yett there stands an auld man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"There stands an auld man at the King's gate,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
He asketh a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"I'll go through nine fires so hot,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
But I'll give him a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

She went to the gate where the auld man did stand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And she gave him a drink out of her own hand,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

She gave him a drink out of her own hand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
He drunk out the drink, and dropt in the ring,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Got thou it by sea, or got thou it by land?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Or got thou it off a dead man's hand?
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"I got it not by sea, but I got it by land,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
For I got it out of thine own hand,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"I'll cast off my gowns of brown,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And I'll follow thee from town to town,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"I'll cast off my gowns of red,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And along with thee I'll beg my bread,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"Thou need not cast off thy gowns of brown,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
For I can make thee lady of many a town,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Thou need not cast off thy gowns of red,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
For I can maintain thee with both wine and bread,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie bride wed,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
But young Hynd Horn took the bride to the bed,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

Is probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle, who fell in the battle of Glenlivat, stricken on Thursday, the third day of October, 1594 years.* Of this ballad, Mr. Finlay had only recovered three stanzas, which he had given in the Preface to his "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," page xxxiii. introduced by the following remarks:—"There is another fragment still remaining, which appears to have belonged to a ballad of adventure, perhaps of real history. I am acquainted with no poem of which the lines, as they stand, can be supposed to have formed a part." The words and the music of this Lament are published in the fifth volume of "The Scottish Minstrel."

HIE upon Hielands
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame came his gude horse,
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair,

---

* Gordon's Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland.

And out cam his bonnie bride
  Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
  And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
  But never cam he!

"My meadow lies green,
  And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,
  And my babie's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
  And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
  But never cam he!

YOUNG BENJIE.

(FROM THE BORDER MINSTRELSY.)

OF a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true love,
And a dear true love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie;
But ay the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.[1]

And they hae quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae,
And she said she'd chuse another love,
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout[2] and proudhearted,
And thought o't bitterlie;
And he's gane by the wan moonlight
To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true love,
O open and let me in!"
"I dare na open, young Benjie,
My three brothers are within."

"Ye lied, ye lied, my bonnie burd,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
As I came by the Lowden banks
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel my ae fause love,
That I have loved sae lang;
It sets ye[3] chuse another love,
And let young Benjie gang."

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her e'e,
"I dare na, dare na, let thee in,
But I'll come down to thee."

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill hae I dune?"
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her o'er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
  And laith, laith to be dang;[4]
But ere she wan the Lowden's banks
  Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak her eldest brother,
  "O see na ye what I see?"
And out then spak her second brother,
  "Its our sister Marjorie!"

Out then spak her eldest brother,
  "O how shall we her ken?"
And out then spak her youngest brother,
  "There's a honey-mark on her chin."

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse
  And laid it on the ground:
"O wha has killed our ae sister,
  And how can he be found?

"The night it is her low lykewake,
  The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
  And hear what she will say."

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear,
The streiket corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night
The cocks began to craw,
And at the dead hour o' the night
The corpse began to thraw.

"O whae has done the wrang sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?
Whae was sae stout, and feared nae dout,
As thraw ye o'er the linn."

"Young Benjie was the first ae man
I laid my love upon;
He was sae stout and proudhearted
He threw me o'er the linn."

"Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
Sall we young Benjie hang,
Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang?"

"Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye mauna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang.

"Tie a green gravat about his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house
To wait young Benjie on.

"And aye, at every seven years' end,
Ye'll tak him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun dree,
To scug[5] his deadly sin."

---

1 *Plea*—used obliquely for *dispute.*

2 *Stout*—through this whole ballad (unless in one instance) signifies *haughty.*

3 *Sets ye*—becomes you, irony.

4 *Dang*—defeated.

5 *Scug*—shelter, or expiate.

SIR HUGH, OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

Two copies of this ballad appeared in Herd's Collection, Edin. 1776, under the above title—a third is printed in Dr. Percy's Reliques, and Mr. Jamieson has given another copy of the same ballad, taken down from recitation. To this last, which differs in a few particulars from those already published, its learned Editor has prefixed some interesting notices, which may be consulted with advantage by the curious. The present edition is likewise given as taken down from the recitation of a lady; and as it contains some additional circumstances not to be found in any of the copies mentioned above, it has been deemed proper to publish it as it stands, without attempting to incorporate it with any other version.

YESTERDAY was brave Hallowday,
  And, above all days of the year,
The schoolboys all got leave to play,
  And little Sir Hugh was there.

He kicked the ball with his foot,
  And kepped it with his knee,
And even in at the Jew's window,
  He gart the bonnie ba' flee.

Out then came the Jew's daughter—
"Will ye come in and dine?"
"I winna come in and I canna come in
Till I get that ball of mine.

"Throw down that ball to me, maiden,
Throw down the ball to me."
"I winna throw down your ball, Sir Hugh,
Till ye come up to me."

She pu'd the apple frae the tree,
It was baith red and green,
She gave it unto little Sir Hugh,
With that his heart did win.

She wiled him into ae chamber,
She wiled him into twa,
She wiled him into the third chamber,
And that was warst o't a'.

She took out a little penknife,
Hung low down by her spare,
She twined this young thing o' his life,
And a word he ne'er spak mair.

And first came out the thick, thick blood,
  And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonnie heart's blood—
  There was nae mair within.

She laid him on a dressing table,
  She dress'd him like a swine,[1]
Says "lie ye there my bonnie Sir Hugh,
  Wi' ye're apples red and green."

She put him in a case of lead,
  Says "lie ye there and sleep;"
She threw him into the deep draw-well
  Was fifty fathom deep.

A schoolboy walking in the garden,
  Did grievously hear him moan,
He ran away to the deep draw-well
  And fell down on his knee,

Says "bonnie Sir Hugh, and pretty Sir Hugh,
  I pray you speak to me;
If you speak to any body in this world,
  I pray you speak to me."

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And every body went hame,
Then every lady had her son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She rolled her mantle her about,
And sore, sore did she weep;
She ran away to the Jew's castle
When all were fast asleep.

Shecries, "bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray you speak to me;
If you speak to any body in this world,
I pray you speak to me."

" Lady Helen, if ye want your son,
I'll tell ye where to seek;
Lady Helen, if ye want your son,
He's in the well sae deep."

She ran away to the deep draw-well,
And she fell down on her knee;
Saying, "bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray ye speak to me,
If ye speak to any body in the world,
I pray ye speak to me."

"Oh! the lead it is wondrous heavy, mother,
The well it is wondrous deep,
The little penknife sticks in my throat,
And I downa to ye speak.

"But lift me out o' this deep draw-well,
And bury me in yon churchyard;
Put a bible at my head he says,
And a testament at my feet,
And pen and ink at every side,
And I'll lie still and sleep.

"And go to the back of Maitland town,
Bring me my winding sheet;
For it's at the back of Maitland town,
That you and I shall meet."

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom that makes full sore,
A woman's mercy is very little,
But a man's mercy is more.[2]

---

[1] "She dressed him like a *Swan*" was the reading we got; but, in deference to former editions, we have substituted *Swine*, though it is questionable how far a Jewess could be skilled in the cookery of an animal abominated by her people.

[2] This stanza, though meant for a moral, seems to have little business here, and we are at a loss to make sense of the second line.

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE,

OR MAY MARGARET,

Appears to be founded on an incident which is detailed at some length in Spottiswood's History of the Church of Scotland, *see ed. Lond.* 1668, *b. vi. p.* 389; and also in "The Historie of King James the Sext," quoted by the editor of "The Border Minstrelsy." The common printed edition of this ballad goes under the title of "The Laird of Ochiltree," but the copy here followed is that recovered by Sir Walter Scott, which is preferable to the other, as agreeing more closely, both in the name and in the circumstance, with the real fact. The third stanza in the present copy was obtained from recitation; and, as it describes very naturally the agitated behaviour of a person who, like May Margaret, had high interests at stake, it was considered worthy of being preserved.

I WILL sing, if ye will hearken,
If ye will hearken unto me;
The king has ta'en a poor prisoner,
The wanton laird o' young Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,
Carmichael's the keeper o' the key;
And May Margaret's lamenting sair,
A' for the love of young Logie.

May Margaret sits in the Queen's bouir
  Knicking her fingers ane be ane,
Cursing the day that she ere was born,
  Or that she ere heard o' Logie's name.

"Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
  And of your weeping let me be,
For ye maun to the king himsell,
  To seek the life o' young Logie."

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
  And she has curl'd back her yellow hair—
"If I canna get young Logie's life,
  Farewell to Scotland for evermair."

When she came before the king,
  She knelit lowly on her knee.
"O what's the matter, May Margaret?
  And what need's a' this courtesie?"

"A boon, a boon, my noble liege,
  A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee!
And the first boon that I come to crave,
  Is to grant me the life o' young Logie."

"O na, O na, May Margaret,
Forsooth, and so it manna be;
For a' the gowd o' fair Scotland
Shall not save the life o' young Logie."

But she has stown the king's redding kaim,
Likewise the queen her wedding knife;
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white monie;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he gat free.

When he came to the Tolbooth stair,
There he let his volley flee;
It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

"Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me,
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the shot o' young Logie."

When Carmichael came before the king,
He fell low down upon his knee;
The very first word that the king spake,
Was—"Where's the laird of young Logie?"

Carmichael turn'd him round about,
(I wat the tear blinded his eye,)
"There came a token frae your grace,
Has ta'en away the laird frae me."

"Hast thou play'd me that, Carmichael?
And has thou play'd me that?" quoth he;
"The morn the Justice Court's to stand,
And Logie's place ye maun supply."

Carmichael's awa to Margaret's bower,
E'en as fast as he may drie—
"O if young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak with me!"

May Margaret turn'd her round about,
(I wat a loud laugh laughed she,)
"The egg is chipped, the bird is flown,
Ye'll see nae mair of young Logie."

The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,
The tother at the Queen's Ferrie;
And she's gotten a father to her bairn,
The wanton laird of young Logie.

THE TWA BROTHERS.

THE domestic tragedy which this affecting ballad commemorates is not without precedent in real history; nay, we are almost inclined to believe that it originated in the following melancholy event:—

"This year, 1589, in the moneth of July, ther falls out a sad accident, as a further warneing that God was displeased with the familie. The Lord Sommervill haveing come from Cowthally, earlie in the morning, in regaird the weather was hott, he had ridden hard to be at the Drum be ten a clock, which haveing done, he laid him down to rest. The servant, with his two sones, William Master of Sommervill and John his brother, went with the horses to ane Shott of land, called the Prety Shott, directly opposite the front of the house where there was some meadow ground for grassing the horses, and willowes to shaddow themselves from the heat. They had not long continued in this place, when the Master of Somervill efter some litle rest awakeing from his sleep and finding his pistolles that lay hard by him wett with the dew he began to rub and dry them, when unhappily one of them went off the ratch, being lying upon his knee, and the muzel turned syde-ways, the ball strocke his brother John directly in the head, and killed him outright, soe that his sorrowful brother never had one word from him, albeit he begged it with many teares."—*Memorie of the Somervilles, Vol. I. p.* 467.

The reader will find in the first volume of "Popular Ballads and Songs" another edition of this ballad, which, in point of merit, is perhaps superior to the present copy. The third stanza of that edition

was however imperfect, and the ingenious editor, Mr Jamieson, has supplied four lines to render it complete. Excellent though his interpolations generally are, it will be seen that, in this instance, he has quite misconceived the scope and tendency of the piece on which he was working, and in consequence has supplied a reading with which the rest of his own copy is at complete variance, and which at same time sweeps away the deep impression this simple ballad would otherwise have made upon the feelings; for it is almost unnecessary to mention that its touching interest is made to centre in the boundless sorrow, and cureless remorse, of him who had been the unintentional cause of his brother's death—and in the solicitude which that high-minded and generous spirit expresses, even in the last agonies of nature, for the safety and fortunes of the truly wretched and unhappy survivor. Mr. Jamieson's addition is given below.—By that addition this ballad has been altered in one of its most distinctive and essential features; hence the present copy, which preserves the genuine reading in the stanza referred to, though it might have derived considerable improvements in other particulars from the one given by Mr. Jamieson, has, on the whole, been preferred.

The addition to the stanza in question is inclosed by crotchets.

They warstled up, they warstled down,
The lee lang simmer's day;
[And nane was near to part the strife
That raise atween them tway,
Till out and Willie's drawn his sword,
And did his brother slay.]

THERE were twa brothers at the scule,
And when they got awa'—
"It's will ye play at the stane-chucking,
Or will ye play at the ba',
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,
And there we'll warsell a fa'."

When he sat in his father's chair
He grew baith pale and wan.
"O what blude's that upon your brow?
O dear son tell to me."
"It is the blude o' my gude gray steed,
He wadna ride wi' me."

"O thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me:
O what blude's this upon your cheek?
O dear son tell to me."
"It is the blude of my greyhound,
He wadna hunt for me."

"O thy hound's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me:
O what blude's this upon your cheek,
O dear son tell to me."
"It is the blude of my gay goss hawk,
He wadna flee for me."

"O thy hawk's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me;

O what blude's this upon your dirk?
Dear Willie tell to me."
"It is the blude of my ae brother,
O dule and wae is me."

"O what will ye say to your father?
Dear Willie tell to me."
"I'll saddle my steed, and awa I'll ride
To dwell in some far countrie."

"O when will ye come hame again?
Dear Willie tell to me."
"When sun and mune leap on yon hill,
And that will never be."

She turn'd hersel' right round about,
And her heart burst into three:
"My ae best son is deid and gane,
And my tother ane I'll ne'er see."

THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.

THE banners rustle in the wind,
  The angry trumpets swell;
They call me, lady, from thy arms,
  They bid me sigh farewell!

They call me to a distant land
  To quell a Paynim foe;
To leave the blandishments of love
  For danger, strife, and woe.

Yet deem not, lady, though afar
  It be my hap to roam,
That e'er my constant heart shall stray
  From love, from thee, and home.

No! in the tumult of the fight—
  'Midst Salem's chivalrie,
The thought that arms this hand with death
  Shall be the thought of thee!

MAY COLVIN, OR FALSE SIR JOHN.

THIS ballad is given from a copy obtained from recitation, collated with another copy to be found in the Edinburgh collection, 1776.

FALSE Sir John a wooing came,
To a maid of beauty fair;
May Colvin was the lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her butt, and he's courted her ben,
And he's courted her into the ha',
Till once he got this lady's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

She's gane to her father's coffers
Where all his money lay;
And she's taken the red, and she's left the white,
And so lightly as she tripped away.

She's gane down to her father's stable
  Where all his steeds did stand;
And she's taken the best, and she's left the warst,
  That was in her father's land.

He rode on, and she rode on,
  They rode a lang simmer's day,
Until they came to a broad river,
  An arm of a lonesome sea.

"Loup off the steed," says false Sir John;
  "Your bridal bed you see; [here,
For it's seven king's daughters I have drowned
  And the eighth I'll out make with thee.

"Cast off, cast off your silks so fine,
  And lay them on a stone,
For they are o'er good and o'er costly
  To rot in the salt sea foam.

"Cast off, cast off your holland smock,
  And lay it on this stone,
For it's too fine and o'er costly
  To rot in the salt sea foam."

"O turn you about, thou false Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree;
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see."

He's turned himself straight round about,
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
She's twined her arms about his waist,
And thrown him into the sea.

"O hold a grip of me, May Colvin,
For fear that I should drown;
I'll take you hame to your father's gates,
And safely I'll set you down."

"O lie you there, thou false Sir John,
O lie you there," said she,
"For you lie not in a caulder bed
Than the ane you intended for me."

So she went on her father's steed,
As swift as she could flee;
And she came hame to her father's gates
At the breaking of the day.

Up then spake the pretty parrot :
" May Colvin, where have you been ?
What has become of false Sir John,
That wooed you so late yestreen ?

Up then spake the pretty parrot,
In the bonnie cage where it lay :
" O what hae ye done with the false Sir John,
That he behind you doth stay ?

" He wooed you butt, he wooed you ben,
He wooed you into the ha',
Until he got your own consent
For to mount and gang awa'."

" O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me;
You cage will be made of the beaten gold
And the spakes of ivorie."

Up then spake the king himself,
In the chamber where he lay :
" Oh ! what ails the pretty parrot,
That prattles so long ere day."

" It was a cat cam to my cage door;
I thought 'twould have worried me;
And I was calling on fair May Colvin
To take the cat from me."

LADY MAISRY.

THIS excellent old ballad, which is very popular in many parts of Scotland is given from Mr. Jamieson's Collection.

THE young lords o' the north country
Have all a wooing gane,
To win the love of Lady Maisry;
But 'o them she wou'd hae nane.

O, thae hae sought her, Lady Maisry
Wi' broaches and wi' rings;
And they hae courted her, Lady Maisry,
Wi' a' kin kind of things;

And they hae sought her, Lady Maisry,
  Frae father and frae mither;
And they hae sought her, Lady Maisry.
  Frae sister and frae brither.

And they hae follow'd her Lady Maisry,
  Through chamber and through ha';
But a' that they could say to her,
  Her answer still was "Na."

O, haud your tongues, young men," she said,
  "And think nae mair on me;
For I've gi'en my love to an English lord,
  Sae think nae mair on me."

Her father's kitchen boy heard that,
  (An ill death mot he die!)
And he is in to her brother,
  As fast as gang cou'd he.

"O, is my father and my mother weel,
  Bot, and my brothers three?
Gin my sister Lady Maisry be weel,
  There's naething can ail me."

"Your father and your mother is weel,
Bot and your brothers three;
Your sister, Lady Maisry's, weel;
Sae big wi' bairn is she."

"A malison light on the tongue,
Sic tidings tells to me!—
But gin it be a lie you tell,
You shall be hanged hie."

He's doen him to his sister's bower,
Wi' mickle dool and care;
And there he saw her, Lady Maisry,
Kembing her yellow hair.

"O, wha is aucht that bairn," he says,
"That ye sae big are wi?
And gin ye winna own the truth,
This moment ye shall die."

She's turned her richt and round about,
And the kembe fell frae her han';
A trembling seized her fair bodie,
And her rosy cheek grew wan.

"O pardon me, my brother dear,
And the truth I'll tell to thee;
My bairn is to Lord William,
And he is betrothed to me.

"O cou'dna ye gotten dukes, or lords,
Intill your ain countrie,
That ye drew up wi' an English dog
To bring this shame on me?

"But ye maun gi'e up your English lord,
Whan your young babe is born;
For, gin ye keep by him an hour langer,
Your life shall be forlorn."

"I will gi'e up this English lord,
Till my young babe is born;
But the never a day nor hour langer,
Though my life should be forlorn."

"O where is a' my merry young men
Wham I gi'e meat and fee,
To pu' the bracken and the thorn,
To burn this vile whore wi'."

"O whare will I get a bonny boy,
To help me in my need,
To rin wi' haste to Lord William,
And bid him come wi' speed?"

O out it spak a bonny boy,
Stood by her brother's side;
"It's I wad rin your errand, lady,
O'er a' the warld wide.

"Aft ha'e I run your errands, lady,
When blawin baith wind and weet;
But now I'll rin your errand, lady,
With saut tears on my cheek."

O whan he came to broken briggs,
He bent his bow and swam;
And whan he came to the green grass growin',
He slack'd his shoon and ran.

And whan he came to Lord William's yetts,
He badena to chap or ca';
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly lap the wa';

And, or the porter was at the yett,
The boy was in the ha'.

"O is my biggins broken, boy?
Or is my towers won?
Or is my lady lighter yet,
O' a dear daughter or son?"

"Your biggin isna broken, sir,
Nor is your towers won;
But the fairest lady in a' the land
This day for you maun burn."

"O saddle to me the black, the black,
Or saddle to me the brown;
Or saddle to me the swiftest steed
That ever rade frae a town."

Or he was near a mile awa',
She heard his weir-horse sneeze;
"Mend up the fire, my fause brother,
It's nae come to my knees."

O, whan he lighted at the yett,
She heard his bridle ring:

"Mend up the fire, my fause brother;
It's far yet frae my chin.

"Mend up the fire to me, brother,
Mend up the fire to me;
For I see him comin' hard and fast
Will soon men't up for thee.

"O gin my hands had been loose, Willy,
Sae hard as they are boun',
I wad hae turned me frae the gleed,
And casten out your young son."

"O, I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your father and your mother;
And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your sister and your brother;

"And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
The chief o' a' your kin;
And the last bonfire that I come to,
Mysell I will cast in."

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

"THE 7 of Februarij this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntly, at his house in Dunibrissell, in Fyffeshyre, and with him Dumbar, Shriffe of Murray; it [was] given out, and publickly talked that the Earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetratting this facte, to satisffie the Kinges jelosie of Murray, quhom the Queine, more rashlie than wyslie, some few dayes before had commendit in the Kinges heiringe, with too many epithetts of a proper and gallant man. The ressons of these surmisses proceidit from proclamatione of the Kinges the 18 of Marche following, inhibitting the younge Earle of Murray to persew the Earle of Huntley for his fathers slaughter, in respecte he being wardit in the castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abyde his tryell; averring that he had done nothing, bot by the King's ma^tes^ commissione: and so was neither airt nor part of the murther."—*Annales of Scotland by Sir James Balfour, Vol. I. Edin.*, 1824. For other accounts of this transaction, see Spottiswood, Moyse's Memoires, Calderwood's History of the Church, and Gordon's Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland.

YE Highlands, and ye Law-lands,
Oh! quhair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae lain him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And quhairfore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queenes luve.

Oh! lang will his lady,
Look owre the castle Downe,[1]
Ere she see the Earl of Murray,
Cum sounding thro' the towne.

1 "I had conjectured this to be the true reading, before I was aware that a friend of Mr. Pinkerton had anticipated me. It has always, before the present edition, been printed, 'look our the castle downe,' which is hardly sense."—*Finlay's ballads, Vol. I.* This is not true. Had Mr. Finlay taken the trouble of consulting Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, Edin., 1775, he would there have found the line in question, printed correctly, yea, even according to his fancied emendation!

THE BONNIE EARL O' MURRAY

Is a different ballad from the one that precedes it; but owing to the same peculiarity of measure of both, Mr Finlay conjectures, which is not at all unlikely, that they may at one period have been united.

OPEN the gates,
And let him come in;
He is my brother Huntly,
He'll do him nae harm.

The gates they were open't,
They let him come in;
But fause traitor Huntly,
He did him great harm.

He's ben and ben,
  And ben to his bed;
And with a sharp rapier,
  He stabbed him dead.

The lady came down the stair,
  Wringing her hands:
" He has slain the Earl o' Murray,
  The flower o' Scotland."

But Huntly lap on his horse;
  Rade to the king,
" Ye're welcome hame, Huntly,
  And whare hae ye been?

" Whare hae ye been?
  And how hae ye sped?"
" I've killed the Earl o' Murray,
  Dead in his bed."

" Foul fa' you, Huntly,
  And why did ye so;
You might hae taen the Earl of Murray,
  And saved his life too."

" Her bread its to bake,
  Her yill is to brew;
My sister's a widow,
  And sair do I rue."

" Her corn grows ripe,
  Her meadows grow green;
But in bonny Dinnibristle,
  I darena be seen."

YOUNG WATERS.

THIS ballad, like the two former, has been supposed to refer to the fate of the unfortunate Earl of Murray; but at best, this is a guess, which, for one chance it has of being right, there are ten chances that it is wrong.

ABOUT Zule quhen the wind blew cule,
  And the round tables began;
A! there is cum to our king's court,
  Money a well-favor'd man.

The queen luikit owre the castle wa',
  Beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw young Waters,
  Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
  His horsemen rade behind,
And mantel of the burning gowd
  Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,
  And siller shod behind;
The horse young Waters rade upon
  Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spak a wylie lord,
  Unto the queen said he:
"O tell me quha's the fairest face
  Rides in the company?"

"I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
  And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than young Waters',
  Mine eyne did never see."

Out then spak the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he):
"O, if he had been twice as fair,
You micht have excepted me."

"You're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"But the king that wears the crown;
There's not a knight in fair Scotland,
But to thee maun bow down."

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeased he wadna be;
But for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun die.

They hae ta'en young Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They hae ta'en young Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind bot and the weit;
But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind bot and the rain;
But I ne'er rode thro' Stirling town
Ne'er to return again."

They hae ta'en to the heiding hill,
His young son in his cradle;
And they hae ta'en to the heiding hill,
His horse bot and the saddle.

They hae ta'en to the heiding hill,
His lady fair to see;
And for the words the queen had spoke
Young Waters he did die.

LADY MARY ANN.

"I HAVE extracted these beautiful stanzas from Johnson's 'Poetical Museum.' They are worthy of being better known—a circumstance which may lead to a discovery of the persons whom they celebrate." —*Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, Vol. I. Edin.* 1808. The stanzas are certainly beautiful, and it is probable they may refer to some of the Dundonald family. The thrifty habits of one lady of that noble house, at least, have already been commemorated in some wretched stuff, still preserved by tradition in Paisley.

My lady Dundonald sits singing and spinning
Drawing a thread frae her tow rock;
And it weel sets me for to wear a gude cloak,
And I span ilka thread o't mysell so I did.
Lilty teedle doodle doo, doodle doo,
Lilty teedle doodle doo dan. Lilty teedle, &c.

The reader has quite enough of this delectable ditty; the air, however, to which it is sung, is good and worthy of preservation.

O LADY Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba',
The youngest he was the flower among them a';
My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet;
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue,
And the langer it blossomed, the sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonnie and blooming and straight was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake;
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The summer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen,
But far better days I trust will come again;
For my bonnie laddie's young but he's growing yet.

BABYLON;

OR,

THE BONNIE BANKS O' FORDIE,

Is given from two copies obtained from recitation, which differ but little from each other. Indeed the only variation is in the verse where the outlawed brother unweetingly slays his sister. One reading is—

He's taken out his wee penknife
  Hey how bonnie;
And he's twined her o' her ain sweet life,
  On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

The other reading is that adopted in the text. This ballad is popular in the southern parishes of Perthshire; but where the scene is laid, the editor has been unable to ascertain. Nor has any research of his enbled him to throw farther light on the history of its hero with the fantastic name, than what the ballad itself supplies.

THERE were three ladies lived in a bower,
  Eh vow bonnie,
And they went out to pull a flower,
  On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane,
Eh vow bonnie,
When up started to them a banisht man,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's ta'en the first sister by her hand,
Eh vow bonnie,
And he's turned her round and made her stand
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"Its whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Eh vow bonnie,
Or will ye die by my wee pen knife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie?"

"Its I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Eh vow bonnie,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen knife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

He's killed this may and he's laid her by,
Eh vow bonnie,
For to bear the red rose company,
On the bonnie banks of Fordie.

He's taken the second ane by the hand,
Eh vow bonnie,
And he's turned her round and made her stand,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

" Its whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Eh vow bonnie,
Or will ye die by my wee pen knife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie?"

" I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Eh vow bonnie,
But I'll rather die by your wee penknife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

He's killed this may and he's laid her by,
Eh vow bonnie,
For to bear the red rose company,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,
Eh vow bonnie,
And he's turn'd her round and made her stand,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

Says, "will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Eh vow bonnie,
Or will ye die by my wee penknife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Eh vow bonnie,
Nor will I die by your wee penknife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"For I hae a brother in this wood,
Eh vow bonnie,
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

"What's thy brother's name, come tell to me?
Eh vow bonnie."
"My brother's name is Baby Lon,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

"O sister, sister, what have I done,
Eh vow bonnie,
Oh have I done this ill to thee,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie?

"O since I've done this evil deed,
Eh vow bonnie,
Good sall never be seen o' me,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

He's taken out his wee penknife,
Eh vow bonnie,
And he's twyned himsel o' his ain sweet life,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

THE DÆMON LOVER.

"THIS ballad, which contains some verses of merit, was taken down from recitation by Mr. William Laidlaw, tenant in Traquair-knowe. It contains a legend, which, in various shapes, is current in Scotland. I remember to have heard a ballad in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a beautiful maiden; but, disconcerted by the holy herbs which she wore in her bosom, makes the following lines the burden of his courtship:—

Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
Lay aside the St. John's wort and the vervain.

The heroine of the following tale was unfortunately without any similar protection."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

It would be unfair to imagine for a moment that the Editor of the meritorious work now quoted made any addition to this ballad, other than was furnished by his correspondent; but Mr. Laidlaw, it is suspected, may have improved upon its naked original—for with all our industry we have not been able to find it in a more perfect state than this:

"I have seven ships upon the sea,
Laden with the finest gold,
And mariners to wait us upon—
All these you may behold.

"And I have shoes for my love's feet,
Beaten of the purest gold,
And lined wi' the velvet soft,
To keep my love's feet from the cold.

"O how do you love the ship," he said,
"Or how do you love the sea?
And how do you love the bold mariners,
That wait upon thee and me."

"O I do love the ship," she said,
"And I do love the sea;
But woe be to the dim mariners,
That nowhere I can see."

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but one,
When she began to weep and mourn,
And to think on her little wee son.

"O hold your tongue, my dear," he said,
"And let all your weeping abee,

For I'll soon show to you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but two,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
From his gay robes sticking thro'.

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but three,
When dark dark grew his eerie looks,
And raging grew the sea.

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but four,
When the little wee ship ran round about,
And never was seen more!

The above is but a meagre skeleton of Mr. Laidlaw's edition, which it will be observed is embellished with divers "pleasant hills and dreary mountains of snow," not to be found in any chart of those days, but of whose bearings the Fiend pilot seems to have had a distinct knowledge, and even has the complacency to inform his fair voyager that they are the headlands of two very opposite regions, and that to the more uncomfortable of the two, he is steering his course. Another circumstance in which they vary, is in the remarkable progressive growth of the Demon as they near the "dreary mountains;" in which particular he resembles that malevolent genius, mentioned in an Arabian fiction, whom the wisdom of Solomon had one time sealed up in a jar, and pitched into the sea, in whose depths he slumbered peaceably till some unfortunate wight had the ill luck to fish up the jar in which this bad spirit was condensed, and the temerity to break its potent seal. The copy given above likewise wants that melancholy concert of "wailing snow-white sprites" of the ocean, which ushers in the fifth act

of this fearful tragedy; but both copies are agreed as to the manner in which the real character of the hero was discovered, namely, by the mal-formation of his feet.—And happy it is that the arch-enemy, despite of his innumerable disguises and consummate cunning, can be thus easily unmasked, owing to the unalterable clumsiness of his lower extremities. The horns, with which vulgar superstition has also decorated his brow, it would appear can be put off or on as he may have a mind; but the villainous hoof sticks to him at all times, and will neither be shaken off nor metamorphosed into any thing like the foot of a rational biped.

"O WHERE have you been my long, long love,
This long seven years and mair?"
"Oh I'm come to seek my former vows,
Ye granted me before."

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e;
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might have had a king's daughter,
Far far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yer sell ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane."

"O faulse are the vows o' womankind,
But fair is their faulse bodie;
I never wad hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"

"I have seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought mè to land;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
  Kissed them baith cheek and chin:
"O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
  For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
  No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
  And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
  A league, but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
  And drumlie grew his e'e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
  Bent not on the heaving seas;
But the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
  Filled not in the eastland breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
  A league, but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
  And she wept right bitterlie.

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
  "Of your weeping now let me be;

"I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seemed to be;
Until that the tops o' the gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark and the wind grew loud,
And the levin filled her e'e;
And waesome wailed the snow-white sprites,
Upon the gurlie sea.

He strack the tapmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

SYR CAULINE.

THIS ancient and beautiful romantic ballad is given from Percy's Reliques, in which it was first published, from that folio MS. about whose existence the late Mr. Ritson was so sceptical. The editor candidly confesses that he was tempted to add several stanzas to the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting. How much it owes to the taste and genius of its editor we have not the means of ascertaining; but, that his interpolations and additions have been very considerable, any one, acquainted with ancient minstrelsy, will have little room to doubt. We suspect too that the original ballad had a less melancholy catastrophe, and that the brave Syr Cauline, after his combat with the "hend Soldan," derived as much benefit from the leechcraft of fair Christabelle as he did after winning the Eldridge sword.

Between this ballad and some parts of the metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, the late Mr. Finlay of Glasgow affects to discover a resemblance, but he has not condescended to trace a parallel between them. Indeed, we cannot help thinking, for all he says to the contrary, that his reasoning is no whit superior to Fluellin's, "there is a river at Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth:" and according to Mr. Finlay, "there is an Irish king and his daughter in Syr Cauline;" and there is "also moreover an Irish king and his daughter in Sir Tristrem." The concealed love of Syr Cauline for one so much above his station will remind the reader of the gentle

——— Squyer of lowe degrè
That loved the king's doughter of Hungre.

THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed,
To be theyr wedded feere.[1]

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.[2]

Till on a daye it so befell
Great dill[3] to him was dight;[4]
The mayden's love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye;

"And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun[5] dye."

And when our parish-masse was done,
Our king was bowne[6] to dyne:
He says, "Where is Syr Cauline
That is wont to serve the wyne?"

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
"Syr Cauline is sicke, and like to dye,
Without a good leechinge."[7]

"Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine;
Goe take him doughe and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
Lothe I were him to tine."[8]

Fair Christabelle to his chamber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye;
"O well," she sayth, "how doth my lord?"
"O sicke, thou fair ladye."

" Now ryse up wightyle, man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee,
For it is told in my father's halle
You dye for love of mee."

" Fayre ladye it is for your love,
That all this dill I drye:[9]
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No longer wold I lye."

" Sir knight, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be your fere."

" O ladye, thou art a kinge's daughter,
And I am not thy peere;
But, let me doe some deedes of armes,
To be your bacheleere."

" Some deedes of armes, if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee.)

"Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne
Upon the mores brodinge;[10]
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all night,
Untill the fayre morninge?

"For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne;
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scath and scorne.

"That knight he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone."

"Now on the Eldridge hill I'll walke
For thy sake, fair ladie;
And I'll either bring you a ready token,
Or I'll never more you see."

The ladye is gone to her own chaumbere,
Her maydens following bright;
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night."

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne;
Quoth hee, "If cryance [11] come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne."

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtell:

And soe faste he called on Syr Cauline,
"O man I rede thee flye,
For but if cryance comes till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye."

He saith, "No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I will not flee;
For cause thou minged [12] not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee."

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:

Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children bare,
  Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
  And layden on full faste,
Till helme and howberke, mail and sheelde,
  They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
  And stiffe in stower[13] did stande;
But Syr Cauline, with a "backward" stroke
  He smote off his right hand;
That soone he, with pain, and lacke of bloud,
  Fell down on that lay-land.

Then up Syr Cauline lift his brande,
  All over his head so hye:
"And here I sweare by the holy roode,
  Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye."

Then up and came that ladye bright,
  Fast wringing of her hande:
"For the mayden's love, that most you love,
  Withhold thy deadlye brande.

" For the mayden's love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more, I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye."

" Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,[14]
And thereto plight thy hand:

" And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sport gamon[15] or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye."

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes,
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey Syr Cauline's hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte,
Sett him in his saddle anone;
And the Eldridge knight, and his ladye,
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold,
Of knightes that had been slone.

Then he took up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he took off those ringes five,
As brighte as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Syr Cauline,
As light as leafe on tree;
I wys he neither stint ne blanne,[16]
Till he did his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee,
Before that ladye gay;
"O ladye, I have bin on Eldridge hills,
These tokens I bring away."

"Now welcome, welcome, Syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now, I perceive, thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free."

"O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye;
And mought[17] I hope to winne thy love!"—
No more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette[18] a gentill sighe;
"Alas! syr knight, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

"But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
I'll promise, if thee I may not wedde,
I will have none other fere."

Then she held forthe her lilly-white hand,
Towards that knighte so free;
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

"But keep my counsayl, Syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe."

From that daye forthe, that ladye fayre,
  Lovyde Syr Cauline the knighte;
From that daye forthe, he only joyde
  When shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette
  Within a fayre arboure,
Where they, in love, and sweet daliaunce,
  Past many a pleasaunt houre.

THE SECOND PART.

Everye white will have its blacke,
  And everye sweete its soure:
This founde the ladye Christabelle
  In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Syr Cauline
  Was with that ladye faire,
The king her father walked forthe
  To take the evenying aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and Syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge he sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
"Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladie."

Then forthe Syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe:
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was Syr Cauline's friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee:
I praye you save Syr Cauline's life,
And let him banisht bee."

"Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome:
But here I will make the a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule death is his doome."

III

All woe-begone was that gentill knight
To parte from his ladye;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye;
" Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye."

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe,
To tint her lover soe:
" Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true."

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lorde of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never shee wolde them nye.[19]

When manye a day was past and gone,
  Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tournament,
  To cheere his daughter's mind.

And there came lords, and there came knightes,
  Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a spere for theyr ladye's love,
  Before that faire ladye.

And manye a ladye there was sette,
  In purple and in palle;
But fair Christabelle, so woe-begone,
  Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might
  Before his ladye gaye;
But a stranger knighte whom no man knewe,
  He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
  His hawberke and his sheelde;

Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knew whence he did gone,
  When they came from the feelde.[20]

And now three days were prestlye past
  In feats of chivalrye.
When lo, upon the fourth morninge,
  A sorrowfulle sight they see:

A hugye giant, stiffe and starke,
  All foule of limbe and lere,
Two gogling eyen, like fire farden,
  A mouth from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
  That waited on his knee;
And at his backe, five heads he bore,
  All wan and pale of blee.[21]

"Sir," quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
  "Behold that hend[22] Soldain!
Behold these heads I bear with me!
  They are knights which he hath slain.

"The Eldridge knighte is his own cousine,
Whom a knighte of thine hath shent;[23]
And he is to come to avenge his wrong:
And to thee, all thy knights among,
Defiance here hath sent.

"But yette he will appease his wrath,
Thy daughter's love to winne;
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayde,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.[24]

"Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee,
Or else thy daughter deere:
Or else within these lists soe broad,
Thou must find him a peere."

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
"Is there never a knighte of my round table
This matter will undergoe?

"Is there never a knight amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme Soldan,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

" For he shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crown be heyre;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle
To be his wedded fere."

But every knighte of his round table
Did stand both still and pale;
For, whenever they lookt on the grim Soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she saw no help was nye:
She cast her thought on her own true love,
And the tears gusht from her eye.

Up then stert the stranger knighte,
Sayde " Ladye, be not affrayd;
I'll fight for thee with this grimme Soldan,
Though he unmacklye[23] made.

" And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I trust in Christe for to slaye this fiend,
Though he be stiff and stowre."

"Goe fetch him down the Eldridge sworde,"
The king he cried, "with speed:
Nowe, heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede."

The gyant, he stepped into the lists,
And sayde, "Awaye, awaye;
I sweare, as I am the hend Soldan,
Thou lettest[26] me here all daye."

Then forthe the stranger knighte he came,
In his black armoure dighte;
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knighte."

And nowe the gyant and the knighte be mett,
Within the listes soe broad;
And nowe, with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.[27]

The Soldan struck the knighte a stroke
That made him reele asyde;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
And thrice she deeplye sighde.

The Soldan strucke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe;
All payle and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The Soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad sorrow pierced that ladye's heart
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The lengthe he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain;
Quoth hee, "But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine."

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drove it into the Soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
When they saw the Soldan falle:
The ladye wept and thanked Christe,
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And now the kinge, with all his barons,
  Rose up from off his seate,
And down he stepped into the listes
  That curteous knighte to greete:

But he, for payne and lacke of bloude,
  Was fallen into a swounde,
And there, all weltering in his gore,
  Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

"Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
  Thou art a leeche of skill;
Farre lever[28] had I lose halfe my landes
  Than this good knighte should spille."

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
  To help him if she maye:
But when she did his beavere raise,
"It is my life, my lord," she sayes,
  And shriekt and swounde awaye.

Syr Cauline just lifte up his eyes
  When he heard his ladye crye:
"O ladye, I am thine own true love;
  For thee I wisht to dye."

Then giving her one parting look,
He closed his eyes in death;
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Began to draw her breathe.

But when she founde her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone;
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moan:

"O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For me, thy faithfulle feere;
'Tis meete that I sholde followe thee,
Who hast bought my love soe deare."

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deep fette sighe,
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

---

1 *Feere*, mate, companion.—2 *May*, maiden.—3 *Dill*, grief.—4 *Dight*, wrought.—5 *Mun*, must.—6 *Bowne*, made ready.—7 *Leechinge*, medicinal cure.—8 *Tine*, lose.—9 *Drye*, suffer.—10 *Mores brodinge*, wide downs, or moors? We are not satisfied with this explanation. Bro-

dinge, we apprehend, refers to the thorn, and not to the moors; and is equivalent to spreading, or umbrageous.—11 *Cryance*, fear.—12 *Minged*, mentioned.—13 *Stower*, battle, O. Fr. Estour.—14 *Laye*, law.—15 *Gamon*, fight.—16 *Blanne*, ceased.—17 *Mought*, might.—18 *Fette*, fetched, hewed.—19 *Nee*, nigh, come nigh.

20 Sir Cauline here acts up to the genuine spirit of perfect chivalry. In old romances no incident is of more frequent occurrence than this of knights already distinguished for feats of arms, laying asid etheir wonted cognizances, and, under the semblance of stranger knights, manfully performing right worshipful and valiant deeds. How often is the renowned Arthur in such exhibitions obliged to exclaim, "O Jhesu, what knyghte is that arrayed all in grene, (or as the case may be,) he justeth myghtely!" The Emperor of Almaine, in like manner, after the timely succour afforded him by Syr Gowhter, is anxious to learn the name of his modest but unknown deliverer.

Now dere God said the Empor.
When com the knyght that is so styfe and stowre
And al araide in rede
Both hors, armour, and his steede?
A thowsand sarezyns he hath made blede
And beteen hem to dethe.
That heder is come to help me,
And yesterday in blak was he,
That stered hem in that stede.
And so he will er he goo hens
His dentis be hevy as lede.

In the Romance of Roswall and Lillian Dissawer resorts to the same devices as Sir Gowhter. In this incident the one seems to be almost a literal transcript of the other.

Page 113, *Prestlye*, Bishop Percy says means quickly, readily. Query, Was the glossarist not dreaming of the juggler's word, *presto*, at the time he gave this signification? If the word occurs so written in the folio MS. from which the ballad is taken, it is nothing else than a contraction for presentlye.

21 *Blee*, complexion.—22 *Hend*, courteous.—23 *Shent*, injured.—24 *Brenne*, burn.—25 *Unmacklye*, misshapen.—26 *Lettest*, hinderest, detainest.—27 *Lay on load*, give blows.—28 *Lever*, rather, the comparative of *lief*.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

This fragment is given from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

THERE lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she:
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me
In earthly flesh and blood!

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in any sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

* * * *

"Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well,
For a' my house shall feast this night
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide:
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

* * * *

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna crawed but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother we must awa'.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin'[1] worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire."

* * * *

[1] *Channerin'*, fretting.

SIR ROLAND.

THIS fragment, we believe, has never before been printed. It was communicated to us by an ingenious friend, who remembered having heard it sung in his youth. A good many verses at the beginning, some about the middle, and one or two at the end, seem to be wanting. More sanguine antiquaries than we are, might, from the similarity of names, imagine they had in this ballad discovered the original romance whence Shakspeare had given this line—

> "Child Rowland to the dark tower came."
>
> King Lear, Act III.

The story is of a very gloomy and superstitious texture. A young lady, on the eve of her marriage, invited her lover to a banquet, where she murders him in revenge for some real or fancied neglect. Alarmed for her own safety, she betakes herself to flight; and, in the course of her journey, she sees a stranger knight riding slowly before her, whom she at first seeks to shun, by pursuing an opposite direction; but, on finding that wheresoever she turned, he still appeared between her and the moonlight, she resolves to overtake him. This, however, she finds in vain, till, of his own accord, he stays for her at the brink of a broad river. They agree to cross it; and, when in the mid stream, she implores his help to save her from drowning—to her horror she finds her fellow-traveller to be no other than the gaunt apparition of her dead lover.

* * * *

WHAN he cam to his ain luve's bouir
He tirl'd at the pin,
And sae ready was his fair fause luve
To rise and let him in.

"O welcome, welcome, Sir Roland," she says,
"Thrice welcome thou art to me,
For this night thou wilt feast in my secret bouir,
And to-morrow we'll wedded be."

"This night is hallow-eve," he said,
"And to-morrow is hallow-day;
And I dreamed a drearie dream yestreen,
That has made my heart fu' wae.

"I dreamed a drearie dream yestreen,
And I wish it may cum to gude:
I dreamed that ye slew my best grew hound,
And gied me his lappered blude."

* * * *

Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland," she said,
" And set you safely down."
" O your chamber is very dark, fair maid,
And the night is wondrous lown."

" Yes, dark, dark is my secret bowir,
And lown the midnight may be,
For there is none waking in a' this tower,
But thou, my true love, and me."

* * * *

She has mounted on her true love's steed,
By the ae light o' the moon ;
She has whipped him and spurred him,
And roundly she rade frae the toun.

She hadna ridden a mile o' gate,
Never a mile but ane,
Whan she was aware of a tall young man,
Slow riding o'er the plain.

She turned her to the right about,
Then to the left turn'd she,

But aye, 'tween her and the wan moonlight,
That tall knight did she see.

And he was riding burd alane,
On a horse as black as jet,
But tho' she followed him fast and fell,
No nearer could she get.

"O stop! O stop! young man," she said,
"For I in dule am dight;
O stop, and win a fair lady's luve,
If you be a leal true knight."

But nothing did the tall knight say,
And nothing did he blin;
Still slowly rode he on before,
And fast she rade behind.

She whipped her steed, she spurred her steed,
Till his breast was all a foam,
But nearer unto that tall young knight,
By our ladye she could not come.

" O if you be a gay young knight,
As well I trow you be,
Pull tight your bridle reins, and stay
Till I come up to thee."

But nothing did that tall knight say,
And no whit did he blin,
Until he reached a broad river's side,
And there he drew his rein.

" O, is this water deep," he said,
" As it is wondrous dun ?
Or is it sic as a saikless maid,
And a leal true knight may swim ?"

" The water it is deep," she said,
" As it is wondrous dun ;
But it is sic as a saikless maid,
And a leal true knight may swim."

The knight spurred on his tall black steed,
The lady spurred on her brown ;
And fast they rade unto the flood,
And fast they baith swam down.

"The water weets my tae;" she said,
"The water weets my knee,
And hold up my bridle reins, sir knight,
For the sake of Our Ladye."

"If I would help thee now," he said,
"It were a deadly sin,
For I've sworn neir to trust a fair may's word,
Till the water weets her chin."

"O the water weets my waist," she said,
Sae does it weet my skin,
And my aching heart rins round about,
The burn maks sic a din.

"The water is waxing deeper still,
Sae does it wax mair wide,
And aye the farther that we ride on
Farther off is the other side.

"O help me now, thou false false knight,
Have pity on my youth,
For now the water jawes owre my head,
And it gurgles in my mouth."

The knight turned right and round about,
All in the middle stream,
And he stretched out his head to that lady,
But loudly she did scream.

"O this is hallow-morn," he said,
"And it is your bridal day,
But sad would be that gay wedding,
If bridegroom and bride were away.

"And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret!
Till the water comes o'er your bree,
For the bride maun ride deep, and deeper yet,
Wha rides this ford wi' me.

"Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret!
Turn ye round and look on me,
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust
And his ghost now links on with thee."

* * * *

FAUSE FOODRAGE

WAS first published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, where it is stated to be given chiefly from Mrs. Brown of Falkland's MSS. The Ballad is popular in Scotland, and there can be no reasonable doubt of its authenticity. Like others, however, it has lost none of its beauties by being distilled through the alembic established at Abbotsford for the purification of Ancient Song.

KING Easter has courted her for her lands,
  King Wester for her fee;
King Honour for her comely face,
  And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
  As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
  Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevils them amang,
  And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
  Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay,
  Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him Fause Foodrage,
  And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
  And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gay ladye
  In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
  When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
  That watch and ward did keep.

O, four and twenty silver keys
  Hung hie upon a pin;
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
  He has fastened it him behind.

Then up and raise him king Honour,
  Says—"What means a' this din?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
  Or wha has loot you in?"

"O ye my errand weel sall learn,
Before that I depart."
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee:
"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
For I never injured thee.

O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
Until I lighter be!
And see gin it be lad or lass,
King Honour has left wi' me."

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
"Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He sall be hanged hie.

I winna spare for his tender age,
Nor yet for his hie hie kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He sall mount the gallows pin."

O four and twenty valiant knights
  Were set the queen to guard!
And four stood aye at her bouir door
  To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
  That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile,
  To set her body free.

O she has birled these merry young men,
  With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were as deadly drunk
  As any wild wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow, is this window,
  And big, big, am I grown!"
Yet through the might of Our Ladye,
  Out at it she has gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,
  She wandered out and in;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,
  The queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevils them amang
  Which suld gae seek the queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
  And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
  The queen fell on her knee;
"Win up, win up, madam!" she says,
  "What needs this courtesie?

"O out o' this I winna rise,
  Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
  King Honour left me wi'.

And ye maun learn my gay goss hawk,
  Right weel to breast a steed;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
  As weel to write and read.

And ye maun learn my gay goss hawk
  To wield baith bow and brand;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
  To lay gowd with her hand.

At kirk and market when we meet,
  We'll dare mak nae avowe,
But,—'Dame, how does my gay goss **hawk**?'
  'Madame, how does my dow?'"

When days were gane, and years come on,
  Wise William he thought lang;
And he's ta'en king Honour's son
  A hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
  Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell
  Stood on a sunny brae.

"O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
  Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain
  Of it you suld be heir."

"How I suld be heir of that castell,
  In sooth I canna see:
For it belangs to Fause Foodrage,
  And he is na kin to me."

"O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
You would do but what was right;
For, I wot, he killed your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light.

And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she daurna take ye hame."

The boy stared wild, like a gray goss hawk:
Says—"What may a' this mean?"
"My boy, ye are king Honour's son,
And your mother's our lawful queen."

"O gin I be king Honour's son,
By Our Ladye, I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And relieve my mother dear!"

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized Fause Foodrage,
Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

"O haud your tongue now, Fause Foodrage,
Frae me ye shanna flee."
Syne pierced him through the fause fause heart
And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William
Wi' the best half of his land;
And sae has he the turtle dow
Wi' the truth o' his right hand.

Kevils—Lots. Both words originally meant only a portion or share of any thing. *Leges Burgorum*, cap. 59, de lot, cut or cavil. *Statuta Gildæ*, cap. 20—*Nullus emat lanam*, &c.—*nisi fuerit confrater Gildæ*, &c. *Neque* lot, *neque* cavil, *habeat cum aliquo confratre nostro.* In both these laws, *lot* and *cavil* signify a share in trade.—*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. 3. In an inventory of the goods and gear belonging to an ancestor of the Editor's, dated 23d June, 1692, this word occurs not as a substantive, but as a verb: "*Item*, twa pair of iron harnes. *Item*, yr. is in the cloase chist ane coffer wt. peapers after mentioned, viz. (some of the papers are here enumerated); and ordaines the four curators to *cavell* for keeping of the coffer and peapers, and to take up ane just inventur of the sd. discharges, as they will be ansuerable."

Dow—Dove. *Lay goud*—To embroider in gold.

FAIR JANET.

THIS is by far the most complete, and apparently genuine, copy that we have yet met with, of the Ballad which is usually printed under the title of "Willie and Annet," or of that improved version of the same Ballad, published by Mr. Finlay, under the title of "Sweet Willie." It is taken from the "Ballad Book," a volume of extreme rarity,* edited by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, to whose kindness we stand indebted for this and many other similar favours.

To "Fair Janet," Mr. Sharpe has prefixed the following notice. "This Ballad, the subject of which appears to have been very popular, is printed as it was sung by an old woman in Perthshire. The air is extremely beautiful." From the Ballads of "Willie and Annet" and "Sweet Willie," we have taken three stanzas, and inserted them in this copy, but these are enclosed by brackets, so as to preserve the purity and integrity of Mr. Sharpe's text undisturbed.

"YE maun gang to your father, Janet,
  Ye maun gang to him soon;
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
  In case that his days are dune!"

* Only thirty copies were printed for distribution among the editor's private friends.

Janet's awa' to her father,
As fast as she could hie;
"O, what's your will wi' me, father?
O, what's your will wi' me?"

"My will wi' you, Fair Janet," he said,
"It is both bed and board;
Some say that ye lo'e Sweet Willie,
But ye maun wed a French Lord."

"A French Lord maun I wed, father?
A French Lord maun I wed?
Then, by my sooth," quo' Fair Janet,
"He's ne'er enter my bed."

Janet's awa' to her chamber,
As fast as she could go;
Wha's the first ane that tapped there,
But Sweet Willie her jo!

"O we maun part this love, Willie,
That has been lang between;
There's a French Lord coming o'er the sea
To wed me wi' a ring;

There's a French Lord coming o'er the sea
To wed and tak me hame."

"If we maun part this love, Janet,
It causeth mickle woe;
If we maun part this love, Janet,
It makes me into mourning go."

"But ye maun gang to your three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean;
Tell them to come to Fair Janet,
In case that her days are dune."

Willie's awa' to his three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean;
"O haste, and gang to Fair Janet,
I fear that her days are dune."

Some drew to them their silken hose,
Some drew to them their shoon,
Some drew to them their silk manteils,
Their coverings to put on;
And they're awa' to Fair Janet,
By the hie light o' the moon.

* * * *

"O, I have born this babe, Willie,
Wi' mickle toil and pain;
Take hame, take hame, your babe, Willie,
For nurse I dare be nane."

He's tane his young son in his arms,
And kist him cheek and chin—
And he's awa' to his mother's bower,
By the hie light o' the moon.

"O, open, open, mother," he says,
"O, open, and let me in;
The rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew drops o'er my chin—
And I hae my young son in my arms,
I fear that his days are dune."

With her fingers lang and sma'
She lifted up the pin;
And with her arms lang and sma'
Received the baby in.

" Gae back, gae back, now Sweet Willie,
And comfort your fair lady;
For where ye had but ae nourice
Your young son shall hae three."

Willie he was scarce awa;
And the lady put to bed,
When in and came her father dear,
" Make haste, and busk the bride."

"There's a sair pain in my head, father,
There's a sair pain in my side;
And ill, oh ill, am I, father,
This day for to be a bride."

" O ye maun busk this bonny bride,
And put a gay mantle on;
For she shall wed this auld French Lord,
Gin she should die the morn."

Some put on the gay green robes,
And some put on the brown,
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
To shine foremost through the town.

And some they mounted the black steed,
  And some mounted the brown,
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
  To ride foremost through the town.

"O, wha will guide your horse, Janet?
  O, wha will guide him best?"
"O, wha but Willie, my true love,
  He kens I lo'e him best."

And when they cam to Marie's kirk,
  To tye the haly ban;
Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
  And her colour gaed and cam.

When dinner it was past and done,
  And dancing to begin;
"O, we'll go take the bride's maidens,
  And we'll go fill the ring."

O ben then cam the auld French Lord,
  Saying, "Bride, will ye dance with me?"
"Awa', awa,' ye auld French Lord,
  Your face I downa see."

O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
He came with ane advance;
"O, I'll go tak the bride's maidens,
And we'll go take a dance."

"I've seen ither days wi' you, Willie,
And so has mony mae;
Ye would hae danced wi' me mysel',
Let a' my maidens gae."

O ben than cam now, Sweet Willie,
Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me?"
"Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,
Gin my back should break in three."

[And she's ta'en Willie by the hand,
The tear blinded her e'e;
"O, I wad dance wi' my true love,
Tho' bursts my heart in three!"]

She hadna turned her through the dance,
Through the dance but thrice,
When she fell down at Willie's feet,
And up did never rise!

[She's ta'en her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee;
"Gie that, gie that, to my young son,
He'll ne'er his mother see."]

Willie's ta'en the key of his coffer,
And gi'en it to his man,
"Gie hame and tell my mother dear,
My horse he has me slain;
Bid her be kind to my young son,
For father he has nane."

["Gar deal, gar deal the bread," he cried,
"Gar deal, gar deal the wine,
This day has seen my true love's death,
This night shall witness mine."]

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
And the tither in Marie's quier.
Out of the tane there grew a birk,
And the tither a bonny brier.

CLERK SAUNDERS.

"THIS romantic Ballad is taken from Mr. Herd's MSS., with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy, in the same volume, and one or two conjectural emendations in the arrangement of the stanzas. The resemblance of the conclusion to the Ballad beginning, "There came a ghost to Margaret's door," will strike every reader. The Tale is uncommonly wild and beautiful, and apparently very correct. The custom of the passing bell is still kept up in many villages in Scotland. The sexton goes through the town ringing a small bell, and announcing the death of the departed, and the time of the funeral. The three concluding verses have been recovered since the first edition of this work; and I am informed by the reciter, that it was usual to separate from the rest that part of the Ballad which follows the death of the lovers, as belonging to another story. For this, however, there seems no necessity, as other authorities give the whole as a complete Tale." *Border Minstrelsy, Vol. II.* p. 405, *5th Edition.*

Two different copies of this pathetic and deeply interesting Ballad have been published; the one by the Author of the admirable work above quoted, which is followed here, and the other by Mr. Jamieson, which, though of inferior beauty, is not the less valuable, as illustrating the transmutations to which traditionary song is inevitably subjected. To the copy we have adopted, we were almost inclined to prefix the following verses, which begin the copy preserved by Mr. Jamieson:—

Clerk Saunders was an Earl's son,
  He liv'd upon sea sand;
May Margaret was a king's daughter,
  She liv'd in upper land.

Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
  Weel learned at the scheel;
May Margaret was a king's daughter,
  They baith lo'ed ither weel,

Because they supply information as to the rank in society respectively held by these ill-fated lovers, and by hinting at the scholastic acquirements of Clerk Saunders, they prepare us for the casuistry by which he seeks to reconcile May Margaret's conscience to a most jesuitical oath.

CLERK SAUNDERS and May Margaret,
  Walked over yon garden green;
And sad and heavy was the love
  That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
  "A bed for you and me!"
"Fye, na, fye, na," said May Margaret,
  "Till anes we married be.

"For in may come my seven bauld brothers,
  Wi' torches burning bright;
They'll say—'We hae but ae sister,
  And behold she's wi' a knight!'"

"Then take the sword frae my scabbard,
And slowly lift the pin;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

"And take a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonnie een;
And ye may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and cam her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red.

When in and cam her seven brothers,
Wi' torches shining bright;
They said—"We hae but ae sister,
And behold her lying wi' a knight!"

Then out and spake the first o' them,
"I bear the sword shall gar him die!"
And out and spake the second o' them,
"His father has nae mair than he!"

And out and spake the third o' them,
"I wot that they are lovers dear!"
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
"They hae been in love this mony a year!"

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
"It were great sin true love to twain!"
And out and spake the sixth o' them,
"It were shame to slay a sleeping man!"

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spake he;
But he has striped his bright brown brand,
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turned
Into his arms as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw,
And kindly to him she did say,
"It's time, true love, you were awa."

But he lay still and sleeped sound,
  Albeit the sun began to sheen;
She looked atween her and the wa'
  And dull and drowsie were his een.

Then in and came her father dear,
  Said—"Let a' your mourning be;
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
  And I'll come back and comfort thee."

"Comfort weel your seven sons,
  For comforted will I never be;
I ween 'twas neither knave nor lown
  Was in the bower last night wi' me."

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
  To carry the dead corpse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at May Margaret's
    window,
  I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Margaret," he says,
  "Or are ye walking presently?
Give me my faith and troth again,
  I wot, true love, I gave to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
  Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
  And kiss me cheek and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
  It has the smell now of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
  Thy days of life will not be lang.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
  I wot, the wild-fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
  And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
  And our true love sall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes of women,
  I wat, who die in strong traivelling?"

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
  Down at the feet of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers,
  I wot sweet company for to see.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot, the wild-fowls are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I ere now will be missed away."

Then she has ta'en a chrystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Margaret; I thank ye, Margaret;
And aye I thank ye heartilie;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Margaret, I'll come for thee."

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
She climbed the wall and followed him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders?
Where fain, fain, I would sleep."

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now:
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding sheet:
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Than my resting place is weet.

"But plait a wand o' bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

"And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' veritie,
Gin ere ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

Then up and crew the milk white cock,
And up and crew the gray;
Her lover vanished in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET.

THIS fragment, which Mr. Jamieson has published, and which possesses considerable merit, he states was procured from Mrs. Brown of Falkland—a lady to whom much of the traditionary poetry of Scotland is mainly indebted for preservation.

"GIE corn to my horse, mither,
Gie meat unto my man;
For I maun gang to Margaret's
Before the nicht comes on."

"O stay at home now, my son Willie!
The wind blaws cald and dour;
The nicht will be baith mirk and late
Before ye reach her bower."

"O, though the night were ever sae dark,
Or the wind blew never sae cald,

I will be in my Margaret's bower
  Before twa hours be tald."

"O gin ye gang to May Margaret,
  Without the leave of me,
Clyde's water's wide and deep enough;—
  My malisoun drown thee!"

He mounted on his coal-black steed,
  And fast he rade awa;
But, ere he came to Clyde's water,
  Fu' loud the wind did blaw.

As he rode o'er yon hich, hich hill,
  And down yon dowie den,
There was a roar in Clyde water
  Wad fear'd a hunder men.

His heart was warm, his pride was up;
  Sweet Willie kentna fear;
But yet his mother's malison
  Ay sounded in his ear.

O he has swam through Clyde water
  Though it was wide and deep;

And he came to May Margaret's door
When a' were fast asleep.

O he's gane round and round about,
And tirled at the pin;
But doors were steek'd, and windows barr'd,
And nane wad let him in.

"O, open the door to me, Margaret—
O, open and let me in!
For my boots are full o' Clyde's water,
And frozen to the brim."

"I darena open the door to you,
Nor darena lat you in;
For my mither she is fast asleep,
And darena mak nae din."

"O gin ye winna open the door,
Nor yet be kind to me,
Now tell me o' some out chamber
Where I this nicht may be."

"Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,
Nor here ye canna be;

For I've nae chambers out nor in,
  Nae ane but barely three:

"The tane o' them is fu' o' corn,
  The tither is fu' o' hay—
The tither is fu' o' merry young men,
  They winna remove till day."

"O, fare ye weel, then, May Margaret,
  Sin' better mauna be;
I've win my mother's malison
  Coming this nicht to thee."

He's mounted on his coal-black steed—
  O, but his heart was wae!
But, ere he came to Clyde water,
  'Twas half up o'er the brae.

* * * *

————he plunged in,
But never raise again.

THE following lines are written, in an old hand, in a copy of Lovelace's Lucaste, London, 1679.

A STEED! a steed of matchlesse speede!
A sword of metal keene!
Al else to noble heartes is drosse—
Al else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war horse prowde,
The rowleinge of the drum,
The clangour of the trumpet lowde—
Be soundes from heaven that come.
And, oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
Whenas their war-cryes swelle,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rowse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte brave Gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine;
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish tears shal fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
Heart-whole we'll parte, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land.

Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
  Thus weepe and puling crye;
Our businesse is like men to fighte,
  And, like to Heroes, die!

THE CRUEL MOTHER.

A SMALL fragment of this ballad appeared in the introductory note to the ballad of Lady Anne, printed in the Border Minstrelsy, volume 2. Through the kindness of a friend we are now enabled to give the ballad in a complete state. Like many other ancient pieces of a similar description, it has a burden of no meaning and much childishness; the repetition of which, at the end of the first and third lines of every stanza, has been omitted. The reader, however, has a right to have the ballad as we received it; and, therefore, he may, in the first of the places pointed out, insert

"Three, three, and three by three;"

and, in the second,

"Three, three, and thirty-three;"

which will give him it entire and unmutilated.

She leaned her back unto a thorn,
And there she has her two babes born.

She took frae 'bout her ribbon-belt,
And there she bound them hand and foot.

She has ta'en out her wee penknife,
And there she ended baith their life.

She has howked a hole baith deep and wide,
She has put them in baith side by side.

She has covered them o'er wi' a marble stane,
Thinking she would gang maiden hame.

As she was walking by her father's castle wa',
She saw twa pretty babes playing at the ba'.

"O bonnie babes gin ye were mine,
I would dress you up in satin fine!

"O I would dress you in the silk,
And wash you ay in morning milk!"

"O cruel mother! we were thine,
And thou made us to wear the twine.

"O cursed mother! heaven's high,
And that's where thou will ne'er win nigh.

"O cursed mother! hell is deep,
And there thou'll enter step by step."

THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT.

FOR the recovery of this interesting Ballad, hitherto supposed to have been lost, the public is indebted to the industrious research of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. of Edinburgh, by whom it was obligingly communicated for insertion in the present Collection. It has already appeared in a small volume of exceeding rarity, privately printed at Edinburgh, in the beginning of 1824, under the title of "A North Countrie Garland;" but with this disadvantage of containing a very considerable number of slight verbal and literal inaccuracies, which in the present copy are carefully corrected by collation with Mr. Sharpe's MS. The Ballad itself has a high degree of poetic merit, and probably was written at the time by an eye-witness of the event which it records; for there is a horrid vivacity of colouring and circumstantial minuteness in the description of the agonies of the unhappy sufferers which none but a spectator could have given.

The guilt or innocence of Frendraught and his Lady has been, and perhaps will always be, problematical; it were but a fruitless waste of words now to seek to prove the one or to establish the other.

Spalding, whom Gordon, in his "History of the Illustrious Family of Gordon," says, "lived not far from the place, and had his account from eye-witnesses," thus minutely details the circumstances on which the Ballad is founded :—

"Upon the first of January, 1630, the laird of Frendraught and his complices fell in a trouble with William Gordon of Rothemay and his complices, where the said William was unhappily slain, being a gallant gentleman, and on Frendraught's side was slain George Gordon, brother to James Gordon of Lesmoir, and divers others were hurt on both sides. The marquis of Huntly, and some well-set friends settled this feud, and Frendraught ordained to pay to the lady relict of Rothemay and the bairns, fifty thousand merks in composition of the slaughter, whilk as was said was truly paid.

"Upon the 27th September, 1630, the laird of Frendraught, having in his company Robert Crightoun of Candlan, and James Lesly, son to John Lesly of Pitcaple, with some other servants, the said Robert, after some speeches, shoots the said James Lesly through the arm. They were parted, and he convoyed to Pitcaple, and the other Frendraught shot out of his company.

"Likeas Frendraught upon the fifth of October held conference with the earl of Murray in Elgin, and upon the morn he came to the Bog of Gight,* where the marquis made him welcome. Pitcaple loups on about 30 horse in jack and spear, (hearing of Frendraught's being in the Bog) upon Thursday the 7th of October, and came to the marquis, who before his coming had discreetly directed Frendraught to confer with his lady. Pitcaple heavily complains of the hurt his son had got in Frendraught's company, and rashly avowed to be revenged before he went home. The marquis alleged Frendraught had done no wrong, and dissuaded him from any trouble. Pitcaple, displeased with the marquis, suddenly went to horse, and that same day rides his own ways, leaving Frendraught behind him in the Bog, to whom the marquis revealed what conference was betwixt him and Pitcaple, and held him all that night, and would not let him go. Upon the morn, being Friday, and a night of October, the marquis caused Frendraught to breakfast lovingly and kindly; after breakfast, the marquis directs his dear son, viscount of Aboyn, with some servants, to convoy Frendraught home to his own house, if Pitcaple was laid for him by the way; John Gordon, eldest son to the late slain Rothemay, happened to be in the Bog, who would also go with Aboyn: they ride without interruption to the place of Frendraught, or sight of Pitcaple by the way. Aboyn took his leave from the laird, but upon no condition he and his lady would not suffer him to go, nor none that was with him that night, but earnestly urged him, (though against his will) to bide. They were well entertained, supped merrily, and went to bed joyfully. The viscount was laid in an bed in the Old Tower going off the hall, and standing upon a vault, wherein there was an round hole devised of old, just under Aboyn's bed. Robert Gor-

* From Gordon of Gight was maternally descended the late Lord Byron.

don, born in Sutherland, his servitor, and English Will his page, were both laid beside him in the same chamber; the laird of Rothemay with some servants beside him, was laid in an upper chamber just above Aboyn's chamber; and in another room above that chamber, was laid George Chalmers of Noth, and George Gordon, another of the viscount's servants; with them also was laid captain Rollock, then in Frendraught's own company. Thus all being at rest, about midnight, that dolorous tower took fire in so sudden and furious manner, yea and in an clap, that the noble viscount, the laird of Rothemay, English Will, Colonel Ivat, another of Aboyn's servants, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt and tormented to the death without help or relief. The laird of Frendraught, his lady, and haill household, looking on, without moving or striving to deliver them from the fury of this fearful fire, as was reported. Robert Gordon, called Sutherland Robert, being in the viscount's chamber, escaped this fire with the life. George Chalmers and Captain Rollock, being in the third room, escaped also this fire, and as was said, Aboyn might have saved himself also, if he would have gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up stairs to Rothemay's chamber and wakened him to rise; and as he is wakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win down stairs again, so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cryed, many time, Help, help! for God's cause! The laird and the lady with their servants all seeing and hearing the woeful crying, made no help nor manner of helping, which they perceiving, cried oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins, sine clasped in others arms, and cheerfully suffered their martyrdom. Thus died this noble viscount, of singular expectation, Rothemay a brave youth, and the rest, by this doleful fire, never enough to be deplored, to the great grief and sorrow of their kin, parents, and haill common people, especially to the noble marquis, who for his good will got this reward. No man can express the dolour of him and his lady, nor yet the grief of the viscount's own dear lady, when it came to her ears, which she kept to her dying day, disdaining after the company of man in her lifetime, following the love of the turtle dove.

" How soon the marquis gets word, he directs some friends to take up their ashes and burnt bones, which they could get, and as they could be kent, to put ilk one's ashes and bones in an chest, being six chests in the haill, which with great sorrow and care, was had to the kirk of Garntullie, and there buried. In the meantime the marquis writes to the lord Gordon, then dwelling in Inverness, of the accident. It is reported that upon the morn after this woeful fire, the lady Frendraught, daughter to the earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the marquis, busked in a white plaid, and riding on a small nag, having a boy leading her horse, without any more in her company, in this pitiful manner she came weeping and mourning to the Bog, desiring entry to speak with my lord, but this was refused, so she returned back to her own house the same gate she came, comfortless.

" The lord Gordon, upon the receipt of the marquis's letter, came hastily to the bog, conveened William, with whose sister the viscount was married, and many other friends, who, after serious consideration, concluded this fearful fire could not come by chance, sloth, or accident, but that it was plotted and devised of set purpose, as ye may hereafter see, whereof Frendraught, his lady, and servants and friends, one or other was upon the knowledge; so thir friends dissolves, and the marquis would not revenge himself by way of deed, but seek the laws with all diligence, whereunto he had more than reason.

" Now there was a gentleman called John Meldrum, who some time served the laird of Frendraught, and got not good payment of his fee, as he alledged, whereat he was miscontent: this Meldrum thereafter married with Pitcaple's sister, and the hurting of James Lesly made this grief the greater, and bred some suspicion of the raising of this fire, whereupon he with one John Toasch, servitor to Frendraught, and an young woman called —— Wood, daughter to the laird of Colpnay, all suspected persons to be either airt and part, or on the counsel of this fire, one or other of them, were apprehended and warded in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. This young gentlewoman was first accused before the Lords of Session, and sharply examined. She stands to her innocence, and denies all; she is therefore put into the boots, and cruelly tortured, yet confesses

nothing, whereupon she is set to liberty, as an innocent, but the other two men are kept in strait ward, where I will leve them till afterwards.

" His majesty gone to London, the lady marchioness and lady Aboyn stay behind him in Edinburgh, using all the means they could, for trial of the fire of Frendraught; at last she causes put John Meldrum and John Toasch, who ye heard before were warded in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, to trial. And first the lords, upon the second and third days of August, began to accuse the said John Meldrum what he knew anent the said fire; and therewith examined him upon certain speeches whilk he, as was alledged, had spoken concerning that purpose; he utterly denied all; and what he said was written. Thereafter the lords begins another day to re-examine him, could find no light; yet found him varying frae his first declaration in some circumstances, and therefore the lords shortly refers him to the trial of an assize, where he was convicted and condemned to be hanged to the death at the Cross of Edinburgh; his head to be stricken frae his shoulders, and his body demaimed and quartered, and set up on exemplary places of the town, in example of others to do the like. He was executed upon the —— day of August, and died without any certain and real confession, as was said, anent this doleful fire."

To the foregoing we may add the following observations on the same event, by the author of the " Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland :—

" The rumour of this vnhappie accident did spedelie spread itselff throwout the whole kingdom, everie man bevailling it, and constructing it diverslie, as ther affections led them; some laying ane aspersion vpon Frendret, as if he had wilfullie destroyed his guests, who had come thither to defend him against his enemies, which careid no appeirance of truth; for besydes the improbabilitie of the mater, he did lose therin a great quantitie of silver, both cunyeid and vncunyeid, and lykewise all his writs and evidents wer therin burnt. Others ascryved it to an accidentall fyre; but most pairt evin presentlie suspected it to come from the Leslies and ther adherents, who were then so enraged against Frendret, that they gave out openlie they wold burn the place of Frendret, and had delt to this effect with the rebell James Grant,

who wes Pitcaple his cousen-germane. This was proved in presence of the Lords of the Councell against John Meldrum and Alexander Leslie (the laird of Pitcaple his brother) by two of James Grant's men, who were apprehended at Invernesse, and sent to the Lords of the Councell by sir Robert Gordoun (tutor of Southerland) shirreff of that shire."

The case of Meldrum is noticed by Burnet, in his valuable work on the Criminal Law of Scotland, chap. 22, p. 567, as resting wholly on strong and conclusive presumptions, but on no direct evidence. The same writer mentions, that the pleadings in the case display much learning and acuteness on the subject of circumstantial evidence. One of these, namely, "An Exhortation to the Assize," by Meldrum's advocate, will be found in the Appendix to this Volume. For this curious document, copied from the Criminal Records, we are indebted to the kindness of the same gentleman from whom we had this Ballad.

This tragical event also forms the subject of two poems, written by Arthur Johnston, the one of which is entitled "Querela Sophiæ Hayæ, Dominæ de Melgeine, de morte mariti; and the other, "De Ioanne Gordonio, Vicecomite de Melgein, & Ioanne Gordonio de Rothimay in arce Frendriaca combustis." Vide *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, *Amst.* 1637, tom. I., pp. 585, &c.

The modern Ballad of "Frennet Hall" first appeared, we believe, in Herd's Collection, and was belike written by the ingenious hands to whom we are indebted for the Ballads of "Duncan" and "Kenneth," occurring in the same work; and which, by the way, we may be pardoned for saying, are but indifferent imitations of the ancient Ballad style. "Frennet Hall" was subsequently published by Ritson and Finlay in their respective Collections, both of whom give a few stanzas of the ancient Ballad, differing, however, some little from the corresponding verses in the present copy, but not more so than may be looked for in all cases where poetry is indebted for its preservation to tradition alone.

A portrait of the Lady Frendraught, by Jamieson, is, we are informed, in the possession of Mr. Morrison of Bogny.

THE eighteenth of October,
A dismal tale to hear,
How good Lord John and Rothiemay
Was both burnt in the fire.

When steeds was saddled and well bridled
And ready for to ride,
Then out it came her false Frendraught,
Inviting them to bide.

Said—"Stay this night untill we sup,
The morn untill we dine;
'Twill be a token of good 'greement
'Twixt your good Lord and mine."

"We'll turn again," said good Lord John—
"But no," said Rothiemay—
"My steed's trapan'd, my bridle's broken,
I fear the day I'm fey."

When mass was sung, and bells was rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay
In one chamber was laid.

They had not long cast off their cloaths,
And were but now asleep—
When the weary smoke began to rise,
Likewise the scorching heat.

"O waken, waken, Rothiemay,
O waken, brother dear,
And turn you to our Saviour,
There is strong treason here."

When they were dressed in their cloaths,
And ready for to boun;
The doors and windows was all secur'd
The roof tree burning down.

He did him to the wire-window
As fast as he could gang—
Says—"Wae to the hands put in the stancheons,
For out we'll never win."

When he stood at the wire-window,
Most doleful to be seen,
He did espy her, Lady Frendraught,
Who stood upon the green.

"—" Mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught,
Will ye not sink with sin?
For first your husband killed my father,
And now you burn his son."

O then out spoke her, Lady Frendraught,
And loudly did she cry—
"It were great pity for good Lord John,
But none for Rothiemay.
But the keys are casten in the deep draw well,
Ye cannot get away."

While he stood in this dreadful plight,
Most piteous to be seen,
There called out his servant Gordon,
As he had frantic been.

"O loup, O loup, my dear master,
O loup and come to me;
I'll catch you in my arms two,
One foot I will not flee.

"O loup, O loup, my dear master,
O loup and come away,
I'll catch you in my arms two,
But Rothiemay may lie.

"The fish shall never swim in the flood,
Nor corn grow through the clay,
Nor the fiercest fire that ever was kindled
Twin me and Rothiemay."

"But I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot win to thee;
My head's fast in the wire window,
My feet burning from me.

"My eyes are seething in my head,
My flesh roasting also,
My bowels are boiling with my blood,
Is not that a woeful woe?

"Take here the rings from my white fingers,
That are so long and small,
And give them to my Lady fair,
Where she sits in her hall.

" So I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot loup to thee—
My earthly part is all consumed,
My spirit but speaks to thee."

Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,
His Lady she was seen,
And thus addressed his servant Gordon,
Where he stood on the green.

" O wae be to you, George Gordon,
An ill death may you die,
So safe and sound as you stand there,
And my Lord bereaved from me."

" I bad him loup, I bad him come,
I bad him loup to me,
I'd catch him in my arms two,
A foot I should not flee.

"He threw me the rings from his white fingers,
Which were so long and small,
To give to you, his Lady fair,
Where you sat in your hall."

Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,
O bonny Sophia was her name—
Her waiting maid put on her cloaths,
But I wat she tore them off again.

And aft she cried, "Ohon! alas, alas,
A sair heart's ill to win;
I wan a sair heart when I married him,
And the day it's well return'd again."

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1 "The keys are casten in the deep draw well,
Ye cannot win away."

Mr. Finlay, after regretting that all his attempts to recover this Ballad have proved unsuccessful, gives, in the words of a correspondent, the following particulars regarding it, which we subjoin as illustrative of the lines above cited:—"A Lady, a near relation of mine, lived near the spot in her youth for some time; and remembers having heard the old song mentioned by Ritson, but cannot repeat it. She says there was a verse which stated that the Lord and Lady locked the door of the tower, and flung the keys into the draw well; and that, many years ago, when the well was cleared out, this tradition was corroborated by their finding the keys—at least such was the report of the country."—*Preface to Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, p. xxi.

LORD INGRAM AND CHIEL WYET.

THIS beautiful Ballad, which appeared in the "North Countrie Garland" before referred to, was kindly communicated to us by the same Gentleman, who, from the circumstance of it retaining the word "bonheur," conjectures that it may probably have had a French original. A Ballad on a similar subject, and indeed nothing else than a different copy of the present, has been published by Mr. Jamieson, in the second Volume of his Ballads, from Mr. Herd's MSS. Mr. Jamieson's copy, however, wants the catastrophe; a deficiency now happily supplied by the present perfect copy.

LORD Ingram and Chiel Wyet,
Was baith born in one bower;
Laid baith their hearts on one Lady,
The less was their bonheur.

Chiel Wyet and Lord Ingram,
Was baith born in one hall;
Laid baith their hearts on one Lady,
The worse did them befall.

Lord Ingram woo'd her, Lady Maisery,
From father and from mother;
Lord Ingram woo'd her, Lady Maisery,
From sister and from brother.

Lord Ingram woo'd her, Lady Maisery,
With leave of a' her kin;
And every one gave full consent,
But she said no to him.

Lord Ingram woo'd her, Lady Maisery,
Into her father's ha';
Chiel Wyet woo'd her, Lady Maisery,
Amang the sheets so sma'.

Now it fell out upon a day,
She was dressing her head,
That ben did come her father dear,
Wearing the gold so red.

He said "Get up now, Lady Maisery,
Put on your wedding gown—
For Lord Ingram he will be here,
Your wedding must be done."

"I'd rather be Chiel Wyet's wife,
The white fish for to kill,
Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,
To wear the silk so well.

"I'd rather be Chiel Wyet's wife,
With him to beg my bread,
Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,
To wear the gold so red.

"Where will I get a bonny boy,
Will win gold to his fee,
And will run unto Chiel Wyet's
With this letter from me?"

"O here I am," the boy says,
"And will win gold to my fee,
And carry away any letter
To Chiel Wyet from thee."

And when he found the bridges broke,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he found the grass growing,
He hastened and he ran.

And when he came to Chiel Wyet's castle,
He did not knock nor call,
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly leaped the wall;
And ere the porter open'd the gate,
The boy was in the hall.

The first line he looked on,
A grieved man was he—
The next line he looked on,
A tear blinded his ee—
Says—"I wonder what ails my one brother,
He'll not let my love be!

"But I'll send to my brother's bridal,
The (bacon) shall be mine,
Full four and twenty buck and roe,
And ten tun of the wine,
And bid my love be blythe and glad,
And I will follow syne."

There was not a groom about that castle,
But got a gown of green,
And all was blythe, and all was glad,
But Lady Maisery she was neen.

There was no cook about that kitchen,
But got a gown of gray;
And all was blythe and all was glad,
But Lady Maisery was wae.

Between Mary kirk and that castle,
Was all spread ower with garl,[1]
To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens,
From tramping on the marl.

From Mary kirk and that castle,
Was spread a cloth of gold,
To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens,
From treading on the mold.

When mass was sung and bells was rung,
And all men bound for bed;
Then Lord Ingram and Lady Maisery,
In one bed they were laid."

When they were laid into their bed,
It was baith saft and warm;
He laid his hand over her side,
Says—"I think you are with bairn!"

" I told you once, so did I twice,
When ye came me to woo,
That Chiel Wyet, your only brother,
One night lay in my bower.

" I told you twice, I told you thrice,
Ere ye came me to wed,
That Chiel Wyet, your one brother,
One night lay in my bed."

" O will you father your bairn on me,
And on no other man ?
And I'll give him to his dowry
Full fifty ploughs of land."

" I will not father my bairn on you,
Nor on no wrongeous man,
Though ye would give him to his dowry
Five thousand ploughs of land."

Then up did stand him Chiel Wyet,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart
A deep wound and a sair.

Then up did start him Lord Ingram,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Chiel Wyet to the heart,
A deep wound and a sair.

There was no pity for that two lords,
Where they were lying slain;
But all was for her, Lady Maisery,
In that bower she gaed brain.

There was no pity for that two lords,
When they were lying dead;
But all was for her, Lady Maisery,
In that bower she went mad.

Said—"Get to me a cloak of cloth,
A staff of good hard tree;
If I have been an evil woman,
I shall beg till I dee.

"For a bit I'll beg for Chiel Wyet,
For Lord Ingram I'll beg three;
All for the good and honourable marriage
At Mary kirk he gave me."

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[1] *Garl*, so written in Mr. Sharpe's MS. and probably an abbreviated mode of pronouncing the word *gravel*.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

"THE Ballad of *The Douglas Tragedy* is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farmhouse, in a wild solitary glen, upon a torrent named Douglas Burn, which joins the Yarrow after passing a craggy rock, called the Douglas Craig. From this ancient tower, Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse are shewn as marking the spot where the seven brothers were slain; and the Douglas Burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink: so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event."—*Border Minstrelsy, Vol. II.*

The copy here followed is that given in the work from which the above extract has been taken. Any recited copy that we have heard has been incomplete, wanting not only the circumstance of the lovers halting at the stream, but likewise that of their death and burial. Our copy supplies these unimportant variations.

He has lookit over his left shoulder,
  And through his bonnie bridle rein,
And he spy'd her father and her seven bold brethren,
  Come riding down the glen.

"O hold my horse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O hold my horse by the bonnie bridle rein,
Till I fight your father and seven bold brethren,
As they come riding down the glen."

Some time she rade, and some time she gaed,
Till she that place did near;
And there she spy'd her seven bold brethren slain,
And her father who loved her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Sweet William," she said,
"Your bull baits are wondrous sair;
Sweet-hearts I may get many a one,
But a father I will never get mair."

She has taken a napkin from off her neck,
That was of the cambrick so fine,
And aye as she wiped her father's bloody wounds,
The blood ran red as the wine.

Two stanzas are here omitted, in which Lord William offers her the choice of returning to her mother, or of accompanying him; and the ballad concludes with this stanza, which is twice repeated in singing:—

He sat her upon the milk-white steed,
Himself upon the brown;
He took a horn out of his pocket,
And they both went weeping along.

"RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said, that a daughter of thine,
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright;
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see;
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold
And your father I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who lov'd her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For ye have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak' a drink
Of the spring that ran so clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, Lady Mother," he says,
"Get up and let me in!—
Get up, get up, Lady Mother," he says,
"For this night my fair Lady I've win.

"O mak' my bed, Lady Mother," he says,
"O mak' it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Marie's quire;
Out o' the Lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the Knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plet,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonny brier,
And flang'd it in St. Marie's loch.

WILLIAM AND MARJORIE.

LADY Marjorie, lady Marjorie,
  Sat sewing her silken seam,
And by her came a pale, pale ghost,
  Wi' mony a sigh and mane.

"Are ye my father the king," she says,
  "Or are ye my brither John?
Or are ye my true love sweet William,
  From England newly come?"

"I'm not your father the king," he says,
  "No, no, nor your brither John;
But I'm your true love sweet William,
  From England that's newly come."

"Have ye brought me any scarlets sae red,
  Or any of the silks sae fine;
Or have ye brought me any precious things
  That merchants have for sale."

"I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,
No, no, nor the silks sae fine;
But I have brought you my winding-sheet
Ower many a rock and hill.

"Lady Marjorie, lady Marjorie!
For faith and charitie,
Will ye gie to me my faith and troth
That I gave once to thee?"

"O your faith and troth I'll not gie to thee,
No, no, that will not I,
Until I get ae kiss of your ruby lips,
And in my arms you lye."

"My lips they are sae bitter," he says—
"My breath it is sae strang;
If you get ae kiss of my ruby lips,
Your days will not be lang.

"The cocks are crawing, Marjorie," he says—
"The cocks are crawing again;
It's time the Dead should part the Quick—
Marjorie, I must be gane."

She followed him high,—she followed him low,
  Till she came to yon churchyard green ;
And there the deep grave opened up,
  And young William he lay down.

"What three things are these, sweet William,"
    she says,
  "That stand here at your head?"
"O it's three maidens, Marjorie," he says,
  "That I promised once to wed."

"What three things are these, sweet William,"
    she says,
  "That stand close at your side?"
"O it's three babes, Marjorie," he says,
  "That these three maidens had."

"What three things are these, sweet William,"
    she says,
  "That lye close at your feet?"
"O it's three hell-hounds, Marjorie," he says,
  "That's waiting my soul to keep."

O she took up her white, white hand,
And she struck him on the breast;
Saying—" Have there again your faith and troth,
And I wish your saul gude rest."

THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNIE AND SAYS IT IS FAIR.

THE revolting nature of the subject of this ballad, might, in the opinion of many readers, have been a sufficient reason for withholding its publication; but, as tales of this kind abound in the traditionary poetry of Scotland, a Collection, like the present, would have been incomplete without at least one solitary specimen. In its details, too, the Editor conceives it to be less abhorrent than either the ballad of Lizie Wan,* or that of the Bonny Hynd; † he also preferred it to the fragment of another ballad, on a similar subject, which, like the present, he obtained from recitation. The fragment being thus:—

" Lady Margaret sits in her bow window
Sewing her silken seam;
She dropt her thimble at her toe,
Her scissors at her heel,

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* Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c., Edin. 1776, vol. i. p. 93.
† Border Minstrelsy, fifth edition, vol. iii. p. 102.

And she's awa to the merry green wood
To see the leaves grow green;"

and in its principal features bears a strong resemblance to the Bonny Hynd.

With the exception of three verses, which appeared in Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. v. p. 474, under the title of "The broom blooms bonny, the broom blooms fair," the present ballad is for the first time printed. It is evidently a composition of considerable antiquity; and in poetical merit it may stand a comparison with either of the ballads above referred to.

It is talked, it is talked, the warld all over,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
That the king's dochter gaes wi' child to her brother,
And we'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

He's ta'en his sister down to her father's deer park,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
Wi' his yew-tree bow and arrows fast slung at his back,
And we'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

"O when that ye hear me gie a loud, loud cry,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,

Shoot an arrow frae thy bow and there let me lye,
And we'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

"And when that ye see I am lying cauld and dead,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
Then ye'll put me in a grave wi' a turf at my head,
And we'll never gang down to the broom onie mair."

Now when he heard her gie a loud, loud cry,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
His silver arrow frae his bow he suddenly let fly,
Now they'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

He has houkit a grave that was lang and was deep,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
And he has buried his sister wi' her babie at her feet,
And they'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

And when he came hame to his father's court ha',
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,

There was music and ....
'mang them a',
But they'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

"O Willie! O Willie! what makes thee in pain?"
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
"I have lost a sheath and knife that I'll never see again,
For we'll never gang down to the broom onie mair."

"There are ships o' your father's sailing on the sea,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
That will bring as good a sheath and a knife unto thee,
And we'll never gang down to the broom onie mair."

"There are ships o' my father's sailing on the sea,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
But sic a sheath and knife they can never bring to me!
Now we'll never gang down to the broom onie mair!"

YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

For the first complete copy of this Ballad, the public is indebted to the late ingenious Mr. Finlay of Glasgow, in whose collection it appeared, prefaced with the following notice :—"A fragment of this fine old Ballad has been repeatedly published under the title of 'The Cruel Knight.' The present edition has been completed from two recited copies. Young Johnstone's reason for being 'sae late a coming in,' has been suppressed, as well as a concluding stanza of inferior merit, in which the catastrophe is described in a manner quite satisfactory, but not very poetical."

The present copy of this excellent Ballad was obtained from recitation; for a few verbal emendations recourse has been had to Mr. Finlay's copy; but those parts which that Gentleman's taste led him to reject, the Editor of this compilation did not conceive himself warranted to suppress. Refinement in matters of taste may be carried to a pernicious extreme; and, in an Editor of Ancient Poetry, too much delicacy in this respect may oftentimes be a very questionable virtue.

The reciters of old ballads frequently supply the best commentaries upon them, when any obscurity or want of connection appears in the poetical narrative. This Ballad, as it stands, throws no light on young Johnstone's motive for stabbing his lady; but the person from whose lips it was taken down alleged, that the barbarous act was committed unwittingly through young Johnstone's suddenly waking from sleep, and in that moment of confusion and alarm, unhappily mistaking his mistress for one of his pursuers. It is not improbable but the Ballad

may have had at one time a stanza to the above effect, the substance of which is still remembered, though the words in which it was couched have been forgotten. At all events it is a more likely inference than that which Mr. Gilchrist has chosen to draw from the same premises. See a Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads, Tales, and Songs, with Explanatory Notes and Observations, by John Gilchrist, Vol. I. p. 185. Edin. 1815.

YOUNG Johnstone and the young Col'nel
Sat drinking at the wine;
"O gin ye wad marry my sister,
It's I wad marry thine."

"I wadna marry your sister,
For a' your houses and land;
But I'll keep her for my leman,
When I come o'er the strand.

"I wadna marry your sister,
For a' your gowd so gay;
But I'll keep her for my leman,
When I come by the way."

Young Johnstone had a nut brown sword,
Hung low down by his gair,

And he ritted[1] it through the young Col'nel,
That word he ne'er spak mair.

But he's awa' to his sister's bower,
He's tirled at the pin;
"Whare hae ye been, my dear brither,
Sae late a coming in?"
"I hae been at the school, sister,
Learning young clerks to sing."

"I've dreamed a dreary dream this night,
I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young Col'nel was dead."

"Hawks and hounds they may seek me,
As I trow well they be;
For I have killed the young Col'nel,
And thy own true love was he."

"If ye hae killed the young Col'nel,
O dule and wae is me;
But I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,
And hae nae power to flee."

And he's awa' to his true love's bower,
He's tirled at the pin;

"Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late a coming in?"
"It's I hae been at the school," he says,
"Learning young clerks to sing."

"I have dreamed a dreary dream," she says,
"I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young Col'nel was dead."

"Hawks and hounds they may seek me,
As I trow well they be;
For I hae killed the young Col'nel,
And thy ae brother was he."

"If ye hae killed the young Col'nel,
O dule and wae is me;
But I care the less for the young Col'nel,
If thy ain body be free.

"Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,
Come in and take a sleep;

And I will go to my casement,
  And carefully I will thee keep."

He had not weel been in her bower door,
  No not for half an hour,
When four and twenty belted knights,
  Came riding to the bower.

"Well may you sit and see, Lady,
  Well may you sit and say;
Did you not see a bloody squire
  Come riding by this way?"

"What colour were his hawks?" she says,
  "What colour were his hounds?
What colour was the gallant steed
  That bore him from the bounds?"

"Bloody, bloody were his hawks,
  And bloody were his hounds;
But milk-white was the gallant steed
  That bore him from the bounds.

"Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,
  And bloody were his hounds;

And milk-white was the gallant steed,
  That bore him from the bounds."

"Light down, light down now, gentlemen,
  And take some bread and wine;
And the steed be swift that he rides on,
  He's past the brig o' Lyne."

"We thank you for your bread, fair Lady,
  We thank you for your wine;
But I wad gie thrice three thousand pound,
  That bloody knight was ta'en."

"Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,
  Lie still and take a sleep;
For thy enemies are past and gone,
  And carefully I will thee keep."

But young Johnstone had a little wee sword,
  Hung low down by his gair,
And he stabbed it in fair Annet's breast,
  A deep wound and a sair.

"What aileth thee now, dear Johnstone?
  What aileth thee at me?

Hast thou not got my father's gold
  Bot and my mither's fee."

"Now live, now live, my dear Ladye,
  Now live but half an hour;
And there's no a leech in a' Scotland,
  But shall be in thy bower."

"How can I live, how shall I live?
  Young Johnstone, do not you see
The red, red drops o' my bonny heart's blood,
  Rin trinkling down my knee?

"But take thy harp into thy hand,
  And harp out owre yon plain,
And ne'er think mair on thy true love,
  Than if she had never been."

He hadna weel been out o' the stable,
  And on his saddle set,
Till four and twenty broad arrows
  Were thrilling in his heart.

O when he cam to Sittingen's rocks,
To the middle of a' the ha',
There were bells a ringing and music playing,
And ladies dancing a'.

"What news, what news, my bonny boy,
What news have ye to me;
Is Earl Robert in very good health,
And the ladies of your countrie?"

"O Earl Robert's in very good health,
And as weel as a man can be;
But his mother this night has a drink to be druken,
And at it you must be."

She called to her waiting maid,
To bring her a riding weed;
And she called to her stable groom,
To saddle her milk white steed.

But when she came to Earl Robert's bouir,
To the middle of a' the ha',

There were bells a ringing and sheets down
hinging,
And ladies murning a'.

" I've come for none of his gold," she said,
" Nor none of his white monie ;
Excepting a ring of his smallest finger,
If that you will grant me?"

" Thou'll no get none of his gold," she said,
" Nor none of his white monie ;
Thou'll no get a ring of his smallest finger
Tho' thy heart should break in three."

She set her foot unto a stone,
Her back unto a tree ;
She set her foot unto a stone,
And her heart did break in three !

The one was buried in Mary's kirk,
The other in Mary's quier ;
Out of the one there grew a bush,
From the other a bonnie brier.

And thir twa grew, and thir twa threw,
Till thir twa craps drew near;
So all the world may plainly see
That they lov'd each other dear.[1]

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1 This phenomenon is common to all ballads, in which two lovers are buried near each other. *Craps*, the topmost twigs.

JOHNIE SCOT.

In preparing this ballad for the press, three recited copies, all obtained from people considerably advanced in years, have been used. The ballad, itself, is popular in the Shires of Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Stirling; and though the Editor has obtained no copy of it from the south of Scotland, yet, he has been assured that it is also well known there, a fact of which there can be no doubt, as the border names of Scot and Percy sufficiently identify it with that part of the country.

As is to be expected, in all poetry which depends on oral tradition for its transmission to our own times, the copies of this ballad which the Editor has recovered do not exactly correspond with each other. Numerous, though on the whole but trivial, verbal discrepancies exist

among them; and in adjusting the text, he had therefore to rely on his own judgment in selecting what he conceived the best reading from each of his copies. In justice, however, to himself, and for the satisfaction of the rigid antiquary, he begs leave explicitly to state, that not a single word or expression has been admitted into the present text, but what was duly authorised by one or other of these copies. A scrupulous regard for historic truth hath ever led him to avoid the temptation of embellishing Traditionary Song. It were a thing devoutly to be wished for, that all others who have gathered in the same vineyard could lay their hands on their hearts, and make the like sincere and honest profession. But of this more anon.

With regard to the proper names in the ballad, considerable difficulty was experienced. In the few notes subjoined, the principal variations which occur in this particular, between the different copies, in so far as relates to the minor personages of the drama, are pointed out; but as to the hero himself, it is right to mention in this place that two of the copies agree in styling him "Johnie Scot," while the third names him "Johnie M'Nauchton." In all other material points, none of the copies essentially differ, except in this, that in the copy which gives "M'Nauchton" as the hero, the champion with whom he measures blades, does not enact that marvellous feat of agility which forms so remarkable a feature in the combat scene between "Johnie Scot" and the "Tailliant"—

Who like a Swallow swift,
Owre Johnie's head did flee—

but like an honest Swordsman contends manfully, yea, pertinaciously for the victory, without having recourse to any strange and curious device of fence.

Whether the glory of the high achievement recorded in the ballad should of right belong to the name of Scot, or to that of M'Nauchton, is a question very hard of solution. Scot, of Satchels, in that strangest of all literary curiosities, his metrical "History of the Right Honourable name of Scot," is dumb on the subject; and Buchanan, in his account of Scottish Surnames, is as profoundly silent regarding any

one belonging to the ancient family of M'Nauchton, to whom the honour of this notable duel can with any degree of likelihood be attributed. For his own part, the Editor has been somewhat gravelled to make up his mind on this momentous point; but at length he has been inclined to concede the adventure perilous, even to Johnie Scot, whoever he was, not only on the account that two copies of the ballad, and these by far the most perfect in their narrative, are quite unanimous on this head, but that these likewise retain the word "Tailliant" which in the corresponding part of the third copy is changed into "Champion." This word Tailliant, he has never before met with in any ballad; but it is an evident derivative from the French verb Taillader.

Mr. Ritson, in his Historical Dissertations on Scottish Song, gives in a foot note a list of certain unedited ballads, contained in a MS. collection which belonged to the late Lord Woodhouselee. In this list occurs one, entitled "Jack, the little Scot;" and from the same critic mentioning that "many lines, and indeed stanzas" of "Gil Morris"* would be found in said ballad, the Editor, both from the similarity of their titles, and from their agreeing in the circumstance of having stanzas in common with some in "Gil Morris," conjectured that it might be probable that "Jack, the little Scot," and the present ballad, were one and the same. He accordingly endeavoured to procure a copy of the ballad alluded to, for the purpose of collation, but hitherto without success, as the MSS. of Lord Woodhouselee, were, after his death, dispersed among his relatives.

Perhaps, after all, it is but of little importance to ascertain this fact, and even though the ballads were the same, it is questionable whether it would suggest any substantial improvement upon the present text,

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* The only true and authentic edition of this ballad as preserved by tradition in Scotland, will be given in a future number of this work. It will form rather a curious commentary on the mode in which our ancient Oral Song has been manufactured for the press by "Ingenious Hands." A pack of Impudent, Dull-witted, Ignorant, Conceited, Trashy, Poetasters and Forgers.

As it is, "Johnie Scot" is altogether a very spirited and interesting composition, highly national in its character, and full of bustle, action, and incident. It is just such a one as we would always be glad to see transferred to more imperishable records than the decaying memories of Ancient Women, and Time-crazed Men.

O Johnie Scot's to the hunting gane,
  Unto the woods sae wild;
And Earl Percy's ae daughter,
  To him goes big wi' child.

O word is to the kitchen gane,
  And word is to the ha';
And word is to the highest towers,
  Among the nobles a'.

"If she be wi' child," her father said,
  "As woe forbid it be!
I'll put her into a prison strang,
  And try the veritie."

"But if she be wi' child," her mother said,
  "As woe forbid it be!
I'll put her intill a dungeon dark,
  And hunger her till she die."

O Johnie's called his waiting man,
His name was Germanie;
" Its thou must to fair England gae,
Bring me that gay ladie.

" And here it is a silken sark,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;
Bid her come to the merry green wood,
To Johnie her true love."

He rode till he came to Earl Percy's gate,
He tirled at the pin;
" O wha is there," said the proud porter,
" But I daurna let thee in?"

Its he rode up, and he rode down,
He rode the castle about;
Until he spied a fair ladie,
At a window looking out.

" Here is a silken sark," he said,
" Thy ain hand sewed the sleeve;
And ye must gae to the merry green woods,
To Johnie Scot thy love."

"The castle it is high, my boy,
And walled round about;
My feet are in the fetters strong,
And how can I get out?

"My garters are o' the gude black iron,
And oh but they be cold;
My breast plate's o' the sturdy steel,
Instead of beaten gold.

"But had I paper, pen, and ink,
Wi' candle at my command;
Its I would write a lang letter,
To John in fair Scotland."

Then she has written a braid letter,
And sealed it wi' her hand;
And sent it to the merry green wood,
Wi' her own boy at command.

The first line of the letter Johnie read,
A loud, loud lauch leuch he;
But he had not read ae line but twa,
Till the saut tears did blind his ee.

"Oh I must up to England go,
Whatever me betide;
For to relieve mine own fair ladie,
That lay last by my side."

Then up and spak Johnie's auld mither,
A weel spoke woman was she:
"If you do go to England, Johnie,
I may take fareweel o' thee."

And out and spak his father then,
And he spak well in time:
"If thou unto fair England go,
I fear ye'll ne'er come hame."

But out and spak his uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie:
"Five hundred of my good life guards
Shall bear him companie."

When they were all on saddle set,
They were comely to behold;
The hair that hung owre Johnie's neck, shined
Like the links o' yellow gold.

When they were all marching away,
  Most pleasant for to see;
There was not so much as a married man,
  In Johnie's companie.

Johnie Scot himsell was the foremost man,
  In the company that did ride;
His uncle was the second man,
  Wi' his rapier by his side.

The first gude town that Johnie came to,
  He made the bells be rung;
And when he rode the town all owre,
  He made the psalms be sung.

The next gude town that Johnie came to,
  He made the drums beat round;
And the third gude town that he came to,
  He made the trumpets sound,
Till King Henry and all his merry men
  A-marvelled at the sound.

And when they came to Earl Percy's yates,
They rode them round about;
And who saw he but his own true love,
At a window looking out!

"Oh! the doors are bolted with iron and steel,
So are the windows about;
And my feet they are in fetters strong;
And how can I get out?

My garters they are of the lead,
And oh! but they be cold;
My breastplate's of the hard, hard steel,
Instead of beaten gold."

But when they came to Earl Percy's yett,
They tirled at the pin;
None was so ready as Earl Percy himsell,
To open and let them in.

"Art thou the King of Aulsberry,
Or art thou the King of Spain?
Or art thou one of our gay Scots lords;
M'Nachtan be thy name?"

" I'm not the King of Aulsberry,
Nor yet the King of Spain ;
But I am one of our gay Scots lords,
Johnie Scot I am called by name."

When Johnie came before the king,
He fell low down on his knee ;
" If Johnie Scot be thy name," he said,
" As I trew weel it be,
Then the brawest lady in a' my court,
Gaes big wi' child to thee."

" If she be with child," fair Johnie said,
" As I trew weel she be,
I'll make it heir owre a' my land,
And her my gay ladie."

" But if she be wi' child," her father said,
" As I trew weel she be ;
To-morrow again eight o'clock,
High hanged thou shalt be."

Out and spoke Johnie's uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie:
"Before that we see fair Johnie hanged,
We'll a' fight till we die."

"But is there ever a Tailliant about your court,
That will fight duels three?
For before that I be hanged," Johnie said,
"On the Tailliant's sword I'll die."

"Say on, say on," said then the king,
"It is weel spoken of thee;
For there is a Tailliant in my court,
Shall fight you three by three."

O some is to the good green wood,
And some is to the plain;
The Queen with all her ladies fair,
The King with his merry men,
Either to see fair Johnie flee,
Or else to see him slain.

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
  Wi' swords o' temper'd steel;
Until the draps o' red, red blood,
  Ran trinkling down the field.

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
  They fought right manfullie;
Till they left not alive in a' the King's court,
  A man only but three.

And they begoud at eight of the morn,
  And they fought on till three;
When the Tailliant like a swallow swift,
  Owre Johnie's head did flee:

But Johnie being a clever young boy,
  He wheeled him round about;
And on the point of Johnie's broad-sword,
  The Tailliant he slew out.

"A priest, a priest," fair Johnie cried,
  "To wed my love and me;"

"A clerk, a clerk," her father cried,
"To sum her tocher free."

"I'll hae none of your gold," fair Johnie cried,
"Nor none of your other gear;
But I will have my own fair bride,
For this day I've won her dear."

He's ta'en his true love by the hand,
He led her up the plain:
"Have you any more of your English dogs,
You want for to have slain?"

He put a little horn to his mouth,
He blew't baith loud and shrill;
And Honour is into Scotland gone,
In spite of England's Skill.

He put his little horn to his mouth,
He blew it ower again;
And aye the sound the horn cryed,
Was "Johnie and his men!"

Germanie. All the copies which mention Johnie's waiting man concur in giving this name, which is probably descriptive of his country. In one copy, he, in place of Johnie's uncle, is the person who heroically offers wager of battle. But in another copy, the whole words and actions ascribed to Johnie's uncle, who "spak so bitterlie," are transferred to "Gude King James."

Stanza 28. "Art thou the King of Aulsberry?" &c. It may puzzle the historian to give any account of this King's reign, or to fix the limits of his dominions; being associated, however, with the King of Spain, this circumstance may afford some cue for obtaining information on these important points. One copy of the ballad has, "Art thou the Duke of Mulberry," another, "Art thou the Duke of York;" but, for the sake of Heraldic Justice, the present reading was preferred. This stanza, and that which precedes it, we give now as they occur in the three different copies of the ballad recovered by the Editor, so that the reader may have it in his power to choose the reading which hits his fancy.

JOHNIE SCOT.	JOHNIE SCOT.	JOHNIE M'NACHTON.
"Are you the Duke of York," he said, "Or James our Scottish King; Or are you one of our Scottish Lords, From hunting new come home?"	"Art thou the King of Aulsberry, Or art thou the King of Spain; Or art thou one of our gay Scots Lords, M'Nachton be thy name?"	"Are you the Duke of Mulberry, Or James our Scottish King; Are you the Duke of Mulberry, From Scotland new come home?"
"I'm not the Duke of York," he said, "Nor James, your Scottish King; But I'm one of the Scottish Lords, Earl Hector is my name."	"I'm not the King of Aulsberry, Nor yet the King of Spain; But I am one of our gay Scots Lords, Johnie Scot I am called by name."	"I'm not the Duke of Mulberry, Nor James our Scottish King; But I am a true Scottishman, M'Nachton is my name."

EARL RICHARD

Is given from recitation. In the second volume of the Border Minstrelsy, the reader will find two ballads on the same subject, the one entitled, "Lord William," the other having the same name as the present.

Earl Richard is a hunting gone,
As fast as he could ride;
His hunting horn hung about his neck,
And a small sword by his side.

When he came to my lady's gate
He tirled at the pin;
And wha was sae ready as the lady hersell,
To open and let him in.

"O light, O light, Earl Richard," she says,
"O light and stay a' night;
You shall have cheer wi' charcoal clear,
And candles burning bright."

"I will not light, I cannot light,
I cannot light at all;
A fairer lady than ten of thee,
Is waiting at Richard's-wall."

He stooped from his milk-white steed,
To kiss her rosy cheek;
She had a pen-knife in her hand,
And wounded him so deep.

"O lie ye there, Earl Richard," she says,
"O lie ye there till morn;
A fairer lady than ten of me,
Will think lang of your coming home."

She called her servants ane by ane,
She called them twa by twa;
"I have got a dead man in my bower,
I wish he were awa."

The ane has ta'en him by the hand,
And the other by the feet;
And they've thrown him in a deep draw-well,
Full fifty fathoms deep.

Then up bespake a little bird,
That sat upon a tree:
"Gae hame, gae hame, ye fause lady,
And pay your maids their fee."

"Come down, come down, my pretty bird,
That sits upon the tree;
I have a cage of beaten gold,
I'll gi'e it unto thee."

"Gae hame, gae hame, ye fause lady,
And pay your maids their fee,
As ye have done to Earl Richard,
Sae wud ye do to me."

"If I had an arrow in my hand,
And a bow bent on a string;
I'd shoot a dart at thy proud heart,
Among the leaves sae green."

BONNIE SUSIE CLELAND.

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

There lived a lady in Scotland,
  Hey my love and ho my joy;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
  Who dearly loved me;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
  An' she's fa'n in love wi' an Englishman,
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in
    Dundee.

The father unto the daughter came,
  Hey my love, etc.
The father unto the daughter came,
  Who dearly, etc.
The father unto the daughter came,
  Saying, will you forsake that Englishman,
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in
    Dundee!

If you will not that Englishman forsake,
  Hey my love, etc.;
If you will not that Englishman forsake,
  Who dearly loved, etc.;
If you will not that Englishman forsake,
  O I will burn you at a stake,
And bonnie, etc.

I will not that Englishman forsake,
  Hey my love, etc.;
I will not that Englishman forsake,
  Who dearly, etc.;
I will not that Englishman forsake,
  Though you should burn me at a stake,
And bonnie, etc.

O where will I get a pretty little boy,
  Hey my love, etc.;
O where will I get a pretty little boy,
  Who dearly loves me,
O where will I get a pretty little boy,
  Who will carry tidings to my joy,
And bonnie, etc.

Here am I a pretty little boy,
  Hey my love, etc.;
Here am I a pretty little boy,
  Who dearly loves thee;
Here am I a pretty little boy,
  Who will carry tidings to thy joy,
And bonnie, etc.

Give to him this right hand glove,
  Hey my love, etc.;
Give to him this right hand glove,
  Who dearly loved me;
Give to him this right hand glove,
  Tell him to get another love,
For bonnie, etc.

Give to him this little pen-knife,
  Hey my love, etc.;
Give to him this little pen-knife,
  Who dearly, etc.;
Give to him this little pen-knife,
  Tell him to get another wife,
For bonnie etc.

Give to him this gay gold ring,
Hey my love, etc.;
Give to him this gay gold ring,
Who dearly, etc.;
Give to him this gay gold ring,
Tell him I'm going to my burning,
And bonnie, etc.

Her father he ca'd up the stake,
Hey my love, etc.;
Her father he ca'd up the stake,
Who dearly, etc.;
Her father he ca'd up the stake,
Her brother he the fire did make,
And bonnie Susie Cleland was burnt in Du dee.

CATHERINE JOHNSTONE.

Of this ballad, two versions have already been published, one in the Border Minstrelsy, the other, in "A North Countrie Garland." The present copy was obtained from recitation, in the West of Scotland, and is now given as exhibiting the state in which this popular ballad is there preserved. The 10th Stanza seems to contain an allusion to the Knights of the Round Table.

There was a lass as I heard say,
  Liv'd low doun in a glen;
Her name was Catherine Johnston,
  Weel known to many men.

Doun came the laird o' Lamington,
  Doun from the south countrie;
And he is for this bonnie lass,
  Her bridegroom for to be.

He's ask'd her father and mother,
The chief of a' her kin;
And then he ask'd the bonnie lass,
And did her favour win.

Doun came an English gentleman,
Doun from the English border;
He is for this bonnie lass,
To keep his house in order.

He ask'd her father and mother,
As I do hear them say;
But he never ask'd the lass hersell,
Till on her wedding day.

But she has wrote a long letter,
And sealed it with her hand;
And sent it to Lord Lamington,
To let him understand.

The first line o' the letter he read,
He was baith glad and fain,
But or he read the letter o'er,
He was baith pale and wan.

Then he has sent a messenger,
And out through all his land;
And four and twenty armed men,
Was all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all;
Left them on the lee;
And he's awa to the wedding house,
To see what he could see.

But when he came to the wedding house,
As I do understand;
There were four and twenty belted knights,
Sat at a table round.

They rose all to honour him,
For he was of high renown;
They rose all for to welcome him,
And bade him to sit down.

O meikle was the good red wine,
In silver cups did flow;
But aye she drank to Lamington,
For with him would she go.

O meikle was the good red wine,
In silver cups gaed round;
At length they began to whisper words,
None could them understand.

"O came ye here for sport, young man,
Or came ye here for play?
Or came ye for our bonnie bride,
On this her wedding day?"

"I came not here for sport," he said,
"Neither did I for play;
But for one word o' your bonnie bride,
I'll mount and go away."

They set her maids behind her,
To hear what they would say;
But the first question he ask'd at her,
Was always answered nay;
The next question he ask'd at her,
Was, "Mount and come away?"

Its up the Couden bank,
And doun the Couden brae;

And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It's a weel won play.

O meikle was the blood was shed,
Upon the Couden brae;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
Its a' fair play.

Come a' ye English gentlemen,
That is of England born;
Come na doun to Scotland,
For fear ye get the scorn.

They'll feed ye up wi' flattering words,
And that's foul play;
And they'll dress you frogs instead of fish,
Just on your wedding day.

THE WEARY COBLE O' CARGILL.

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

This local ballad, which commemorates some real event, is given from the recitation of an old woman, residing in the neighbourhood of Cambus Michael, Perthshire. It possesses the elements of good poetry, and, had it fallen into the hands of those who make no scruple of interpolating and corrupting the text of Oral Song, it might have been made, with little trouble, a very interesting and pathetic composition.

Kercock and Balathy are two small villages on the banks of the Tay; the latter is nearly opposite Stobhall. According to tradition, the ill-fated hero of the Ballad had a leman in each of these places, and it was on the occasion of his paying a visit to his Kercock love, that the jealous dame in Balathy Toun, from a revengeful feeling, scuttled the boat in which he was to re-cross the Tay to Stobhall.

David Drummond's destinie,
  Gude man o' appearance o' Cargill;
I wat his blude rins in the flude,
  Sae sair against his parents' will.

She was the lass o' Balathy toun,
  And he the butler o' Stobhall;
And mony a time she wauked late,
  To bore the coble o' Cargill.

His bed was made in Kercock ha',
  Of gude clean sheets and of the hay;
He wudna rest ae nicht therein,
  But on the prude waters he wud gae.

His bed was made in Balathy toun,
  Of the clean sheets and of the strae;
But I wat it was far better made,
  Into the bottom o' bonnie Tay.

She bored the coble in seven pairts,
  I wat her heart might hae been sae sair;
For there she got the bonnie lad lost,
  Wi' the curly locks and the yellow hair.

He put his foot into the boat,
  He little thocht o' ony ill;
But before that he was mid waters,
  The weary coble began to fill.

"Woe be to the lass o' Balathy toun,
I wat an ill death may she die;
For she bored the coble in seven pairts,
And let the waters perish me!

"O help! O help! I can get nane,
Nae help o' man can to me come!"
This was about his dying words,
When he was choaked up to the chin.

"Gae tell my father and my mother,
It was naebody did me this ill;
I was a-going my ain errands,
Lost at the coble o' bonnie Cargill."

She bored the boat in seven pairts,
I wat she bored it wi' gude will;
And there they got the bonnie lad's corpse,
In the kirk shot o' bonnie Cargill.

Oh a' the keys o' bonnie Stobha',
I wat they at his belt did hing;
But a' the keys of bonnie Stobha',
They now ly low into the stream.

A braver page into his age,
  Ne'er set a foot upon the plain;
His father to his mother said,
  "Oh sae sune as we've wanted him!

"I wat they had mair luve than this,
  When they were young and at the scule;
But for his sake she wauked late,
  And bored the coble o' bonnie Cargill.

"There's ne'er a clean sark gae on my back,
  Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;
There's neither coal nor candle licht,
  Shall shine in my bower for ever mair.

"At kirk nor market Ise ne'er be at,
  Nor yet a blythe blink in my ee;
There's ne'er a ane shall say to anither,
  That's the lassie gar'd the young man die."

Between the yetts o' bonnie Stobba',
  And the Kirkstyle o' bonnie Cargill;
There is mony a man and mother's son,
  That was at my luve's burial.

LADY MARJORIE

Is apparently a different version of "Lady Maisry," published by Mr. Jamieson in his collection, and which has likewise been inserted in a preceding part of this compilation. As the present version, however, possesses considerable merit, it has also been considered worthy of a place here. It is given from the recitation of an old woman in Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, from whom the Editor has obtained several valuable pieces of a like nature. In singing, O is added at the end of the 2d and 4th line of each stanza.

Lady Marjorie was her mother's only daughter,
  Her father's only heir;
And she is awa to Strawberry Castle,
  To get some unco lair.

She hadna been in Strawberry Castle,
  A twelvemonth and a day,
Till lady Marjorie she gangs big wi' child,
  As big as she can gae.

Word is to her father gane,
  Before he got on his shoon,
That lady Marjorie she gaes wi' child,
  And it is to an Irish groom.

But word is to her mother gone,
  Before she got on her goun,
That lady Marjorie she gaes wi' child,
  To a lord of high renown.

"O wha will put on the pat," they said,
  "Or wha will put on the pan,
Or wha will put on a bauld, bauld fire,
  To burn lady Marjorie in?"

Her father he put on the pat,
  Her sister put on the pan,
And her brother he put on a bauld, bauld fire,
  To burn lady Marjorie in;
And her mother she sat in a golden chair,
  To see her daughter burn.

"But where will I get a pretty little boy,
  That will win hose and shoon,

That will go quickly to Strawberry Castle,
And bid my lord come doun."

"O here am I, a pretty little boy,
That will win hose and shoon,
That will rin quickly to Strawberry Castle,
And bid thy lord come doun."

O when he cam to broken brigs,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he cam to gude dry land,
He set doun his foot and ran.

When he cam to Strawberry Castle,
He tirled at the pin;
Nane was sae ready as the gay lord himsell,
To open and let him in.

"Oh is there any of my towers burnt,
Or any of my castles won;
Or is lady Marjorie brought to bed,
Of a daughter or a son?"

"O there is nane of thy towers burnt,
Nor nane of thy Castles broken;

But lady Marjorie is condemned to die,
To be burnt in a fire of oaken."

" O gar saddle to me the black," he says,
" Gar saddle to me the broun;
Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed,
That e'er carried a man frae toun!"

He left the black into the slap,
The broun into the brae;
But fair fa' that bonnie apple-gray,
That carried this gay lord away!

" Beet on, beet on, my brother dear,
I value you not one straw,
For yonder comes my ain true luve,
I hear his horn blaw.

" Beet on, beet on, my father dear,
I value you not a pin;
For yonder comes my ain true luve,
I hear his bridle ring."

He took a little horn out of his pocket,
And he blew't baith loud and schill;

And wi' the little life that was in her,
  She hearken'd to it full weel.

But when he came into the place,
  He lap unto the wa'
He thought to get a kiss o' her bonnie lips,
  But her body fell in twa!

"Oh vow! Oh vow! Oh vow!" he said,
  "Oh vow! but ye've been cruel;
Ye've taken the timber out of my ain wood,
  And burnt my ain dear jewel!

"Now for thy sake, lady Marjorie,
  I'll burn baith father and mother;
And for thy sake, lady Marjorie,
  I'll burn baith sister and brother.

"And for thy sake, lady Marjorie,
  I'll burn baith kith and kin;
But I'll aye remember the pretty little boy,
  That did thy errand rin."

ANDREW LAMMIE.

The ill-starred loves of *Tiftie's bonnie Annie*, and the *Trumpeter of Fyvie*, have already been made familiar to the reader of Ballad poetry by Mr. Jamieson, who has published in his collection two different sets of this simple, but not unpathetic ditty.* Neither of these sets, however, is so complete as the present version, which is a reprint from a stall copy, published at Glasgow several years ago, collated with a recited copy, which has furnished one or two verbal improvements.

"The beauty, gallantry, and amiable qualities of 'Bonny Andrew Lammie,' seem," says Mr. Jamieson, "to have been proverbial wherever he went, and the good old *cummer* in Allan Ramsay, as the best evidence of the power of her own youthful charms, and the best apology for her having *cast a leggen girth hersel*, says,

'I'se warrant ye have a' heard tell,
Of bonny Andrew Lammie?
Stiffly in luve wi' me he fell,
As soon as e'er he saw me—
That was a day!'

In this instance, as in most others in the same piece, it seems most probable that Allan Ramsay forgot that he was writing of the days of the original author of 'Christis kirk on the Green,' and copied only the

* Vide Popular Ballads and Songs, Edinburgh, 1806, vol. I. p. 129, and vol. II. p. 382.

manners and traditions of his own times. If a woman, who could boast of having had an intrigue with the *Trumpeter of Fyvie*, was hale and hearty at the time when Allan wrote, we may reasonably suppose poor *Tiftie's Nanny* to have died sometime about the year 1670." This conjecture as to the period when

> " The fairest Flower was cut down by love,
> That e'er sprung up in Fyvie,"

is very near the truth, if the notice, contained in the title of the stall copy referred to, can be admitted as evidence on the point. It is this: " Andrew Lammie; or Mill o' Tiftie's Annie. This Tragedy was acted in the year 1674."

It has been remarked by Mr. Jamieson, that " this ballad is almost entirely without rhymes, as cadence in the measure is all that seems aimed at, and the few instances of rhyme that occur appear to be rather casual than intentional." Though the present set is not so faulty in this respect as in the copies which came under Mr. Jamieson's observation, it, as well as the others, has another peculiarity deserving attention, namely, the studied recurrence of rhyme in the middle of the first and third lines of a great many of the stanzas.

It may be stated that the present set of the ballad agrees with any recited copy which the Editor has hitherto met with in the West Country.

At Mill o' Tiftie liv'd a man,
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie;
He had a lovely daughter fair,
Was called bonny Annie.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That salutes the rosy morning;
With innocence, and graceful mien,
Her beauteous form adorning.

Lord Fyvie had a Trumpeter,
Whose name was Andrew Lammie;
He had the art to gain the heart,
Of Mill o' Tiftie's Annie.

Proper he was, both young and gay,
His like was not in Fyvie;
No one was there that could compare
With this same Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he rode by the door,
Where lived Tiftie's Annie;
His Trumpeter rode him before,
Even this same Andrew Lammie.

Her mother call'd her to the door,
"Come here to me, my Annie;
Did you ever see a prettier man,
Than this Trumpeter of Fyvie?"

She sighed sore but said no more;
Alas! for bonny Annie,
She durst not own her heart was won
By the Trumpeter of Fyvie.

At night when they went to their beds,
All slept full sound but Annie;
Love so opprest her tender breast,
Thinking on Andrew Lammie.

" Love comes in at my bedside,
And love lies down beyond me;
Love has possess'd my tender breast,
And love will waste my body.

" The first time I and my love met,
Was in the woods of Fyvie;
His lovely form and speech so sweet,
Soon gain'd the heart of Annie.

" He call'd me mistress, I said, No,
I'm Tiftie's bonny Annie;
With apples sweet, he did me treat,
And kisses soft and many.

" Its up and down in Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonny,
I've often gone to meet my love,
My bonny Andrew Lammie."

But now, alas! her father heard
That the Trumpeter of Fyvie,
Had had the art to gain the heart
Of Tiftie's bonny Annie.

Her father soon a letter wrote,
And sent it on to Fyvie,
To tell his daughter was bewitch'd
By his servant, Andrew Lammie.

When Lord Fyvie had this letter read,
O dear! but he was sorry;
The bonniest Lass in Fyvie's land
Is bewitched by Andrew Lammie.

Then up the stair his Trumpeter
He called soon and shortly;
" Pray tell me soon, what's this you've done,
To Tiftie's bonny Annie?"

" In wicked art I had no part,
Nor therein am I canny;
True love alone the heart has won,
Of Tiftie's bonny Annie.

" Woe betide Mill o' Tiftie's pride,
For it has ruin'd many;
He'll no ha'e't said that she should wed
The Trumpeter of Fyvie.

" Where will I find a boy so kind,
That'll carry a letter canny,
Who will run on to Tiftie's town,
Give it to my love Annie?"

" Here you shall find a boy so kind,
Who'll carry a letter canny;
Who will run on to Tiftie's town,
And gi'e't to thy love Annie."

" It's Tiftie he has daughters three,
Who all are wondrous bonny;
But ye'll ken her o'er a' the lave—
Gi'e that to bonny Annie."

" It's up and down in Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonny;
There wilt thou come and meet thy love,
Thy bonny Andrew Lammie.

" When wilt thou come, and I'll attend,
My love I long to see thee?"
" Thou may'st come to the Bridge of Sleugh,
And there I'll come and meet thee.

" My love, I go to Edinbro',
And for a while must leave thee."
She sighed sore, and said no more,
" But, I wish that I were wi' thee."

" I'll buy to thee a bridal gown,
My love, I'll buy it bonny;"
" But I'll be dead ere ye come back,
To see your bonny Annie."

" If you'll be true and constant too,
As my name's Andrew Lammie;
I shall thee wed when I come back
To see the lands of Fyvie."

"I will be true and constant too,
To thee, my Andrew Lammie,
But my bridal bed will ere then be made,
In the green churchyard of Fyvie."

"Our time is gone and now comes on,
My dear, that I must leave thee;
If longer here I should appear,
Mill o' Tiftie he would see me."

"I now for ever bid adieu,
To thee, my Andrew Lammie;
Ere ye come back, I will be laid,
In the green churchyard of Fyvie."

He hied him to the head of the house,
To the house top of Fyvie;
He blew his trumpet loud and schill,
'Twas heard at Mill o' Tiftie.

Her father lock'd the door at night,
Laid by the keys fu' canny;
And when he heard the trumpet sound,
Said, "Your cow is lowing, Annie."

" My father dear, I pray forbear,
And reproach no more your Annie;
For I'd rather hear that cow to low,
Than ha'e a' the kine in Fyvie.

" I would not for my braw new gown,
And a' your gifts sae many,
That it were told in Fyvie's land,
How cruel you are to Annie.

" But if ye strike me I will cry,
And gentlemen will hear me;
Lord Fyvie will be riding by,
And he'll come in and see me."

At the same time, the Lord came in,
He said, "What ails thee, Annie!"
"'Tis all for love now I must die,
For bonny Andrew Lammie."

" Pray, Mill o' Tiftie, gi'e consent,
And let your daughter marry."
" It will be with some higher match,
Than the Trumpeter of Fyvie."

"If she were come of as high a kind,
As she's adorned with beauty,
I would take her unto myself,
And make her mine own lady."

"It's Fyvie's lands are fair and wide,
And they are rich and bonny;
I would not leave my own true love,
For all the lands of Fyvie."

Her father struck her wondrous sore,
As also did her mother;
Her sisters always did her scorn;
But woe be to her brother.

Her brother struck her wondrous sore,
With cruel strokes and many;
He brake her back in the hall door,
For liking Andrew Lammie.

"Alas! my father and mother dear,
Why so cruel to your Annie?
My heart was broken first by love,
My brother has broken my body."

"O mother dear, make ye my bed,
And lay my face to Fyvie;
Thus will I lie, and thus will die,
For my love, Andrew Lammie!

"Ye neighbours hear, both far and near,
Ye pity Tiftie's Annie;
Who dies for love of one poor lad,
For bonny Andrew Lammie.

"No kind of vice e'er stain'd my life,
Nor hurt my virgin honour;
My youthful heart was won by love,
But death will me exoner."

Her mother then she made her bed,
And laid her face to Fyvie;
Her tender heart it soon did break,
And ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

But the word soon went up and down,
Through all the lands of Fyvie,
That she was dead and buried,
Even Tiftie's bonny Annie.

Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
  Said, "Alas! for Tiftie's Annie;
The fairest Flower's cut down by love
  That e'er sprung up in Fyvie.

"O woe betide Mill o' Tiftie's pride,
  He might have let them marry;
I should have giv'n them both to live
  Into the lands of Fyvie."

Her father sorely now laments
  The loss of his dear Annie;
And wishes he had gi'en consent,
  To wed with Andrew Lammie.

Her mother grieves both air and late,
  Her sisters, cause they scorn'd her;
Surely her brother doth mourn and grieve
  For the cruel usage he'd giv'n her.

But now, alas! it was too late,
  For they could not recal her;
Through life, unhappy is their fate,
  Because they did controul her.

When Andrew hame from Edinburgh came,
With meikle grief and sorrow;
" My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for her to-morrow.

" Now I will on to Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonny;
With tears I'll view the bridge of Sleugh,[1]
Where I parted last with Annie.

" Then will I speed to the churchyard,
To the green churchyard of Fyvie,
With tears I'll water my love's grave,
Till I follow Tiftie's Annie."

Ye parents grave, who children have,
In crushing them be canny,
Lest when too late you do repent,—
Remember Tiftie's Annie.

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(1) In one printed copy this is "Sheugh," and in a recited copy it was called "Skew," which is the right reading, the editor, from his ignorance of the topography of the lands of Fyvie, is unable to say. It is a received superstition in Scotland, that when friends or lovers part at a bridge, they shall never again meet.

THE DOWIE DOWNS O' YARROW.

Of this ballad, "a collated edition," selected from various copies, professedly for the purpose of suiting the taste of "these more light and giddy paced times," first appeared in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," under the title of "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow." The present version, taken from the recitation of an old Woman in Kilbarchan, though containing some additional incidents, not to be found in the copy published in the Border Minstrelsy, is chiefly valuable as showing the state in which the song is preserved in the west of Scotland. For an account of the supposed hero, and of the traditions connected with the ballad, the reader is referred to the valuable and interesting work already alluded to.

There were three lords birling at the wine,
  On the Dowie Dens o' Yarrow,
They made a compact them between
  They would go fecht to-morrow.

"Thou took our sister to be thy wife,
  And thou ne'er thocht her thy marrow,
Thou steal'd her frae her Daddy's back,
  When she was the Rose o' Yarrow."

"Yes, I took your sister to be my wife,
And I made her my marrow;
I stealed her frae her Daddy's back,
And she's still the Rose o' Yarrow."

He is hame to his lady gane,
As he had done before, O;
Says, "Madam, I must go and fecht
On the Dowie Downs o' Yarrow."

"Stay at hame, my lord," she said,
"For that will breed much sorrow,
For my three brethren will slay thee
On the Dowie Downs o' Yarrow."

"Hold your tongue, my lady fair,
For what needs a' this sorrow,
For I'll be hame gin' the clok strikes nine
From the Dowie Downs o' Yarrow."

He wush his face, and she combed his hair,
As she had done before, O;
She dressed him up in his armour clear,
Sent him forth to fecht on Yarrow.

" Come ye here to hawk or hound,
  Or drink the wine that's sae clear, O;
Or come ye here to eat in your words,
  That you're not the Rose o' Yarrow."

" I came not here to hawk or hound,
  Nor to drink the wine that's sae clear, O;
Nor I cam' not here to eat in my words,
  For I'm still the Rose o' Yarrow."

Then they all begoud to fecht,
  I wad they focht richt sore, O;
Till a cowardly man cam, behind his back,
  And pierced his body thorough.

" Gae hame, gae hame, it's my man, John,
  As ye have done before, O;
And tell it to my gay ladye,
  That I soundly sleep on Yarrow."

His man John, he has gane hame,
  As he had done before, O;
And told it to his gay ladye
  That he soundly slept on Yarrow.

"I dream'd a dream now since the 'streen,
God keep us a' frae sorrow,
That my lord and I was pu'ing the heather green,
From the dowie downs o' Yarrow."

Sometimes she rade, sometimes she gade,
As she had done before, O;
And aye between she fell in a swoon
Lang or she cam to Yarrow.

Her hair it was five quarters lang,
'Twas like the gold for yellow;
She twisted it round his milk white hand,
And she's drawn him hame frae Yarrow.

Out and spak her father dear,
Says, "What needs a' this sorrow,
For I'll get you a far better lord,
Than ever died on Yarrow."

"O hold your tongue, father," she said,
"For you've bred a' my sorrow;
For that Rose 'll ne'er spring so sweet in May,
As that Rose I lost on Yarrow!"

THE QUEEN OF MAY, HER SONG.

In the quiet and solemn night,
When the moon is silvery bright,
Then the scritch owl's eerie cry,
Mocks the beauties of the sky.
Tu whit tu whoo!
Its wild halloo
Doth read a drowsy homily.

From yon old castle's chimneys tall,
The bat on leathern sail doth fall,
In wanton-wise to skim the earth,
And flout the mouse that gave it birth.
Tu whit tu whoo!
That wild halloo
Hath marr'd the little monster's mirth.

Fond lovers seek the dewy vale,
That swimmeth in the moonshine pale,
But maids beware, when in your ear
The scritch owl screams so loud and clear,
Tu whit tu whoo!
Its wild halloo
Doth speak of danger lurking near.

It bids beware of murmur'd sigh,
Of air-spun oath and wistful eye,
Of star that winks to conscious flower,
Thorough the roof of leaf-clad bower.
Tu whit tu whoo!
That wild halloo
Bids startled virtue own its power!

CHILD NORICE, &c.

Of the many ancient ballads which have been preserved by tradition among the Peasantry of Scotland, none has excited more interest in the world of letters than the beautiful and pathetic tale of "Gil Morice;" and this, no less on account of its own intrinsic merits as a piece of exquisite poetry, than of its having furnished the plot of the justly celebrated tragedy of Douglas.* It has likewise supplied Mr. Langhorne with the principal materials from which he has woven the fabric of his sweet, though prolix poem of "Owen of Carron;" and Mr. Jamieson mentions that it has also been "made the subject of a

* "When this tragedy was originally produced at Edinburgh in 1756, the title of the heroine was Lady Barnard: the alteration to Lady Randolph was made on its being transplanted to London." It was acted in Covent Garden in 1757. Biographia Dramatica, Vol. II. p. 175.

dramatic entertainment, with songs, by Mr. Rennie of Aberdeen."* Perhaps the list could be easily increased of those who have drawn their inspiration from this affecting strain of Olden Minstrelsy.

If any reliance is to be placed on the traditions of that part of the country where the scene of the ballad is laid, we will be enforced to believe that it is founded on facts which occurred at some remote period of Scottish History. The "green wood" of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff in Stirlingshire, and Lord Barnard's Castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire. A small burn which joins the Carron about five miles above these lands, is named the Earlsburn, and the hill near the source of that stream is called the Earlshill, both deriving their appellations, according to the unvarying traditions of the country, from the unfortunate Erle's son, who is the hero of the ballad. He, also, according to the same respectable authority, was "beautiful exceedingly," and especially remarkable for the extreme length and loveliness of his yellow hair, which shrouded him as it were in a golden mist. To these floating traditions, we are probably indebted for the attempts which have been made to improve

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* Popular Ballads and Songs. Edinburgh, 1806, Vol. I. p. 5.

"It has been thought," says the writer of the Statistical account of St. Ninians, "though it cannot be certainly determined, that the Earl's burn, the Earl's hill, a hill and rivulet in the muirland part of the parish, derived their names from the residence of some feudal Baron or Earl in the neighbourhood of the Carron. It is natural to suppose that Gillies hill, another hill in the muirland part of the parish, derives its name from the name Gill or Gillies. The names both of Gillies and Morrison occur in the muirlands. It is certain that the fair lady, mother of Gil Morice, 'lived on the Carron-side.' This union of facts and probabilities suggests to the imagination, though it cannot persuade the judgment, that this parish was the scene of the tragical song known by the name of Gil Morice." *Statistical Account of Scotland*, Vol. XVIII. p. 392. If the Reverend Author, instead of stringing together his facts and probabilities, had consulted some of the ancient Sybils who were his parishioners in that quarter upon the subject, he would have arrived at more certainty in his deductions.

and embellish the ballad, by the introduction of various new stanzas since its first appearance in a printed form.

Of the early printed editions of this ballad, the Editor has been unable to procure any copy.* In Percy's Reliques, it is mentioned that it had run through two editions in Scotland, the second of which appeared at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo.; and that to both there was prefixed an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of the poem was owing "to a lady who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses," and requesting "that any reader who could render it more perfect and complete would oblige the public with such improvements." This was holding out too tempting a bait not to be greedily snapped at by some of those "Ingenious Hands" who have corrupted the purity of legendary song in Scotland, by manifest forgeries and gross impositions. Accordingly, sixteen additional verses soon appeared in manuscript, which the Editor of the Reliques has inserted in their proper places, though he rightly views them in no better light than that of an ingenious interpolation. Indeed, the whole ballad of "Gil Morice," as the writer of the present notice has been politely informed by the learned and elegant Editor of the Border Minstrelsy, underwent a total revisal about the period when the tragedy of Douglas was in the zenith of its popularity, and this improved copy, it seems, embraced the ingenious interpolation above referred to. Independent altogether of this positive

* Since writing this, he has been kindly favoured by Mr David Laing, of Edinburgh, with an edition, which, though it has neither place, date, nor printer's name, may, from its title, be considered as the first Edinburgh Edition, and printed probably in 1756. The title is given at length, "GILL MORICE, An Ancient SCOTS POEM. The foundation of the Tragedy, called DOUGLAS, as it is now acted in the Concert-hall, Canongate." Except some slight variations in orthography, and in its omitting the 16 additional verses which are mentioned by Bishop Percy as having been subsequently added to the ballad, there is no other material difference between this edition and that which is reprinted in the Reliques.

information, any one familiar with the state in which traditionary poetry has been transmitted to the present times, can be at no loss to detect many more "ingenious interpolations," as well as paraphrastic additions in the ballad as now printed. But though it has been grievously corrupted in this way, the most scrupulous inquirer into the authenticity of ancient song can have no hesitation in admitting that many of its verses, even as they now stand, are purely traditionary, and fair and genuine parcels of antiquity, unalloyed with any base admixture of modern invention, and in nowise altered, save in those changes of language to which all oral poetry is unavoidably subjected in its progress from one age to another. For the gratification of the general reader, and for the apter illustration of the more ancient and less vitiated sets of the ballad which follow, an accurate reprint of the copy which occurs in Percy's Reliques is now given.

GIL MORRICE.*

Gil Morrice was an erle's son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor zet his mickle pride;
Bot it was for a lady gay,† 5
That liv'd on Carron side.

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* The acknowledged interpolated portions of this set, which are from ver. 109 to ver. 121, and from ver. 124 to ver. 129, have also been distinguished by brackets.

† The stall copies of the ballad complete the stanza thus:

His face was fair, lang was his hair,
In the wild woods he staid;

Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen;
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin my errand, Willie,
And ze may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback ze sall ride.
O no! O no! my master dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,
For to triest furth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie, he say'd:
How can ze strive against the stream?
For I sall be obeyed.
Bot, O my master dear! he cry'd,
In grene wod ze're your lain;
Gi' owre sic thochts, I wald ze rede,
For fear ze should be tain.
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' speid;
If ze refuse my heigh command,
I'll gar zour body bleid.
Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem;

But his fame was for a fair lady,
That lived on Carronside.

Which is no injudicious interpolation, inasmuch as it is founded upon the traditions current among the vulgar regarding Gil Morice's comely face and long yellow hair.

Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
  And bring nane bot hir lain:
And there it is, a silken sarke,
  Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;
And bid hir cum to Gil Morice,
  Speir nae bauld baron's leave.
Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
  Though it be to zour cost;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
  In it ze sall find frost.
The baron he is a man of might,
  He neir could bide to taunt;
As ze will see before it's nicht,
  How sma' ze hae to vaunt.
And sen I maun zour errand rin,
  Sae sair against my will;
Ise mak a vow, and keip it trow,
  It sall be done for ill.
And quhen he came to broken brigue,
  He bent his bow and swam;
And quhen he came to grass growing,
  Set down his feet and ran.
And quhen he came to Barnard's ha',
  Would neither chap nor ca';
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,*
  And lichtly lap the wa',

---

* This line the stall copies give thus:

"But bent his bow to his white breast,"

a reading very expressive of the action meant to be described, and which, if correct,

He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
  Though he stude at the gait;
Bot straicht into the ha' he cam,
  Quhair they were set at meit.
Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
  My message winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wode,
  Before that it be late.
Ze're bidden tak this gay mantel,
  'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
  Ev'n by your sel alane.
And there it is, a silken sarke,
  Your ain hand sewd the sleive;
Ze maun gae speik to Gil Morice—
  Speir nae bauld baron's leave.
The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
  And winked wi' her ee;
Bot a' that she coud say or do,
  Forbidden he wad nae bee.
It's surely to my bow'r-woman,
  It neir could be to me.
I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
I trow that ze be she.
  Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon hir knee;)

---

would render nugatory all Mr. Jamieson's arguments upon a similar passage, in another ballad, to prove that, instead of *bent*, we should substitute *brent*.

If it be cum frae Gil Morice,
It's deir welcum to mee.
Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heird ze lee;
I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
I trow ze be nae shee.
Then up and spack the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee,
Till siller cup and mazer* dish,
In flinders he gard flee.
Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,
That hings upon the pin,
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemman.
O bide at hame, now Lord Barnard,
I warde ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane.
Gil Morice sate in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang:
O what means a' the folk coming,
My mother tarries lang.
[His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae Minerva's loome;
His lipps like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

* i. e. A drinking cup of maple; other Edit. read *exar*. Percy.

His brow was like the mountain sna,
  Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roses glow,
  His een like azure stream.
The boy was clad in robes of greene,
  Sweete as the infant spring;
And like the mavis on the bush,
  He gart the vallies ring.]
The baron came to the grene wode,
  Wi' mickle dule and care;
And there he first spied Gil Morice,
  Kameing his zellow hair,
[That sweetly wav'd around his face,
  That face beyond compare;
He sang sae sweet, it might dispel
  A' rage, but fell despair.]
Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,
  My lady loved thee weel,
The fairest part of my bodie,
  Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the less, now Gil Morice,
  For a' thy great beautie,
Zes rew the day ze eir was born—
  That head sall gae wi' me.
Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
  And slaited on the strae;*
And thro' Gil Morice fair body,
  He's gar cauld iron gae.

* This line, to get at its meaning, should be printed, "And slait it on the strae." Mr. Pinkerton has a most ridiculous gloss on this passage in his "Tragic Ballads."

And he has tain Gil Morice head,
And set it on a speir;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.
And he has tain Gil Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on Castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Gil Morice head,
Cum trailing to the town.
Far better I love that bluidy head,
Bot, and that zellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.
And she has tain her Gil Morice,
And kissed baith mouth and chin;
I was once as fou of Gil Morice,
As the hip is o' the stean.
I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame;
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleep;
Bot now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weep.
And syne she kissed his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin:
O better I loe my Gil Morice,
Than a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ze ill woman,
And an ill death mait ze dee;

Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
  He'd neir bin slain for mee.
Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard!
  Obraid me not for shame!
Wi' that same speir, O pierce my heart!
  And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gil Morice head
  Thy jealous rage could quell,
Let that saim hand now tak hir life,
  That neir to thee did ill.
To me nae after days nor nichts,
  Will eir be saft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
  And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blood by me's bin spilt,
  Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather lourd it had been mysel,
  Than eather him or thee.
With waefo wae I hear zour plaint;
  Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine,
  Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears my winsome dame,
  Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
  His heart's blude on the ground.
I curse the hand that did the deid,
  The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,
  The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gil Morice,
  As gin he were mine ain;

I'll neir forget the dreiry day,
On which the zouth was slain."*

In the shape which it now bears, the foregoing ballad must be considered as one whose text has been formed out of various sets combined by the taste, and in all likelihood materially eked out by the invention of the editor of 1755. The worthy and useful class of "old women and nurses," from whose mouths it is stated to be carefully taken, has not entirely disappeared; but it would defy the most unwearied and persevering industry to obtain from their lips in this day any duplicate of the present copy which could by unexceptionable evidence be traced to a period anterior to the date of the first edition. The scene of wire-drawn recrimination between Lord Barnard and his lady, which is quite out of keeping with the character of the "bold baron," is of itself quite enough to convince any one versant in this species of literature that it has come through the refining hands of a modern ballad wright. In this opinion, the present writer does not stand singular, for both Mr. Ritson and Mr. Jamieson agree in rejecting as spurious the stanzas which follow after the one beginning

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman;"

and the opinion of these critics in such a question, is certainly entitled to much deference.

But, fortunately for those desirous of fixing the genuineness of traditionary poetry, the opinion now expressed does not rest for its accuracy on mere conjecture. In the course of his enquiries on this subject, the editor received from the recitation of an old woman, a copy,

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* "It may be proper to mention that other copies read ver. 110, thus

'Shot frae the golden sun,'

And ver. 116, as follows,

'His een like azure sheene!'"—*Percy.*

which, while it confirms that opinion, and affords a fair specimen of what the sets of the ballad probably were from which the text of "Gil Morice" was selected, likewise proves that the editor of the Reliques was perfectly correct when he stated that the ballad was current in Scotland, under the very title which the present copy bears, viz.:

CHIELD MORICE.*

Chield Morice was an earl's son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his parentage,
Nor yet his meikle pride;
But it was for a lady gay,
That liv'd on Carron side.
O Willie, my man, my errand gang,
And you maun rin wi' speed;
When other boys rin on their feet,
On horseback ye shall ride.
O master dear I love you weel,
And I love you as my life,
But I will not gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
For to tryst forth his wife.

* This was the title given by the old woman herself. She is now 70 years of age, and the ballad in question she learned in her infancy from her grandmother. She mentions that at a later period of her life she also committed to memory "Gill Morice," which began with young lasses like her to be a greater favourite, and more fashionable than the set which her grandmother and other old folks used to sing under the title of "Chield Morice."

For the baron he's a man of might,
He ne'er could bide a taunt;
And ye shall see or it be late,
How meikle ye'll hae to vaunt.
O you must rin my errand, Willie,
And you maun rin wi' speed;
And if you don't obey my hie command,
I'll gar your body bleed.
And here it is, a gay manteel,
It's a' gowd bot the hem;
Bid her come speak to Chield Morice,
Bring nae body but her lane.
And here it is, a Holland smock,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;
Bid her come speak to Chield Morice—
Ask not the Baron's leave.
Since I must rin this errand for you,
Sae sair against my will,
I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,
It shall be done for ill.
For he did not ask the porter's leave,
Tho' he stood at the gate;
But straight he ran to the big hall,
Where great folk sat at meat.
Good hallow, gentle sir and dame,
My errand canna wait;
Dame, ye must gae speak to Chield Morice,
Before it be too late.
And here it is, a gay manteel,
It's a' gowd bot the hem;
Ye must come speak to Chield Morice,
Bring nae body but your lane.

And here it is, a Holland smock,
  Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;
You must come speak to Chield Morice—
  Ask not the Baron's leave.
Oh, aye she stamped wi' her foot,
  And winked wi' her e'e,
But for a' that she could say or do,
  Forbidden he wadna be.
It's surely to my bouir-woman—
  It canna be to me.
I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
  And I trow that thou art she.
Out then spak the wylie nurse,
  Wi' the bairn just on her knee,
If this be come from Chield Morice,
  It's dear welcome to me.
Thou lies, thou lies, thou wylie nurse,
  Sae loud's I hear thee lie,
I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
  And I trow thou binna she.
Then up and rose him, the bold baron,
  And an angry man was he;
He took the table wi' his foot,
  And kepp'd it wi' his knee,
Till silver cup and ezar dish
  In flinders they did flee.
Go bring me one of thy cleiding
  That hings upon the pin,
And I'll awa' to the gude green wood,
  And crack wi' your leman.
I would have you stay at hame, Lord Barnard,
  I would have you stay at hame;

Never wyte a man for violence done
That never thocht you wrang.
And when he to the green wood went,
Nobody saw he there,
But Chield Morice on a milk-white steed,
Combing down his yellow hair.
Chield Morice sat in the gay green wood,
He whistled and he sang;
O, what means a' thir folk coming?
My mother tarries lang.
No wonder, no wonder, Chield Morice, he said,
My lady loved thee weel,
For the whitest bit of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
But nevertheless, now Chield Morice,
For a' thy gay beautie;
Oh nevertheless, now Chield Morice,
Thy head shall go with me.
He had a rapier by his side,
Hung low down by his knee;
He struck Chield Morice on the neck,
Till aff his head did flee.
Then he's ta'en up that bluidy head,
And stuck it on a spear,
And the meanest man in a' his train
Gat Chield Morice head to bear.
The lady look'd owre the castle wa',
Wi' meikle dule and down,*

* So recited, the word *down* must here be considered as signifying a presentiment of coming evil. *Quære*—whether does this line, or the corresponding one in Gill Morice, preserve the right reading?

And there she saw Chield Morice head
  Coming trailing to the town.
But he's taen up this bluidy head,
  And dash'd it 'gainst the wa';
Come down, come down, you ladies fair,
  And play at this footba'!
Then she's taen up this bluidy head,
  And she kiss'd it, baith cheek and chin;
I would rather hae ae kiss o' that bluidy head,
  Than a' thy Earldom.
I got him in my father's bower,
  Wi' meikle sin and shame;
And I brocht him up in the gay green wood,
  Beneath the heavy rain.
Many a day have I rock'd thy cradle,
  And fondly seen thee sleep;
But now I'll gang about thy grave,
  And sair, sair will I weep.
O woe be to thee, thou wild woman,
  And an ill deid may thou die,
For if ye had tauld me he was your son,
  He should hae ridden and gane wi' me.
O hold your tongue, you bold baron,
  And an ill deid may thou die;
He had lands and rents enew of his ain—
  He needed nane frae thee.
Then I'll curse the hand that did the deed,
  The heart that thocht him ill,
The feet that carried me speedilie,
  This comely youth to kill.
This lady she died gin ten o' the clock,
  Lord Barnard he died gin twal';

And bonnie boy, now sweet Willie,
What's come o' him, I canna tell.

Besides the foregoing, there seems to have been another version of this ballad at one time known, three stanzas of which, being all that he was able to recover, Mr. Jamieson has given in his "Notes on Childe Maurice." These stanzas are said to be the beginning and end of the piece. They are as follows:—

"Gil Morris sat in Silver wood,
He whistled and he sang;
Where sall I get a bonny boy,
My errand for to gang.
He's ca'd his foster brither, Willie—
Come win ye hose and shoon,
And gae unto Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady come.
* * *
And she has taen the bloody head,
And cast it i' the brim,
Syne gathered up her robes of green,
And fast she followed him."

The set of the ballad to which these verses belong, the editor has been at some pains to recover; but in this respect he has been equally unfortunate with Mr. Jamieson. He has been informed, however, by Mr. Sharpe, that the above fragment is incorporated in an Annandale version of the ballad, which also ingrafts a novel feature on the story, inasmuch as it is wound up by making the ghost of the slain youth

appear to his mother, between whom a colloquy, somewhat in the vein of May Margaret's discourse with the spirit of Clerk Saunders, takes place; and then, agreeably to established use and wont, after such an interview, she follows the noiseless footsteps of the beloved shade, and expires on the spot where it is resolved into "thin air."

The precise form in which the ballad was known to the author of "Douglas," cannot now be ascertained. From the circumstance of the catastrophe of the above fragment, and that of the tragedy agreeing with each other,* Mr. Jamieson fancies it probable that it may have been part of the traditionary version followed by Mr. Home. The present editor has been politely informed by Sir Walter Scott, that he had, at different times, enquired of the late Mr. Home concerning the ballad on which his poem was supposed to be founded, but without success, owing to the then impaired state of the venerable Dramatist's memory.

At rather an early period, the ballad somewhat differing, it must be confessed, from any copy known to exist in Scotland, appears to have been also popular in the north of England; and, indeed, with it, as with many more, it might be difficult to say to which country it of right exclusively belongs. This is the set of the ballad to which Dr. Percy refers, as occurring in his folio MS., under the title of "Childe Maurice;" and it has been printed by Mr. Jamieson in his collection from that MS. with minute fidelity, who thereby hath conferred no small favour on the lover of ancient song. As it is not only a curious version, withal, but likewise peculiarly illustrative, both of the sets which have gone before, and of that one which gives a title to this prolix argument, it is to be hoped that no apology will be necessary for presenting it here to the reader, more especially as the valuable collection from which it is extracted hath not been so well received by the world as its merits deserve.

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* The discrepancy in this particular between the common edition of the ballad and the tragedy of Douglas, has been prettily supplied by some miserable verse maker, whose delectable continuation, extending to six stanzas, the curious reader will find printed among Mr. Jamieson's "Notes on Childe Maurice."

CHILDE MAURICE.

CHILDE MAURICE hunted ithe silven wood*
he hunted it round about
& noebody y^{t} he found theren
Nor noebody without

and tooke his silver combe in his hand
to kembe his yellow lockes

he sayes come hither thou litle foot page
y^{t} runneth lowly by my knee
ffor thou shalt goe to John Steward's wiffe
& pray her speake wth mee

& as it ffalls out many times
as knotts been knitt on a kell
or merchant men gone to leeve London
either to buy ware or sell

and grete thou doe y^{t} ladye well
ever soe well ffroe mee

and as it ffalls out many times
as any harte can thinke
as schoole masters are in any schoole house
writting with pen and inke

*Silven, sic in MS.

ffor if I might as well as shee may
this night I wold w^th^ her speake

& heere I send a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
and bid her come to the silver wood*
to hunt w^th^ Childe Maurice

& there I send her a ring of gold
a ring of precyous stone
and bid her come to the silver wood
let for no kind of man ;

one while this litle boy he yode
another while he ran
until he came to John Steward's hall
I wis he never blan

and of nurture the child had good
he ran up hall & bower ffree
and when he came to this lady ffaire
sayes God you save and see

I am come ffrom Childe Maurice
a message unto thee
& Childe Maurice he greets you well
& ever soe well ffrom me

and as it ffalls out oftentimes
as knotts been knitt on a kell
or merchant men gone to leeve London
either to buy or sell

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* Silver wood, sic in MS.

& as oftentimes he greetes you well
as any hart can thinke
or schoolemaster in any schoole
wryting wth pen and inke

& heere he sends a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
& he bidds you come to the silver wood
to hunt wth child Maurice

& heere he sends you a ring of gold
a ring of precyous stone
he prayes you to come to the silver wood
let for no kind of man

now peace, now peace, thou litle fotpage
ffor Christe's sake I pray thee
ffor if my Lo heare one of those words
thou must be hanged hye

John Steward stood under the castle wall
& he wrote the words every one

& he called unto his horsse keeper
make ready you my steede
and soe he did to his Chamberlaine
make readye then my weed

& he cast a lease upon his backe
& he rode to the silver wood
& there he sought all about
about the silver wood

& there he found him Child Maurice
sitting vpon a blocke
w^th^ a silver combe in his hand
kembing his yellow locke

he sayes how now how now Child Maurice
alacke how may this bee
but then stood by him Child Maurice
& sayd these words trulye

I do not know your ladye he said
if that I do her see
ffor thou hast sent her love tokens
more now then 2 or 3

for thou hast sent her a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
& bade her come to the silver wood
to hunt w^th^ Childe Maurice

and by my faith now Childe Maurice
the tane of us shall dye
now by my troth sayd Childe Maurice
& that shall not be I

but he pulled out a bright browne sword
& dryed it on the grasse
& soe fast he smote at John Steward
I wis he never rest

then hee pulled forth his bright brown sword
& dryed itt on his sleeve
& the ffirst good stroke John Steward stroke
Child Maurice head he did cleeve

& he pricked it on his sword's poynt
went singing there beside
and he rode till he came to the ladye ffaire
whereas his ladye lyed

and sayes dost thou know Child Maurice head
iff that thou dost it see
and llap it soft, and kisse itt offt
ffor thou lovedst him better than mee

but when shee looked on Childe Maurice head
shee never spake words but three
I never beare noe childe but one
and you have slain him trulye

sayes wicked be my merry men all
I gave meate drink and clothe
but cold they not have holden me
when I was in all that wrath

ffor I have slaine one of the courteousest knights
that ever betrode a steede
soe have I done one of the fairest ladyes
that ever ware womans weede

What has gone before forms a fit introduction to the very ancient traditionary ballad on the same subject, which is now, for the first time, printed. With much deference to the opinion of others skilled in these matters, the editor has to challenge for it, in point of antiquity, a precedence far above any of its fellows: indeed, in his

judgment, it has every appearance of being the prime root from which all the variations of the ballad heretofore known have originated.

In this place, it may be remarked too, that it obviously preserves the true title of the ballad, "Morice" and "Maurice" being evident corruptions of "Norice," a nursling, or foster, corruptions which, from similarity of sound in the enunciation, can easily be conceived as likely ones into which reciters, who learn by the ear, are exceedingly apt to fall; and corruptions of which the experience of every one who has attempted to collect these interesting monuments of early song can furnish ample parallels. Again, its clear, straightforward, rapid, and succinct narrative—its extreme simplicity of style, and utter destitution of all ornament, argue most powerfully in behalf of the primitiveness and authenticity of its text. It is, in fact, the very anatomy of a perfect ballad, wanting nothing that it should have, and having nothing that it should want. By testimony of a most unexceptionable description—but which it would be tedious here to detail—the editor can distinctly trace this ballad, as existing in its present shape, at least a century ago, which carries it decidedly beyond the date of the first printed copy of Gil Morice; and this, with a poem which has been preserved but by oral tradition, is no mean *positive* antiquity. If we imagine it a more ancient version than that contained in Dr. Percy's MS., our sole means of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion must be derived from such internal evidence as the ballad itself affords; and, both versions being now before the reader, he is enabled to judge deliberately for himself, and to form his own opinion on that which many will, ere this, I suspect, have deemed a very unimportant subject.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that the ballad is exceedingly rare; and, so far as the editor has been able to learn, it has escaped the notice of our most eminent collectors of traditionary poetry. This may be ascribed to the refined and ornate paraphrase of Gil Morice having supplanted it in the affections of the vulgar, in the same way as the poem of "Sir James the Rose," attributed to the pen of Michael

Bruce, hath absorbed almost entirely the memory of the old ballad on which it is founded.

CHILD NORYCE.*

Child Noryce is a clever young man,
He wavers wi' the wind;
His horse was silver shod before,
With the beaten gold behind.

He called to his little man, John,
Saying, "You don't see what I see;
For oh yonder I see the very first woman
That ever loved me.

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* That the reader may have no room to doubt the genuineness of a ballad for which a very high antiquity is claimed, the editor thinks it right to mention that it is given verbatim as it was taken down from the singing of widow M'Cormick, who, at this date, (January, 1825,) resides in Westbrae Street of Paisley.

"Here is a glove—a glove," he said,
"Lined with the silver grey;
You may tell her to come to the merry green wood,
To speak to Child Nory.

"Here is a ring—a ring," he says,
"It's all gold but the stane;
You may tell her to come to the merry green wood,
And ask the leave o' nane."

"So well do I love your errand, my master,
But far better do I love my life;
O would ye have me go to Lord Barnard's Castel,
To betray away his wife?"

"O don't I give you meat," he says,
"And don't I pay you fee?
How dare you stop my errand," he says—
"My orders you must obey."

Oh when he came to Lord Barnard's Castel,
He tinkled at the ring;

Who was as ready as Lord Barnard himself,[1]
To let this little boy in.

"Here is a glove—a glove," he says,
"Lined with the silver grey;
You are bidden to come to the merry green wood,
To speak to Child Nory."

"Here is a ring—a ring," he says,
"It's all gold but the stane:
You are bidden to come to the merry green wood,
And ask the leave o' nane."

Lord Barnard he was standing by,
And an angry man was he:
"Oh little did I think there was a lord in this world
My lady loved but me!"

Oh he dressed himself in the holland smocks,
And garments that was gay;[2]
And he is away to the merry green wood
To speak to Child Nory.

Child Noryce sits on yonder tree,
  He whistles and he sings;
"O wae be to me," says Child Noryce,
  "Yonder my mother comes!"

Child Noryce he came off the tree,
  His mother to take off the horse;
"Och alace, alace," says Child Noryce,
  "My mother was ne'er so gross."

Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,
  That hung low down by his knee;
He cut the head off Child Noryce,
  And put the body on a tree.

And when he came to his castel,
  And to his lady's hall,
He threw the head into her lap,
  Saying, "Lady, there is a ball!"

She turned up the bloody head,
  She kissed it frae cheek to chin;
"Far better do I love this bloody head,
  Than all my royal kin.

"When I was in my father's castell,
In my virginitie,
There came a lord into the north,
Gat Child Noryce with me."

"O wae be to thee, lady Margaret," he said,
"And an ill death may you die;
For if you had told me he was your son,
He had ne'er been slain by me."

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1 This, unquestionably, should be Lady Barnard, instead of her Lord, see 3d stanza under; but, as it was so recited, this obvious error the editor did not conceive himself warranted to correct, more especially as he has found it out of his power to obtain another copy of the ballad from any different quarter.

2 This ballad, more distinctly than either Gil Morice or Chield Morice, announces the disguise resorted to by Lord Barnard, in order to surprise his supposed rival.

YOUNG HASTINGS THE GROOM.

For this Ballad, which is now for the first time printed, we are indebted to Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead. It was communicated to him by Mr. James Nicol of Strichen.

O WELL love I to ride in a mist,
And shoot in a northern wind;
And far better a lady to steal,
That's come of a noble kind.

Four-and-twenty fair ladies
Put on that lady's sheen;
And as many young gentlemen
Did lead her o'er the green.

Yet she preferred before them all
Him young Hastings the Groom;
He's coosten a mist before them all,
And away this lady has ta'en.

He's taken the lady on him behind,
  Spared neither the grass nor corn,
Till they came to the wood of Amonshaw,
  Where again their loves were sworn.

And they have lived in that wood,
  Full many a year and day;
And were supported from time to time,
  By what he made of prey.

And seven bairns, fair and fine,
  There she has born to him,
And never was in good church door,
  Nor never gat good kirking.

Once she took harp into her hand,
  And harped them asleep;
Then she sat down at their couch side,
  And bitterly did weep.

Said, "Seven bairns have I born now,
  To my lord in the ha';
I wish they were seven greedy rats
  To run upon the wa',

And I mysel' a great grey cat,
To eat them ane an' a'.

" For ten long years now I have lived
Within this cave of stane,
And never was at good church door,
Nor got no good churching."

O then outspak her eldest child,
And a fine boy was he—
" O hold your tongue, my mother dear,
I'll tell ye what to dee :

" Take you the youngest in your lap,
The next youngest by the hand ;
Put all the rest of us you before,
As you learnt us to gang.

" And go with us into some kirk—
You say they are built of stane—
And let us all be christened,
And you get good kirking."

She took the youngest in her lap,
The next youngest by the hand—

Set all the rest of them her before,
As she learnt them to gang.

And she has left the wood with them,
And to a kirk has gane,
Where the good priest them christened,
And gave her good kirking.

LAMBERT LINKIN.

Of this very popular ballad various editions have been published. The first, in point of time, we believe, is that which appeared in Mr. Herd's Collection, Edinburgh, 1776, entitled "Lammikin;" the next, that which occurs in Mr. Jamieson's Collection, Edinburgh, 1806, under the title of "Lamkin." Two different versions of it will also be found in Mr. Finlay's Collection, Edinburgh, 1808, under the title of Lammikin, the first of which is a reprint of Mr. Herd's copy, interlaced with a number of additional verses, while the latter professes to be given wholly from a manuscript corrected from a recited copy. Of all these copies, that given by Mr. Jamieson is unquestionably the best, as well as apparently the most authentic; the second copy given by Mr. Finlay is also genuine, but an abridged form of the original

ballad. On the contrary, the copy in Mr. Herd's work is out of all sight the worst, inasmuch as it contains sundry injudicious interpolations and rhetorical embellishments by a modern hand. It is remarkable, however, that this interpolated edition, (such is the taste of the times), is the one most frequently to be met with in our every-day collections of old ballads and songs.

The present copy is given from recitation; and though it could have received additions, and perhaps improvements, from another copy obtained from a similar source, and of equal authenticity, in his possession, the Editor did not like to use a liberty which is liable to much abuse. To some, the present set of the ballad may be valuable, as handing down both name and nickname of the revengeful builder of Prime Castle; for there can be little doubt that the epithet *Linkin*, Mr. Lambert acquired from the secrecy and address with which he insinuated himself into that notable strength. Indeed, all the names of Lammerlinkin, Lammikin, Lamkin, Lankin, Linkin, Belinkin, can easily be traced out as abbreviations of Lambert Linkin. In the present set of the ballad, Lambert Linkin and Belinkin are used indifferently, as the measure of the verse may require; in the other recited copy, to which reference has been made, it is Lammerlinkin, and Lamkin; and the nobleman for whom he "built a house," is stated to be "Lord Arran." No allusion, however, is made here to the name of the owner of Prime Castle. Antiquaries, peradventure, may find it as difficult to settle the precise locality of this fortalice, as they have found it to fix the topography of Troy.

BELINKIN was as gude a mason
As e'er pickt a stane;
He built up Prime Castle,
But payment gat nane.

The lord said to his lady,
When he was going abroad,
"O beware of Belinkin,
For he lyes in the wood."

The gates they were bolted
Baith outside and in;
At the sma' peep of a window
Belinkin crap in.

"Gude morrow, gude morrow,"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"Gude morrow to yoursell, sir,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"O whare is your gude lord?"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"He's awa to New England,
To meet with his king."

"O where is his auld son?"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"He's awa to buy pearlings
Gin our lady ly in."

"Then she'll never wear them,"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"And that is nae pity,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"O where is your lady?"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"She's in her bouir sleepin',"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"How can we get at her?"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"Stab the babe to the heart
Wi' a silver bo'kin."

"That wud be a pity,"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"Nae pity, nae pity,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

Belinkin he rocked,
And the fause nurse she sang,
Till a' the tores[1] o' the cradle
Wi' the red blude down ran.

"O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the knife;"
"He'll no be still, lady,
Tho' I lay down my life."

"O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the kame;"
"He'll no be still, lady,
Till his daddy come hame."

"O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the bell;"
"He'll no be still, lady,
Till ye come down yoursel'."

"Its how can I come doun
This cauld frosty nicht,
Without e'er a coal,
Or a clear candle licht?"

"There's twa smocks in your coffer,
As white as a swan,
Put ane o' them about you,
It will shew you licht doun."

She took ane o' them about her,
And came tripping doun;
But as soon as she viewed
Belinkin was in,

"Gude morrow, gude morrow,"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"Gude morrow to yoursell, sir,"
Said the lady to him.

"Oh save my life, Belinkin,
Till my husband come back,
And I'll gie ye as much red gold
As ye'll haud in your hat."

"I'll not save your life, lady,
Till your husband come back,
Tho' you wud gie me as much red gold
As I could haud in a sack.

"Will I kill her?" quo Belinkin,
"Will I kill her, or let her be?"
"You may kill her," said the fause nurse,
"She was ne'er gude to me;

And ye'll be laird o' the Castle,
  And I'll be ladye."

Then he cut aff her head
  Fra her lily breast bane,
And he hung't up in the kitchen—
  It made a' the ha' shine.

The lord sat in England
  A-drinking the wine:
" I wish a' may be weel
  Wi' my lady at hame;
For the rings o' my fingers
  They're now burst in twain!"

He saddled his horse,
  And he came riding doun;
But as soon as he viewed
  Belinkin was in,

He hadna weel stepped
  Twa steps up the stair,
Till he saw his pretty young son
  Lying dead on the floor.

He hadna weel stepped
  Other twa up the stair,
Till he saw his pretty lady
  Lying dead in despair.

He hanged Belinkin
  Out over the gate;
And he burnt the fause nurice
  Being under the grate.

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1 *Tores.* The projections or knobs at the corners of old fashioned cradles, and the ornamental balls commonly found surmounting the backs of old chairs. Dr. Jamieson does not seem to have had a precise notion of this word. *Vide* IV. vol. of his Dictionary, *voce Tore.*

REEDISDALE AND WISE WILLIAM.

We are not aware of this excellent Ballad having till now appeared in print. It is from the recitation of Mr. Nicol of Strichen, and was communicated to us by Mr. P. Buchan of Peterhead, whom we have to thank for several valuable contributions of a like nature.

WHEN Reedisdale and Wise William
  Was drinking at the wine,
There fell a roosing them amang,
  On one unruly time.

For some of them has roosed their hawks,
  And other some their hounds;
And other some their ladies fair,
  And their bow'rs whare they walk'd in.

When out it spak him, Reedisdale,
  And a rash word spak he:

Says, "There is not a lady fair,
In bower wherever she be,
But I could aye her favour win,
With one blink of my e'e."

Then out it spak him, Wise William,
And a rash word spak he:
Says, "I have a sister of my own,
In bower wherever she be,
And ye will not her favour win,
With three blinks of your e'e."

"What will you wager, Wise William?
My lands I'll wad with thee;"
"I'll wad my head against your land,
Till I get more monie."

Then Reedisdale took Wise William—
Laid him in prison strang,
That he might neither gang nor ride,
Nor no word to her send.

But he has written a braid letter,
Between the night and day,

And sent it to his own sister,
By dun feather and gray.

When she had read Wise William's letter,
She smiled and she leuch ;
Said very weel, my dear brother,
Of this I have eneuch.

She looked out at her west window,
To see what she could see,
And there she spied him, Reedisdale,
Come riding o'er the lea.

Says, "Come to me, my maidens all,
Come hitherward to me,
For here it comes him, Reedisdale,
Who comes a-courting me."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me."
"Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you will not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me;
And bonnie is the gowns of silk
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonny gowns of silk,
O mine is bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie jewels, broaches, rings,
I will give unto thee."

"If you have bonnie broaches, rings,
O mine are bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie is the halls and bowers
That I will give to thee."

" If you have bonnie halls and bowers,
O mine is bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

" Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie is my lands so broad
That I will give to thee."

" If you have bonnie lands so broad,
O mine is bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you will not see."

" Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie is the bags of gold
That I will give to thee."

" If you have bonnie bags of gold,
I have bags of the same;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For down I will not come."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I'll see,
Or else I'll set your house on fire,
If better cannot be."

Then he has set the house on fire,
And all the rest it took;
He turned his wight horse head about,
Said, "Alas! they'll ne'er get out."

"Look out, look out, my maidens fair,
And see what I do see;
How Reedisdale has fired our house,
And now rides o'er the lee.

"Come hitherward, my maidens fair,
Come hither unto me;
For through this reek and through this smeek,
O through it we must be."

They took wet mantles them about,
Their coffers by the band;
And through the reek and through the flame,
Alive they all have wan.

When they had got out through the fire,
And able all to stand,
She sent a maid to Wise William,
To bruik Reedisdale's land.

"Your lands is mine, now, Reedisdale,
For I have won them free."
"If there is a good woman in the world,
Your one sister is she."

BARBARA LIVINGSTON.

A much longer set of this ballad will be found in Mr. Jamieson's collection, vol. II. The present version is given from recitation. Its catastrophe differs from that of Mr. Jamieson's copy.

FOUR and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba',
And out cam Barbara Livingston,
The flower amang them a'.

Out cam Barbara Livingston,—
  The flower amang them a';
The lusty Laird of Linlyon*
  Has stoun her clean awa'.

"The hielands is no for me, kind sir,
  The hielands is no for me;
But if you would my favour win,
  Ye'll tak me to Dundee."

"The hielands 'll be for thee, my dear,
  The hielands 'll be for thee;
To the lusty Laird o' Linlyon
  A-married ye shall be."

When they cam to Linlyon's yetts,
  And lichtit on the green,
Every ane spak Earse to her—
  The tears cam trickling down.

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* Mr. Jamieson has "Glenlyon," which is probably the right name.

When they went to bed at nicht,
To Linlyon she did say—
"Och and alace! a weary nicht,
Oh but it's lang till day."

"Your father's steed's in my stable,
He's eating corn and hay,
And you're lying in my twa arms;
What need you lang for day?"

"If I had paper, pen, and ink,
And candle for to see,
I would write a lang letter
To my love in Dundee."

They brocht her paper, pen, and ink,
And candle for to see,
And she did write a lang letter
To her love in Dundee.

When he cam to Linlyon's yetts,
And lichtit on the green;—
But lang or he wan up the stair
His love was dead and gane.

"Woe be to thee Linlyon,
An ill death may thou die;
Thou might hae ta'en anither woman,
And let my lady be."

SWEET WILLIAM

Is given from the chaunting of an old woman. It has never been before printed.

SWEET WILLIAM'S gane over seas,
Some unco lair to learn,
And our gude Bailie's ae dochter
Is awa to learn the same.

In ae braid buik they learned baith,
In ae braid bed they lay;
But when her father cam to know,
He gart her come away.

" It's you must marry that Southland lord,
His lady for to be;
It's ye maun marry that Southland lord,
Or nocht ye'll get frae me."

" I must marry that Southland lord,
Father, an it be your will;
But I'd rather it were my burial day,
My grave for to fill."

She walked up, she walked down,
Had nane to mak her moan,
Nothing but the pretty bird
Sat on the causey stone.

" If thou could speak, wee bird," she says,
" As weel as thou can flee,
I would write a lang letter
To Will ayont the sea."

" What thou wants wi' Will," it says,
" Thou'll seal it wi' thy ring;
Tak a thread o' silk, and anither o' twine,
And about my neck it hing."

What she wanted wi' Willie
She sealed it wi' a ring;
Took a thread o' silk, anither of twine,
About its neck did hing.

This bird flew high, this bird flew low,
This bird flew owre the sea,
Until it entered the same chamber
Wherein was sweet Willie.

This bird flew high, this bird flew low—
Poor bird it was mista'en—
It loot the letter fa' on Baldie's breast
Instead of sweet William.

"Here's a letter, William," he says,
"I'm sure it's not to me;
And gin the morn gin twelve o'clock
Your love shall married be."

"Come saddle to me my horse," he said,
"The brown, and a' that's speedie,
And I'll awa' to Old England,
To bring hame my ladie."

Awa he gade, awa he rade,
  Awa wi' meikle speed;
He lichtit at every twa miles' end,
  Lichtit and changed his steed.

When she entered the church style,
  The tear was in her e'e,
But when she entered the church door
  A blythe sight did she see.

"Oh hold your hand you minister,
  Hold it a little wee,
Till I speak wi' the bonnie bride,
  For she's a friend to me."

"Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom—
  Stand off a little wee;
Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,
  For the bride shall join wi' me."

Up and spak the bride's father,
  And an angry man was he—
"If I had pistol, powther, and lead,
  And all at my command,

It's I would shoot thee stiff and dead
In the place where thou dost stand."

Up and spoke then sweet William,
And a blithe blink from his e'e;
" If ye ne'er be shot till I shoot you,
Ye'se ne'er be shot for me."

" Come out, come out, my foremost man,
And lift my lady on;
Commend me all to my goodmother,
At night when you gang home."

MARY HAMILTON.

Of this ballad, two complete, but somewhat differing, copies have already been published—one in the Border Minstrelsy, and the other in Mr. Sharpe's "Ballad Book;" the fragment of a third version is extant in " A North Countrie Garland," and this has subsequently appeared in " Gleanings of Old Ballads," by P. Buchan. The present copy

differs from all these, and as it shews the state in which it is frequently to be met with, as preserved by tradition, in the West of Scotland, no apology is deemed necessary for again presenting this interesting ballad to the notice of those who are curious in matters of this sort.

Sir Walter Scott inclines to ascribe the ballad to the following incident mentioned by Knox:—"In the very time of the General Assembly, there comes to public notice a haynous murther committed in the court; yea, not far from the Queen's lap; for a French woman that served in the Queen's chamber had played the whore with the Queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a child, whom, with common consent, the father and mother murthered; yet were the cries of a new-borne childe hearde, searche was made, the childe and the mother were both apprehended, and so were the man and the woman condemned to be hanged in the publick street in Edinburgh. The punishment was suitable, because the crime was haynous. But yet was not the Court purged of whores and whoredoms, which was the fountain of such enormities; for it was well knowne that shame hasted marriage betwixt John Sempill, called the Dancer,* and Mary Levingston, sirnamed the Lusty. What bruit the Maries and the rest of the dancers of the Court had the ballads of that age do witness, which we for modestie's sake omit."—*History of the Reformation*, p. 373. For these modest scruples in omitting the ballads of the age, the historian, it is believed, will receive but slender thanks at the hands of the poetic antiquary.

"It will readily strike the reader," adds the Editor of the Border Minstrelsy, "that the tale has suffered great alterations as handed down by tradition; the French waiting-woman being changed into Mary Hamilton, and the Queen's apothecary into Henry Darnley.

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* This was the ancestor of Sir James Sempill, of Belltrees. A new edition of the poetical works of Sir James, and of his descendants, will shortly appear, uniform with Mr. Laing's beautiful editions of Mr. Montgomerie's and Alexander Scott's poems.

Yet this is less surprising when we recollect that one of the heaviest of the Queen's complaints against her ill-fated husband was his infidelity, and that even with her personal attendants."

Mr. Sharp has prefixed his set of "Marie Hamilton" with these remarks:—"It is singular that during the reign of the Czar Peter, one of his Empress's attendants, a Miss Hamilton, was executed for the murder of a natural child—not her first crime in that way as was suspected; and the Emperor, whose admiration of her beauty did not preserve her life, stood upon the scaffold till her head was struck off, which he lifted by the ears and kissed on the lips. I cannot help thinking that the two stories have been confused in the ballad, for if Marie Hamilton was executed in Scotland, it is not likely that her relations resided beyond seas; and we have no proof that Hamilton was really the name of the woman who made the slip with the Queen's apothecary."

In this set of the ballad, from its direct allusion to the use of the Savin tree, a clue is, perhaps, afforded for tracing how the poor mediciner mentioned by Knox, should be implicated in the crime of Mary Hamilton. It may also be noted, as a feature in this version of the ballad, which does not occur in any heretofore printed, the unfortunate heroine's proud and indignant spurning at life after her character had been tainted by the infamy of a sentence of condemnation. In another copy of the ballad, also obtained from recitation, this sentiment is, perhaps, still more forcibly expressed; at any rate, it is more appropriate, as being addressed to the King. The whole concluding verses of this copy, differing as they somewhat do from the version adopted for a text, it has been thought worth while to preserve.

But bring to me a cup, she says,
  A cup bot and a can,
And I will drink to all my friends,
  And they'll drink to me again.
Here's to you all travellers,
  Who travel by land or sea,

Let na wit to my father nor mother
The death that I must die.
Here's to you all travellers,
That travel on dry land;
Let na wit to my father or mother
But I am coming hame.
Oh little did my mother think,
First time she cradled me,
What land I was to travel on,
Or what death I would die.
Oh little did my mother think,
First time she tied my head,
What land I was to tread upon,
Or whare I would win my bread.
Yestreen Queen Mary had four Maries;
This night she'll hae but three;
She had Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.
Yestreen I wush Queen Mary's feet,
And bore her till her bed;
This day she's given me my reward—
The gallows tree to tread.
Cast aff, cast aff my gown, she said,
But let my petticoat be;
And tye a napkin on my face,
For that gallows I downa see.
By and cam the King himsell,
Look'd up wi' a pitiful ee;
Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton,
This day thou wilt dine with me.
Hold your tongue, my sovereign liege,
And let your folly be;

An ye had had a mind to save my life,
Ye should na hae shamed me here !

The copy of the ballad from which the above extract is given, begins with this verse—

There were three ladies, they lived in a bower,
And oh, but they were fair ;
The youngest o' them is to the King's court,
To learn some unco lair.

There is another version, in which the heroine is named Mary Myles, or Myle ; but Myle is probably a corruption of the epithet "mild," which occurs in the fragment given in the "North Countrie Garland." This version, at least that which the Editor took from the singing of an old woman, commences thus :—

There lived a lord into the west,
And he had dochters three ;
And the youngest o' them is to the King's court
To learn some courtesie.
She hadna been in the King's court
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till she was neither able to sit nor gang
Wi' the gaining o' some play.

By this set, too, it appears that this unfortunate lady's fate had excited the compassion of bosoms made of sterner stuff than the other copies mention.

When she gaed up the Cannongate side—
The Cannongate side sae free,
Oh there she spied some *Minister lads*,
Crying, och and alace for me.

In an imperfect copy of the ballad, also obtained from recitation,

the following stanza occurs, which is not to be met with in any other set which I have seen.

They socht the chalmir up and down,
And in below the bed;
And there they fand a braw lad bairn,
Lying lapperin' in his blude.

This fragment concludes with Mary Hamilton's declaring on the scaffold the lofty lineage from which she had sprung, and intimating the cause of her undoing—

My father he's the Duke of York;
My mother's a gay ladye;
And I mysell am a pretty fair lady,
And the King fell in love with me.

THERE lives a knight into the north,
And he had daughters three;
The ane of them was a barber's wife—
The other a gay ladie;

And the youngest o' them to Scotland is gane,
The Queen's Mary to be;
And for a' that they could say or do
Forbidden she wouldna be.

The prince's bed it was sae saft,
  The spices they were sae fine,
That out of it she could not lye
  While she was scarce fifteen.

She's gane to the garden gay
  To pu' of the Savin tree;
But for a' that she could say or do
  The babie it would not die.

She's rowed it in her handkerchief,
  She threw it in the sea,
Says,—"Sink ye, swim ye, my bonnie babe,
  For ye'll get nae mair of me."

Queen Mary came tripping down the stair,
  Wi' the gold strings in her hair;
"O whare's the little babie, she says,
  That I heard greet sae sair."

"O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,
  Let all those words go free;
It was mysell wi' a fit o' the sair colic—
  I was sick just like to die."

"O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
Let all those words go free;
O where is the little babie
That I heard weep by thee?"

"I rowed it in my handkerchief,
And threw it in the sea;
I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
It would get nae mair o' me."

"O wae be to thee, Mary Hamilton,
And an ill deid may you die;
For if you had saved the babie's life,
It might hae been an honour to thee.

"Busk ye, busk ye, Mary Hamilton,
O busk ye to be a bride;
For I am going to Edinburgh town
Your gay wedding to bide.

"You must not put on your robes of black,
Nor yet your robes of brown;
But you must put on your yellow gold stuffs,
To shine thro' Edinburgh town."

"I will not put on my robes of black,
Nor yet my robes of brown;
But I will put on my yellow gold stuffs,
To shine thro' Edinburgh town."

As she went up the Parliament Close,
A-riding on her horse,
There she saw many a Burgess' lady
Sit greeting at the cross.

"O what means a' this greeting,
I'm sure it's nae for me,
For I'm come this day to Edinburgh town
Weel wedded for to be."

When she gade up the Parliament stair,
She gied loud lauchters three;
But ere that she had come down again,
She was condemned to die.

"O little did my mother think
The day she prinned my gown,
That I was to come sae far frae hame
To be hanged in Edinburgh town.

"O what'll my poor father think,
As he comes through the town,
To see the face of his Molly fair
Hanging on the gallows pin.

"Here's a health to the mariners
That plough the raging main;
Let neither my mother nor father ken
But I'm coming hame again.

"Here's a health to the sailors
That sail upon the sea;
Let neither my mother nor father ken
That I came here to die.

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
This night she'll hae but three;
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

"O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
Let all those words go free;
This night ere ye be hanged,
Ye shall gang hame wi' me."

"O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,
  Let all those words go free,
Since I have come to Edinburgh town,
  Its hanged I shall be;
For it shall ne'er be said that in your court
I was condemned to die."

"In Balfour House, in Fifeshire, is a full-length portrait of Mary Beaton."—*Ballad Book.*

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

THIS old north-country ballad, which appears to be founded on fact, is well known in almost every corner of Scotland. Pinkerton printed it in his "Tragic Ballads," 1781, "from," as he says, "a modern edition in one sheet, 12mo, after the old copy." Notwithstanding this reference to authority, the ballad certainly received a few conjectural emendations from his own pen; at least, the present version, which is given as it occurs in early stall prints, and as it is to be obtained from the recitations of elderly people, does not exactly correspond with his.

Two modern ballads have sprung out of this old one, namely, "Sir James the Ross," and "Elfrida and Sir James of Perth." The first of these is said to have been written by Michael Bruce; the latter is an anonymous production, and has found its way into Evan's Collection,

vide Vol. IV. Edin. 1810. It might be curious to ascertain which of these mournful ditties is the senior, were it for nothing else than perfectly to enjoy the cool impudence with which the graceless youngster has appropriated to itself, without thanks or acknowledgement, all the best things which occur in the other.

O HEARD ye of Sir James the Rose,
The young heir of Buleighan?
For he has killed a gallant squire,
And his friends are out to take him.

Now he's gone to the house of Marr,
Where the Nourice was his leman;
To seek his dear he did repair,
Thinking she would befriend him.

"Where are you going, Sir James?" she says,
"Or where now are you riding?"
"Oh I am bound to a foreign land,
For now I'm under hiding."

"Where shall I go? where shall I run?
Where shall I go to hide me?
For I have killed a gallant squire,
And they're seeking to slay me."

"O go ye down to yon ale-house,
And I'll there pay your lawin';
And if I be a maiden true,
I'll meet you in the dawin'."

"I'll no go down to yon ale-house
For you to pay my lawin';
There's forty shillings for one supper,
I'll stay in't till the dawin'."

He's turned him richt and round about,
And rowed him in his brechan;
And he has gone to take a sleep,
In the lowlands of Buleighan.

He had not weel gone out o' sicht,
Nor was he past Millstrethen,
Till four-and-twenty belted knights,
Came riding owre the Lethan.

"O have ye seen Sir James the Rose,
The young heir of Buleighan?
For he has killed a gallant squire,
And we're sent out to take him."

"O I have seen Sir James," she says,
"For he passed here on Monday;
If the steed be swift that he rides on
He's past the gates o' London."*

As they rode on man after man,
Then she cried out behind them,
"If you do seek Sir James the Rose,
I'll tell you where you'll find him.

"Seek ye the bank abune the mill,
In the lowlands of Buleighan;
And there you'll find Sir James the Rose,
Lying sleeping in his brechan.

"You must not wake him out of sleep,
Nor yet must you affright him,
Till you drive a dart quite through his heart,
And through his body pierce him."

They sought the bank abune the mill,
In the lowlands of Buleighan,
And there they found Sir James the Rose,
Lying sleeping in his brechan.

---

* "He's past the hichts o' Lundie," *(Pinkerton,)* which is probably the correct reading.

Up then spake Sir John the Graeme,
Who had the charge a-keeping,
"It shall ne'er be said, dear gentlemen,
We killed him when a-sleeping."

They seized his broad sword and his targe,
And closely him surrounded;
And when he waked out of his sleep,
His senses were confounded.

"O pardon, pardon, gentlemen,
Have mercy now upon me."
"Such as you gave, such you shall have,
And so we fall upon thee."

"Donald, my man, wait me upon,
And I'll gie you my brechan,
And if you stay here till I die
You'll get my trews of tartan.

"There is fifty pounds in my pocket,
Besides my trews and brechan,
Ye'll get my watch and diamond ring,
And take me to Loch-Largan."

Now they've ta'en out his bleeding heart,
And stuck it on a spear,
Then took it to the House of Marr,
And gave it to his dear.

But when she saw his bleeding heart,
She was like one distracted,
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Crying—" Oh! what have I acted.

" It's for your sake, Sir James the Rose,
That my poor heart's a-breaking;
Cursed be the day I did thee betray,
Thou brave knight o' Buleighan."

Then up she rose, and forth she goes,
And in that fatal hour,
She bodily was borne away,
And never was seen more.

But where she went was never kent.
And so, to end the matter,
A traitor's end you may depend
Can never be no better.

FAIR ANNIE.

A fragment of this beautiful ballad first appeared in the Collection of David Herd, 1781.* A complete copy of it, obtained from recitation, was afterwards given in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, under the title of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie." Two other copies, obtained from a similar source, appeared in the Appendix of Mr. Jamieson's Collection, entitled "Lady Jane and Burd Helen," from which he formed the ballad of "Lady Jane," received into the body of the work. The same gentleman has, in the work referred to, translated from the Kæmpe Viser, a Danish ballad, entitled "Skœn Annie," the story of which is the same with the present. To this he has subjoined some valuable and curious remarks on the striking resemblance which exists between the Scottish and Scandinavian traditionary songs. His views on this interesting subject are given much more extended in the second part of that very valuable volume, "Northern Antiquities."† These we will have occasion to notice in the introduction to this volume.

This ballad, Sir Walter Scott observes, is, in its subject, similar to the Breton romance of "Fai le Frain, or the Lay of the Ash;" and, it is probable, as the same writer suggests, that many other of our popular ballads may be likewise traced to a Romance original. In confirmation of this opinion, it may be noticed here, that in one of the commonest of our stall ballads, namely, "The Factor's Garland," in four

* Mr. Jamieson has fallen into a mistake in saying that the ballad first appeared in Pinkerton's "Ballads," not reflecting that Mr. P. deserves little credit for his industry in *collecting* unedited ballads, however much he may be entitled to for his pains in *inventing* some.

† "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities." Edin. 1814, 4to.

parts, (a deserved favourite with the vulgar,) its principal, and certainly the most interesting incident will be found in the curious romance of "Sir Amadas."*

Of the present ballad, the Editor has two copies, both obtained from the recitation of old people. They differ somewhat from each other; but as both sets are worth preserving, the one which is rejected now will find a place in the Appendix.

"LEARN to mak your bed, Annie,
And learn to lie your lane,
For I maun owre the salt seas gang,
A brisk bride to bring hame.

"Bind up, bind up, your yellow hair,
And tye it in your neck;
And see you look as maiden-like
As the day that we first met."

"O how can I look maiden-like,
When maiden I'll ne'er be;
When seven brave sons I've born to thee,
And the eighth is in my bodie?

---

* Weber's "Metrical Romances," Vol. III. Edin., 1810.

"The eldest of your sons, my Lord,
Wi' red gold shines his weed;
The second of your sons, my Lord,
Rides on a milk-white steed;

"And the third of your sons, my Lord,
He draws your beer and wine;
And the fourth of your sons, my Lord,
Can serve you when you dine;

"And the fift of your sons, my Lord,
He can both read and write;
And the sixth of your sons, my Lord,
Can do it most perfyte;

"And the sevent of your sons, my Lord,
Sits on the nurse's knee;
And how can I look maiden-like,
When a maid I'll never be?

"But wha will bake your wedding bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
Or wha will welcome your brisk bride
That you bring owre the dale?"

" I'll put cooks in my kitchen,
And stewards in my hall,
And I'll have bakers for my bread,
And brewers for my ale;
But you're to welcome my brisk bride
That I bring owre the dale."

He set his feet into his ship,
And his cock-boat on the main;
He swore it would be year and day
Or he returned again.

When year and day was past and gane,
Fair Annie she thocht lang,
And she is up to her bower head
To behold both sea and land.

" Come up, come up my eldest son,
And see now what you see;
Oh yonder comes your father dear,
And your stepmother to be."

" Cast off your gown of black, mother,
Put on your gown of brown,

And I'll put off my mourning weeds,
  And we'll welcome him home."

She's taken wine into her hand,
  And she has taken bread,
And she is down to the water side
  To welcome them indeed.

"You're welcome, my lord, you're welcome, my
    lord,
  You're welcome home to me,
So is every lord and gentleman
  That is in your companie.

"You're welcome, my lady, you're welcome, my
    lady,
  You're welcome home to me,
So is every lady and gentleman
  That's in your companie."

"I thank you, my girl, I thank you, my girl,
  I thank you heartily;
If I live seven years about this house
  Rewarded you shall be."

She serv'd them up, she serv'd them down,
  With the wheat bread and the wine,
But aye she drank the cauld water
  To keep her colour fine.

She serv'd them up, she serv'd them down,
  With the wheat bread and the beer,
But aye she drank the cauld water
  To keep her colour clear.

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
  And all were boune for rest,
Fair Annie laid her sons in bed,
  And a sorrowfu' woman she was.

"Will I go to the salt salt seas,
  And see the fishes swim;
Or will I go to the gay green wood,
  And hear the small birds sing?"

Out and spoke an aged man,
  That stood behind the door,
"Ye will not go to the salt salt seas
  To see the fishes swim,

Nor will ye go to the gay green wood
To hear the small birds sing:

"But ye'll take a harp into your hand,
Go to their chamber door,
And aye ye'll harp, and aye ye'll murn,
With the salt tears falling o'er."

She's ta'en a harp into her hand,
Went to their chamber door,
And aye she harped, and aye she murn'd,
With the salt tears falling o'er.

Out and spak the brisk young bride,
In bride bed where she lay,
"I think I hear my sister Annie,
And I wish weel it may;
For a Scotish lord staw her awa,
And an ill death may he die."

"Wha was your father, my girl," she says,
"Or wha was your mother;
Or had you ever a sister dear,
Or had you ever a brother?"

" King Henry was my father dear,
  Queen Esther was my mother,
Prince Henry was my brother dear,
  And Fanny Flower my sister."

" If King Henry was your father dear,
  And Queen Esther was your mother,
If Prince Henry was your brother dear,
  Then surely I'm your sister.

" Come to your bed, my sister dear,
  It ne'er was wrang'd for me,
Bot an ae kiss of his merry mouth,
  As we cam owre the sea."

" Awa, awa, ye forenoon bride,
  Awa, awa, frae me;
I wudna hear my Annie greet,
  For a' the gold I got wi' thee.

" There were five ships of gay red gold
  Cam owre the seas with me,
It's twa o' them will tak me hame,
  And three I'll leave wi' thee.

" Seven ships o' white monie
  Came owre the seas wi' me,
Five o' them I'll leave wi' thee,
  And twa will take me hame ;
And my mother will make my portion up
  When I return again."

BILLIE ARCHIE

Is a North Country version of a popular Border Ballad.

" SEVEN years have I loved my love,
  And seven years my love's loved me ;
But now to-morrow is the day
  That Billie Archie, my love, must die."

Out then spoke him Little Dickie,
  And still the best fellow was he :
" Had I but five men and mysell
  Then we would borrow Billie Archie."

Out it spoke him Caff o' Lin,
And still the worst fellow was he,
"You shall have five men and yoursell,
And I will bear you companie.

"We will not go like to dragoons,
Nor yet will we like grenadiers;
But we will go like corn-dealers,
And lay our brechams on our meares.

"And twa of us will watch the road,
And other twa between will gang,
And I will go to jail-house door,
And hold the prisoner unthought lang."

"Wha is this at the jail-house door,
Sae weel as they do ken the gin."
"It's I mysell," said him Little Dickie,
"And oh sae fain's I would be in."

"Awa, awa, now Little Dickie,
Awa, let all your folly be;
If the Lord Lieutenant come on you,
Like unto dogs he'll cause you die."

"Hold you, hold you, Billie Archie,
And now let all your folly be;
Though I die without, you'll not die within,
For borrowed shall your body be."

"Awa, awa, now Little Dickie,
Awa, let all this folly be;
An hundred pounds of Spanish irons
Is all bound on my fair bodie."

Wi' plough coulters and gavelocks
They made the jail-house door to flee;
"And in God's name," said Little Dickie,
"Cast you the prisoner behind me."

They had not rade a great way off,
With all the haste that ever could be,
Till they espied the Lord Lieutenant,
With a hundred men in companie.

But when they cam to wan water,
It now was rumbling like the sea,
Then were they got into a strait,
As great a strait as well could be.

Then out did speak him Caff o' Lin,
And aye the warst fellow was he:
"Now God be with my wife and bairns,
For fatherless my babes will be.

"My horse is young, he cannot swim;
The water's deep, and will not wade;
My children must be fatherless,
My wife a widow whate'er betide."

Oh! then cried out him Little Dickie,
And still the best fellow was he:
"Take you my mare, I'll take your horse,
And Devil drown my mare and thee."

Now they have taken the wan water,
Though it was roaring like the sea;
And when they gat to the other side,
I wat they bragged right crouslie.

"Come thro', come thro', now Lord Lieutenant,
Oh! do come thro', I pray of thee;
There is an alehouse not far off,
We'll dine you and your companie."

"Awa, awa, now Little Dickie,
Oh! now let all your taunting be;
There's not a man in the king's army,
That would have tried what's done by thee."

"Cast back, cast back, my fetters again,
Cast back my fetters, I say to thee;
And get you gane the way you came,
I wish no prisoners like to thee."

"I have a mare, she's called Meg,
The best in all our low countrie;
If she gang barefoot till they're done,
An ill death may your lordship die."

SON DAVIE, SON DAVIE.

The following, which is given from the recitation of an old woman, will strike the reader as resembling the ballad of the "Twa Brothers," a

set of which is given in a preceding part of this collection. But it resembles more the ballad given in Percy's "Reliques," beginning

Why does zour brand sae drap wi' blood,
Edward! Edward!

and which was communicated by Lord Hailes. Indeed, there is reason to believe that his Lordship made a few slight verbal improvements on the copy he transmitted, and altered the hero's name to Edward, a name which, by-the-bye, never occurs in a Scottish ballad, except where allusion is made to an English King. This, then, may be looked upon as the *genuine* traditionary version; but it is given now principally for the purpose of affording an opportunity of preserving the melody to which it is sung among the other tunes with which this volume will be enriched.

"What bluid's that on thy coat lap?
Son Davie! Son Davie!
What bluid's that on thy coat lap?
And the truth come tell to me O."

"It is the bluid of my great hawk,
Mother lady! mother lady!
It is the bluid of my great hawk,
And the truth I hae tald to thee O."

"Hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Son Davie! son Davie!
Hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,
And the truth come tell to me O."

"It is the bluid o' my grey hound,
Mother lady! mother lady!
It is the bluid of my grey hound,
And it wudna rin for me O."

"Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Son Davie! son Davie!
Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
And the truth come tell to me O."

"It is the bluid o' my brother John,
Mother lady! mother lady!
It is the bluid o' my brother John,
And the truth I hae tald to thee O."

"What about did the plea begin?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"It began about the cutting o' a willow wand,
That would never hae been a tree O."

"What death dost thou desire to die?
Son Davie! son Davie!
What death dost thou desire to die?
And the truth come tell to me O."

"I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,
Mother lady! mother lady!
I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,
And ye'll never see mair o' me O."

"What wilt thou leave to thy poor wife?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"Grief and sorrow all her life,
And she'll never get mair frae me O."

"What wilt thou leave to thy auld son?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"The weary warld to wander up and down,
And he'll never get mair o' me O."

"What wilt thou leave to thy mother dear?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"A fire o' coals to burn her wi' hearty cheer,
And she'll never get mair o' me O."

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

The principal object in giving the present traditionary version of this well known and singular ballad is to restore to the mysterious little Master whom it commemorates that marvellous breadth of shoulders which truly belongs to him, and of which, it will be seen by comparison with the common printed copies, that he has been most unceremoniously and injudiciously deprived. The vast latitude of his chest, and formidable bigness of his head, contrasted with the tiny measurement of his limbs, add wondrously to the grotesqueness of his figure, and form too important a feature in the curious picture to be heedlessly omitted. There is an old poem in the Cotton MSS. which Ritson supposes to be of the time of Edward I. or II., which begins—

Als Y Yod on ay Mounday,

and of which the present ballad appears to be a portion. This poem is printed in Mr. Finlay's collection, accompanied with some sensible remarks.

As I was walking mine alane,
  Betwixt the water and the wa',
There I spied a wee, wee man,
  He was the least ane that e'er I saw.

His leg was scarce a shaftmont lang,
  Both thick and nimble was his knee;[1]

Between his e'en there was a span—
Betwixt his shoulders there were ells three.

This wee, wee man pulled up a stane,
He flang't as far as I could see;
Though I had been as Wallace strang,
I wadna gotten it up to my knee.

I said, "Wee man, oh! but you're strang,
Where is your dwelling, or where may't be?"
"My dwelling's at yon bonnie green;
Fair lady, will ye go and see."

On we lap, and awa we rade,
Until we cam to yonder green;
We lighted down to rest our steed,
And there came out a lady sheen,

Wi' four and twenty at her back,
And they were a' weel clad in green;
Although he had been the king of Scotland,
The warst o' them might hae been his queen.

So on we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonnie hall;

The rafters were o' the beaten gold,
And silver wire were the kebars all.

There were pipers playing in every neuk,
And ladies dancing, jimp and sma';
And aye the owreturn o' their tune,
Was—our wee, wee man has been lang awa!"[2]

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[1] *Variation.*—His legs they were na a gude inch lang,
And thick and nimble was his thie.

[2] The two last lines of the printed copies differ from these; but I never have found their reading sanctioned by a recited copy of any antiquity.

YOUNG BEARWELL

Is a fragment, and now printed in the hope that the remainder of it may hereafter be recovered. From circumstances, one would almost be inclined to trace it to a Danish source; or it may be an episode of some forgotten Metrical Romance, but this cannot satisfactorily be ascertained, from its catastrophe being unfortunately wanting.

WHEN two lovers love each other weel,
  Great sin it were them to twinn;
And this I speak from young Bearwell,
  He loved a lady ying,
The Mayor's daughter of Birktoun-brae,
  That lovely liesome thing.

One day when she was looking out,
  When washing her milk-white hands,
That she beheld him, young Bearwell,
  As he came in the sands.

Says—wae's me for you, young Bearwell,
  Such tales of you are tauld;
They'll cause you sail the salt sea so far,
  As beyond Yorkisfauld.

Oh! shall I bide in good green wood,
  Or stay in bower with thee?
The leaves are thick in good green wood,
  Would hold you from the rain;
And if you stay in bower with me,
  You will be taken and slain.

But I caused build a ship for you,
  Upon Saint Innocent's day;
I'll bid Saint Innocent be your guide,
  And our lady that meikle may.
You are a lady's first true love,
  God carry you weel away!

Then he sailed east and he sailed west,
  By many a comely strand;
At length a puff of northern wind
  Did blow him to the land.

When he did see the king and court
  Were playing at the ba';
Gave him a harp into his hand,
  Says—stay Bearwell and play.

He had not been in the king's court
  A twelvemonth and a day,
Till there came lairds and lords enew
  To court that lady gay.

They wooed her with broach and ring,
  They nothing could keep back,

The very charters of their lands,
  Into her hands they pat.

She's done her down to Heyvalin,
  With the light of the mune;
Says—Will ye do this deed for me,
  And will ye do it sune?

Will ye go seek him, young Bearwell,
  On seas wherever he be?
And if I live and bruik my life,
  Rewarded ye shall be.

Alas, I am too young a skipper,
  So far to sail the faem;
But if I live and bruik my life,
  I'll strive to bring him hame.

So he has sail'd east, and then sail'd west,
  By many a comely strand,
Till there came a blast of northern wind,
  And blew him to the land.

And there the king and all his court
  Were playing at the ba';

Gave him a harp into his hand,
  Says—Stay, Heyvalin, and play.

He has tane up the harp in hand,
  And unto play went he;
And young Bearwell was the first man
  In all that companie.

* * * * *

LORD DERWENTWATER.

This is a Jacobite ballad, and refers to the fate of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, who suffered for high treason, in the ill-concerted rising of 1715. It is given from recitation. In the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," is a fragment, entitled "Derwentwater," said "to be taken from the recitation of a young girl in the parish of Kirkbean, Galloway,"—information as precise as one could reasonably look for in things of this sort; but the character which that work has unhappily, but justly gained for its literary impositions, precludes one from placing any reliance on its statements. The same fragment is again paraded in Mr. Allan Cunningham's "Songs of Scotland," without the slightest allusion being made to the fact of its being, from first to last, a production of his own pen. Now, though it is readily granted that the poem in question is not so good as some others which the author has written in a similar vein; at the same time it must be observed that, thus to impose on the ignorant and the credulous by giving as the productions of another age, that which he

feels reluctant to father as his own bantling, is in itself uncandid, and altogether beneath the noble-mindedness of genius. Of the Lord Derwentwater, Ritson has preserved a song in his "Northumberland Garland," in no degree more poetical than the following homely strain. The name given to his lordship by the old woman from whom the ballad was received is retained in the text. The Editor has been favoured by Mr. Sharpe with another copy of the ballad, containing a few variations not of much importance.

OUR King has wrote a long letter,
And sealed it ower with gold;
He sent it to my lord Dunwaters,
To read it if he could.

He has not sent it with a boy,
Nor with any Scots lord;
But he's sent it with the noblest knight,
E'er Scotland could afford.

The very first line that my lord did read,
He gave a smirkling smile;
Before he had the half of it read,
The tears from his eyes did fall.

"Come saddle to me my horse," he said,
"Come saddle to me with speed;

For I must away to fair London town,
For to me there was ne'er more need."

Out and spoke his lady gay,
In child-bed where she lay:
"I would have you make your will, my lord Dunwaters,
Before you go away."

"I leave to you, my eldest son,
My houses and my land;
I leave to you, my youngest son,
Ten thousand pounds in hand.

"I leave to you, my lady gay—
You are my wedded wife,—
I leave to you, the third of my estate,
That'll keep you in a lady's life."

They had not rode a mile but one,
Till his horse fell owre a stane;
"It's a warning good enough," my lord Dunwaters said,
"Alive I'll ne'er come hame."

When they came to fair London town,
  Into the courtier's hall;
The lords and knights of fair London town,
  Did him a traitor call.

"A traitor, a traitor," says my lord,
  "A traitor how can that be?
An it be nae for the keeping five thousand men,
  To fight for King Jamie.

"O all you lords and knights in fair London town,
  Come out and see me die;
O all you lords and knights in fair London town,
  Be kind to my ladie.

"There's fifty pounds in my right pocket,
  Divide it to the poor;
There's other fifty in my left pocket,
  Divide it from door to door."

THE JOLLY GOSHAWK

Is a less complete version of "The Gay Goshawk," a ballad of considerable beauty, which first appeared in the "Border Minstrelsy."

"O well is me, my Jolly Goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee;
For ye can carry a love letter,
To my true love from me."

"Oh how can I carry a letter to her,
When her I do not know;
I bear the lips to her never spak,
And the eyes that her never saw."

"The thing of my love's face that's white,
Is that of dove or maw;
The thing of my love's face that's red,
Is like blood shed on snaw.

"And when you come to the castel,
Light on the bush of ash;

And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she comes from the mass.

" And when she gaes into the house,
Sit ye upon the whin ;
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she goes out and in."

And when he flew to that castel,
He lighted on the ash ;
And there he sat and sung their loves,
As she came from the mass.

And when she went into the house,
He flew unto the whin ;
And there he sat and sung their loves,
As she went out and in.

" Come hitherward my maidens all,
And sip red wine anon ;
Till I go to my west window,
And hear a birdie's moan."

She's gane unto her west window,
And fainly aye it drew ;

And soon into her white silk lap,
The bird the letter threw.

"Ye're bidden send your love a send,
For he has sent you twa;
And tell him where he can see you,
Or he cannot live ava."

"I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands off my hair;
I send him the heart that's in my breast,
What would my love have mair;
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye'll bid him meet me there."

She hied her to her father dear,
As fast as gang could she;
"An asking, an asking, my father dear,
An asking ye grant me,
That if I die in fair England,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the bells be rung;

At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the mass be sung.

"At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
You deal gold for my sake,
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
Oh! there you'll bury me at.

"And now, my tender father dear,
This asking grant you me;"
"Your asking is but small," he said,
"Weel granted it shall be."

[The lady asks the same boon and receives a similar answer, first from her mother, then from her sister, and lastly from her seven brothers.]

Then down as dead that lady drapp'd,
Beside her mother's knee;
Then out it spak an auld witch wife,
By the fireside sat she.

Says—"Drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin;
And drap it on her rose red lips,
And she will speak again;

For much a lady young will do,
To her true love to win."

They drapp'd the het lead on her cheek,
So did they on her chin;
They drapp'd it on her red rose lips,
But they breathed none again.

Her brothers they went to a room,
To make to her a bier;
The boards of it were cedar wood,
And the plates on it gold so clear.

Her sisters they went to a room,
To make to her a sark;
The cloth of it was satin fine,
And the steeking silken wark.

" But well is me, my Jolly Goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee;
Come shew to me any love tokens,
That you have brought to me."

" She sends you the rings from her fingers,
The garlands from her hair;

She sends you the heart within her breast,
And what would you have mair;
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
She bids you meet her there."

"Come hither all my merry young men,
And drink the good red wine;
For we must on to fair England,
To free my love from pine."

At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
They gart the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
They gart the mass be sung.

At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
They dealt gold for her sake;
And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
Her true love met them at.

"Set down, set down the corpse," he said,
"Till I look on the dead;
The last time that I saw her face,
She ruddy was and red;

But now alas, and woe is me,
She's wallowed like a weed."

He rent the sheet upon her face,
A little aboon her chin;
With lily white cheek, and lemin' eyne,
She lookt and laugh'd to him.

"Give me a chive of your bread, my love,
A bottle of your wine;
For I have fasted for your love,
These weary lang days nine;
There's not a steed in your stable,
But would have been dead ere syne."

"Gae hame, gae hame my seven brothers,
Gae hame and blaw the horn;
For you can say in the south of England,
Your sister gave you a scorn.

"I came not here to fair Scotland,
To lye amang the meal;
But I came here to fair Scotland,
To wear the silks so weel.

" I came not here to fair Scotland,
To lye amang the dead;
But I came here to fair Scotland,
To wear the gold so red."

GYPSIE DAVY.

This copy of the popular ballad which generally goes under the title of "Johnie Faa, or the Gypsie Laddie," was obtained from the recitation of an old woman, and as it contains some additional particulars, not to be found in any copy hitherto printed, so far as known to the editor, it has found a place in this collection. Mr. Finlay has been at some pains in gathering the notices which tradition has preserved of this fair lady's delinquency, and of her dreary penance in the tower of Maybole.

There came Singers to Earl Cassillis' gates,
And oh but they sang bonnie;
They sang sae sweet and sae complete,
Till down came the Earl's lady.

She came tripping down the stair,
And all her maids before her;

As soon as they saw her weel-faur'd face,
They coost their glamourye ower her.

They gave her o' the gude sweet meats,
The nutmeg and the ginger;
And she gi'ed them a far better thing,
Ten gowd rings aff her finger.

"Come with me, my bonnie Jeanie Faw,
O come with me, my dearie;
For I do swear by the head o' my spear,
Thy gude lord'll nae mair come near thee."

"Tak from me my silken cloak,
And bring me down my plaidie;
For it is good and good eneuch,
To follow a Gypsie Davy.

"Yestreen I rode this water deep,
And my gude lord beside me;
But this night I maun set in my pretty fit and wade,
A wheen blackguards wading wi' me.

"Yestreen I lay in a fine feather bed,
And my gude lord beyond me,
But this night I maun lye in some cauld tenant's barn,
A wheen blackguards waiting on me."

"Come to thy bed, my bonnie Jeanie Faw,
Come to thy bed, my dearie;
For I do swear by the head o' my spear,
Thy gude lord'll nae mair come near thee."

"I'll go to bed," the lady she said,
"I'll go to bed to my dearie;
For I do swear by the fan in my hand,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

"I'll mak a hap," the lady she said,
"I'll mak a hap to my dearie;
And he's get a' this petticoat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me."

When her gude lord came hame at night,
He was asking for his lady;

One spake slow, and another whispered low,
"She's awa wi' Gypsie Davy."

"Come saddle to me my horse," he said;
"Come saddle and make him ready;
For I'll neither sleep, eat, nor drink,
Till I find out my lady."

They sought her up, they sought her down,
They sought her thro' nations many;
Till at length they found her out in bonnie Abbaydale,
Drinking wi' Gypsie Davy.

"Rise, O Rise! my bonnie Jeanie Faw;
O Rise, and do not tarry:
Is this the thing that ye promised to me,
When at first I did thee marry?"

They drunk her cloak, so did they her gown,
They drunk her stockings and her shoon,
And they drunk the coat that was neist to her smock,
And they pawned her pearled apron.

They were sixteen clever men,
  Suppose they were nae bonnie;
They are to be a' hanged on ae day,
  For the stealing o' Earl Cassillis' lady.

"We are sixteen clever men,
  One woman was a' our mother;
We are a' to be hanged on ae day,
  For the stealing of a wanton lady."

WILLIE WALLACE.

This version of a popular ballad which has been successively printed in Johnson's "Museum," Jamieson's "Old Ballads," and Finlay's "Ballads," is taken from "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads," Peterhead, 1825. The Editor of that work states it to be given from the recitation of an Itinerant Tinker and Gypsie. We prefer it to the copy preserved in the "Museum." The reader will find the subject of the ballad in the 5th Book of Henry the Minstrel's "Metrical Life of Walays.

WALLACE in the high highlan's,
  Neither meat nor drink got he,

Said " Fa' me life, or fa' me death,
Now to some town I maun be."

He's put on his short claiding,
And on his short claiding put he,
Says " fa' me life, or fa' me death,
Now to Perth-town I maun be."

He stepped o'er the river Tay,
I wat he stepped on dry land;
He wasna aware of a well-faured maid
Was washing there her lilie hands.

" What news, what news, ye well-faured maid?
What news hae ye this day to me;"
" No news, no news, ye gentle knight,
No news hae I this day to thee,
But fifteen lords in the hostage house
Waiting Wallace for to see."

" If I had but in my pocket
The worth of one single pennie,
I would go to the hostage house,
And there the gentlemen to see."

She put her hand in her pocket,
And she has pull'd out half-a-crown,
Says, "Take ye that, ye belted knight,
'Twill pay your way till ye come down."

As he went from the well-faured maid,
A beggar bold I wat met he,
Was cover'd wi' a clouted cloak,
And in his hand a trusty tree.

"What news, what news, ye silly auld man,
What news hae ye this day to gie?
No news, no news, ye belted knight,
No news hae I this day to thee,
But fifteen lords in the hostage house
Waiting Wallace for to see."

"Ye'll lend me your clouted cloak
That covers you frae head to shie,
And I'll go to the hostage house,
Asking there for some supplie."

Now he's gone to the West-muir wood,
And there he pull'd a trusty tree,

And then he's on to the hostage gone,
Asking there for charitie.

Down the stair the Captain comes
Aye the poor man for to see;
"If ye be a Captain as good as ye look,
Ye'll give a poor man some supplie;
If ye be a Captain as good as ye look,
A guinea, this day, ye'll gie to me."

"Where were ye born, ye crooked carle?
Where were ye born, in what countrie?"
"In fair Scotland I was born,
Crooked carle that I be."

"I would give you fifty pounds,
Of gold and white monie;
I would give you fifty pounds,
If the traitor Wallace ye'd let me see."

"Tell down your money, said Willie Wallace,
Tell down your money, if it be good,
I'm sure I have it in my power,
And never had a better bode.

"Tell down your money if it be good,
And let me see if it be fine,
I'm sure I have it in my power,
To bring the traitor Wallace in."

The money was told on the table,
Silver bright of pounds fiftie;
"Now, here I stand," said Willie Wallace,
"And what hae ye to say to me?"

He slew the captain where he stood,
The rest they did quack an' roar;
He slew the rest around the room,
And ask'd if there were any more.

"Come cover the table," said Willie Wallace,
"Come cover the table now, make haste,
For it will soon be three lang days
Sin I a bit o' meat did taste."

The table was not well covered,
Nor yet had he set down to dine,
Till fifteen more of the English lords
Surrounded the house where he was in.

The guidwife she ran butt the floor,
And aye the guidman he ran ben;
From eight o'clock till four at noon,
He has kill'd full thirty men.

He put the house in sick a swither,
That five o' them he sticket dead;
Five o' them he drown'd in the river,
And five hung in the West-muir wood.

Now he is on, to the North-Inch gone,
Where the maid was washing tenderlie;
"Now by my sooth," said Willie Wallace,
"It's been a sair day's wark to me."

He's put his hand in his pocket,
And he has pull'd out twenty pounds,
Says, tak ye that, ye weel-fared maid,
For the gude luck of your half-crown.

SWEET WILLIE AND LADY MARGERIE.

This Ballad, which possesses considerable beauty and pathos, is given from the recitation of a lady now far advanced in years, with whose grandmother it was a deserved favourite. It is now for the first time printed. It bears some resemblance to CLERK SAUNDERS.

Sweet Willie was a widow's son,
And he wore a milk-white weed O;
And weel could Willie read and write,
Far better ride on steed O.

Lady Margerie was the first ladye,
That drank to him the wine O;
And aye as the healths gaed round and round,
"Laddy, your love is mine O."

Lady Margerie was the first ladye,
That drank to him the beer O;
And aye as the healths gaed round and round,
"Laddy, ye're welcome here O."

"You must come intill my bower,
When the evening bells do ring O;
And you must come intil my bower,
When the evening mass doth sing O."

He's taen four-and-twenty braid arrows,
And laced them in a whang O;
And he's awa to Lady Margerie's bower,
As fast as he can gang O.

He set his ae foot on the wa',
And the other on a stane O;
And he's kill'd a' the King's life guards,
He's kill'd them every man O."

"Oh open, open, Lady Margerie,
Open and let me in O;
The weet weets a' my yellow hair,
And the dew draps on my chin O."

With her feet as white as sleet,
She strode her bower within O;
And with her fingers lang and sma',
She's looten sweet Willie in O.

She's louted down unto his foot,
To lowze sweet Willie's shoon O;
The buckles were sae stiff they wadna lowze,
The blood had frozen in O.

"O Willie, O Willie, I fear that thou
Hast bred me dule and sorrow;
The deed that thou hast done this nicht,
Will kythe upon the morrow."

In then came her father dear,
And a braid sword by his gare O;
And he's gien Willie, the widow's son,
A deep wound and a sair O.

"Lye yont, lye yont, Willie," she says,
"Your sweat weets a' my side O;
Lye yont, lye yont, Willie," she says,
"For your sweat I downa bide O."

She turned her back unto the wa',
Her face unto the room O;
And there she saw her auld father,
Fast walking up and doun O.

"Woe be to you, father," she said,
"And an ill deid may you die O;
For ye've kill'd Willie, the widow's son,
And he would have married me O."

She turned her back unto the room,
Her face unto the wa' O;
And with a deep and heavy sich,
Her heart it brak in twa O.

KEMP OWYNE.

The subject of this ballad will be familiar to the reader in the other versions of it which have been published, namely, "The Laidley worm of Spindleston Heugh" (see Ritson's Northumberland Garland), and Kempion, (see Border Minstrelsy, vol. 3). For stories relative to monstrous worms and achievements similar to that described in the Ballad, the reader is referred to the valuable illustrations which accompany Kempion in the last-mentioned work. The present version is from recitation. From the air to which it is sung being similar to that of the ludicrous song of Kempy Kay, or Kempy Kane, (a copy of which is preserved in the Ballad Book,) one would be inclined to believe that the latter was a burlesque of the serious ballad. Ringing these merry changes on sad metres was no uncommon usage among

the Northern Minstrels; of this Mr. Jamieson has produced several instances in his interesting translations from the Danish Ballads.

Her mother died when she was young,
  Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
  That ever lived in christendom.

She served her with foot and hand,
  In every thing that she could dee;
Till once in an unlucky time
  She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
  And all my sorrows lie with thee:
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
  And borrow you with kisses three,
Let all the warld do what they will,
  Oh borrowed shall you never be."

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
  And twisted thrice about the tree,

And all the people far and near,
  Thought that a savage beast was she.
Thir news did come to Kemp Owyne,
  Where he lived far beyond the sea.

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
  And on the savage beast look'd he;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
  And twisted was about the tree;
And with a swing, she came about,
  "Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
  "That I have found in the green sea,
And while your body it is on,
  Drawn shall your blood never be,
But if ye touch me tail or fin,
  I vow my belt your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
  The Royal belt he brought him wi',
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
  And twisted twice about the tree.

And with a swing she came about,
"Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me."

"Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance around the tree;
And with a swing she came about,
"Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me."

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be,
But if you touch me tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
  The Royal brand he brought him wi';
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
  And twisted nane about the tree;
And smilingly she came about,
  As fair a woman as fair could be.

EARL RICHARD.

The locality of this ballad, BARNISDALE, will bring to the remembrance of the reader tales of Robin Hood and Little John, who, according to the testimony of that venerable chronicler, Andrew of Wyntown,

"In Yngilwode and Barnysdale,
  Their oysed all this tyme thare travaile."

Whether the ballad is originally the production of an English or of a Scotch Minstrel admits of question; certain, however, it is, that it has been received into both countries at a pretty early period. Hearne, in his preface to Gul. Neubrigiensis Historia, Oxon., 1719, vol. 1., p. lxx., mentions that the "Knight and Shepherd's Daughter," was well known in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In Fletcher's Pilgrim, Act 4, Scene 2, a stanza of the same ballad is quoted. The English version of this ballad is given in the "Reliques of English Poetry," vol. 3. There are various copies of it current in Scotland. The present version, obtained from recitation in one of the northern counties, is out of sight the most circumstantial and elaborated that has yet been printed. It possesses no small portion of humour, and appears to be of greater antiquity than the copy published in the Reliques. In one of the recited copies of this ballad, Earl Richard endeavours to shake the lady's conviction of his identity by using the same means as the Gaberlunzie man who sang:—

"I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout owre my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me."

But the eyes of love were too sharp to be deceived by such witty devices, for, as the ballad has it, when

"He came hirplin' on a stick,
And leaning on a tree,"

the lady, with a hasty voice, in the face of all the court, immediately cries out

"Be he cripple, or be he blind,
The same man is he!
With my low silver e'e."

Earl Richard's unbridegroomlike behaviour on his wedding night, and his agreeable discovery on the morrow, will remind the ballad reader of the gentle Sir Gawaine, who, when reluctantly turning round to caress his lothly bride, much to his joy and contentment, found her transformed into a most lovesome lady.

EARL RICHARD once on a day,
And all his valiant men so wight;
He did him down to Barnisdale,
Where all the land is fair and light.

He was aware of a damosel,
I wot fast on she did her bound,
With towers of gold upon her head,
As fair a woman as could be found.

He said, "Busk on you, fair ladye,
The white flowers and the red;

For I would give my bonnie ship,
To get your maidenhead."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea;
For all this would not mend the miss,
That ye would do to me."
"The miss is not so great, ladye,
Soon mended it might be.

"I have four and twenty mills in Scotland
Stands on the water Tay;
You'll have them and as much flour
As they'll grind in a day."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea;
For all that would not mend the miss,
That ye would do for me."
"The miss is not so great lady,
Soon mended it will be.

"I have four and twenty milk white cows,
All calved in a day;

You'll have them and as much hained grass
As they all on can gae."

" I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown ye in the sea;
For all that would not mend the miss,
That ye would do to me."
" The miss is not so great ladye,
Soon mended it might be.

" I have four and twenty milk white steeds,
All foaled in one year;
You'll have them and as much red gold,
As all their backs can bear."

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the mold,
" I would not be your love," said she,
" For that church full of gold."

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the mass,
Says,—" Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have less."

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the moon,
"I would not be your love," says she,
"For all the gold in Rome."

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the moon,
Says,—"Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have none."

He caught her by the milk white hand.
And by the grass green sleeve;
And there has taken his will of her,
Wholly without her leave.

The lady frowned and sadly blushed,
And oh! but she thought shame;
Says,—"If you are a knight at all,
You surely will tell me your name."

"In some places they call me Jack,
In other some they call me John;
But when into the Queen's Court,
Oh then Lithcock it is my name."

" Lithcock ! Lithcock !" the lady said,
And oft she spelt it over again ;
" Lithcock ! it's Latin," the lady said,
Richard's the English of that name."

The Knight he rode, the lady ran,
A live long summer's day ;
Till they came to the wan water,
That all men do call Tay.

He set his horse head to the water,
Just thro' it for to ride ;
And the lady was as ready as him,
The waters for to wade.

For he had never been as kind hearted,
As to bid the lady ride ;
And she had never been so low hearted
As for to bid him bide.

But deep into the wan water
There stands a great big stone ;
He turned his wight horse head about,
Said, " Lady fair, will ye loup on ?"

She's taken the wand was in her hand,
And struck it on the foam,
And before he got the middle stream,
The lady was on dry land.
"By help of God and our Lady,
My help lyes not in your hand."

"I learned it from my mother dear,
Few is there that has learned better;
When I come to a deep water,
I can swim thro' like ony otter.

"I learned it from my mother dear,
I find I learned it for my weal;
When I come to a deep water,
I can swim thro' like ony eel."

"Turn back, turn back, you lady fair,
You know not what I see;
There is a lady in that castle,
That will burn you and me."
"Betide me weal, betide me wae,
That lady will I see."

She took a ring from her finger,
And gave't the porter for his fee;
Says, "Tak you that, my good porter,
And bid the queen speak to me."

And when she came before the queen,
There she fell low down on her knee;
Says, "There is a knight into your court,
This day has robbed me."

"Oh, has he robbed you of your gold,
Or has he robbed you of your fee;"
"He has not robbed me of my gold,
He has not robbed me of my fee;
He has robbed me of my maidenhead,
The fairest flower of my bodie."

"There is no knight in all my court,
That thus has robbed thee;
But you'll have the truth of his right hand,
Or else for your sake he'll die;
Tho' it were Earl Richard, my own brother,
And oh! forbid that it be;"
Then, sighing, said the lady fair,
"I wot the samen man is he."

The queen called on her merry men,
  Even fifty men and three;
Earl Richard used to be the first man,
  But now, the hindmost was he.

He's taken out one hundred pounds,
  And told it in his glove;
Says, "Tak you that, my lady fair,
  And seek another love."

"Oh no, oh no," the lady cried,
  "That's what shall never be;
I'll have the truth of your right hand;
  The queen it gave to me."

"I wish I had drunk of your water, sister,
  When I did drink your wine;
That for a carle's fair daughter,
  It does gar me dree all this pine."

"May be I am a carle's daughter,
  And may be never nane;
When ye met me in the green wood,
  Why did you not let me alane?"

Will you wear the short clothes,
  Or will you wear the side,
Or will you walk to your wedding,
  Or will you till it ride?"

"I will not wear the short clothes,
  But I will wear the side;
I will not walk to my wedding,
  But I to it will ride."

When he was set upon the horse,
  The lady him behind;
Then cauld and eerie were the words,
  The twa had them between.

She said, "Good een, ye nettles tall,
  Just there where ye grow at the dike,
If the auld carline my mother was here,
  Sae weel's she would your pates pike.

"How she would stap you in her poke,
  I wot at that she wadna fail;
And boil ye in her auld brass pan,
  And of ye mak right gude kail.

"And she would meal you with millering,
That she gathers at the mill;
And mak you thick as any daigh,
And when the pan was brimful

"Would mess you up in scuttle dishes,
Syne bid us sup till we were fou,
Lay down his head upon a poke,
Then sleep and snore like any sow."

"Away! away! you bad woman,
For all your vile words grieveth me;
When ye heed so little for yourself,
I'm sure ye'll heed far less for me.

"I wish I had drunk your water, sister,
When that I did drink of your wine,
Since for a carle's fair daughter,
It aye gars me dree all this pine."

"Maybe I am a carle's daughter,
And maybe never nane;
When ye met me in the good green wood,
Why did you not let me alane?

"Gude e'en, gude e'en, ye heather berries,
As ye're growing on yon hill;
If the auld carle and his bags were here,
I wot he would get meat his fill.

" Late, late, at night I knit our pokes,
With even four-and-twenty knots;
And in the morn at breakfast time,
I'll carry the keys of an earl's locks.

" Late, late, at night I knit our pokes,
With even four-and-twenty strings;
And if you look to my white fingers,
They have as many gay gold rings."

"Away! away! ye ill woman,
And sore your vile words grieveth me;
When you heed so little for yourself,
I'm sure ye'll heed far less for me.

" But if you are a carle's daughter,
As I take you to be;
How did you get the gay clothing,
In greenwood ye had on thee?"

" My mother she's a poor woman,
She nursed earl's children three;
And I get them from a foster sister,
For to beguile such sparks as thee."

" But if you be a carle's daughter,
As I believe you be;
How did ye learn the good Latin,
In green wood ye spoke to me?"

" My mother she's a mean woman,
She nursed earl's children three;
I learned it from their chapelain,
To beguile such sparks as ye."

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men boune for bed;
Then Earl Richard and this Ladye,
In ane bed they were laid.

He turned his face to the stock,
And she hers to the stane;
And cauld and dreary was the luve,
That was thir twa between.

Great was the mirth in the kitchen,
  Likewise intill the ha';
But in his bed lay Earl Richard,
  Wiping the tears awa'.

He wept till he fell fast asleep,
  Then slept till licht was come;
Then he did hear the gentlemen
  That talked in the room,

Said,—"Saw ye ever a fitter match,
  Betwixt the ane and ither;
The king o' Scotland's fair dochter,
  And the queen of England's brither."

"And is she the King o' Scotland's fair dochter?
  This day, oh, weel is me!
For seven times has my steed been saddled,
  To come to court with thee;
And with this witty lady fair,
  How happy must I be!"

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

ALEX. FAHRNER "A.1881

I.

The following transcript is a literal copy from the original in the Pepysian Library, Cambridge.—(See appendix to Maitland's Poems by Pinkerton, and Jamieson's Ballads.)—

A Proper New Ballad, Entituled The Wind hath blown my Plaid away; or, A discourse betwixt a young Maid and the Elphin-Knight; to be sung with its own pleasant New Tune.

The Elphin Knight sits on yon hill,
  Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba,
He blowes his Horn both loud and shril,
  The wind hath blown my plaid awa.
He blowes it East, he blowes it West,
  Ba, ba, etc.
He blowes it where he lyketh best,
  The wind, etc.
I wish that horn were in my Kist,
  Ba, ba, etc.
Yea, and the knight in my armes two,
  The wind, etc.
She had no sooner these words said,
  Ba, ba, etc.
When that the Knight came to her bed,
  The wind, etc.
Thou art over young a maid, quoth he,
  Ba, ba, etc.
Married with me thou il wouldst be,
  The wind, etc.
I have a sister younger than I,
  Ba, ba, etc.
And she was married yesterday,
  The wind, etc.
Married with me if thou wouldst be,
  Ba, ba, etc.
A courtesie thou must do to me,
  The wind, etc.

For thou must shape a sark to me,
  Ba, ba, etc.
Without any cut or heme, quoth he,
  The wind, etc.
Thou must shape it needle and sheerlesse,
  Ba, ba, etc.
And also sue it needle threedlesse,
  The wind, etc.
If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,
  Ba, ba, etc.
Another thou must do to me,
  The wind, etc.
I have an aiker of good Ley-land,
  Ba, ba, etc.
Which lyeth low by yon sea-strand,
  The wind, etc.
For thou must cure it with thy horn,
  Ba, ba, etc.
So thou must sow it with thy corn,
  The wind, etc.
And bigg a cart of stone and lyme,
  Ba, ba, etc.
Robin Redbreast he must trail it hame,
  The wind, etc.
Thou must barn it in a mouse-holl,
  Ba, ba, etc.
And thrash it into thy shoes' soll,
  The wind, etc.
And thou must winnow it in thy looff,
  Ba, ba, etc.
And also seck it in thy glove,
  The wind, etc.
For thou must bring it over the sea,
  Ba, ba, etc.
And thou must bring it dry home to me,
  The wind, etc.
When thou hast gotten thy turns well done,
  Ba, ba, etc.
Then come to me and get thy sark then,
  The wind, etc.

I'l not quite my plaid for my life,
  Ba, ba, etc.
It haps my seven bairns and my wife,
  The wind shall not blow my Plaid awa.
My maidenhead, I'l then keep still,
  Ba, ba, etc.
Let the Elphin Knight do what he will,
  The wind's not blown my Plaid awa,
My plaid awa, my plaid awa,
  And o'er the hill and far awa,
And far awa, to Norrowa,
  My plaid shall not be blown awa.

II.

WILLIE AND MARGARET.

Between the version, from which the following stanzas are taken, and that given by Mr. Jamieson, reprinted in this work, see p. 155, there are a few, but unimportant, variations. It supplies the deficiencies of Mr. Jamieson's copy, and commences with this verse immediately before the opening one of his :—

Willie stands in his stable door,
  And clapping at his steed,
And looking ower his white fingers,
  His nose began to bleed.

When Willie is refused admittance at his love's bower, the ballad continues,

"O fare ye weel, my fause Margaret,
  O fare ye weel and adieu,
I've gotten my mother's malison
  This night coming to you."
As he rode ower yon hie hie hill,
  And down yon dowie den,
The roar that was in Clyde's water
  Would fear'd a hundred men.

iv.

When he came to Clyde's water,
'Twas flowing ower the brim;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water,
Took Willie's cane frae him.
He leaned him ower his saddle bow,
To catch his cane again,
The rushing that was in Clyde's water,
Took Willie's hat frae him.
He leaned him ower his saddle bow,
To catch his hat thro force;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water,
Took Willie frae his horse.
His brother stood upon the bank,
Says "Fye, man, will ye drown?
Ye'll turn ye to your high horse head,
And learn ye how to soom."
"How can I turn to my high horse head,
And learn me how to soom?
I've gotten my mother's malison,
It's here that I maun drown."
The very hour the young man sank
Into the pot sae deep;
Up it waken'd her, May Margret,
Out of her drowsy sleep.
"Come here, come here, my mother dear,
And read this dreary dream;
I dreamed my love was at our yetts,
And nane wuld let him in."
"Lye still, lye still, now, May Margret,
Lye still, and tak your rest,
Syn your true love was at your yetts,
It's but twa quarters past."
Nimbly, nimbly raise she up,
And nimbly put she on;
And the higher that the lady cried,
The louder blew the win'.
The firsten step that she stepped,
She stepped to the cuit—

v.

"Ohone, alace!" said that ladie,
"This water's wondrous deep."
The neisten step that she wade in,
She waded till the knee;
Says she "I would wade farther in
Gin I my love could see."
The neisten step that she wade in,
She waded to the chin;
The deepest pot in Clyde's water,
She got sweet Willie in.
"You've had a cruel mother, Willie,
And I have had anither;
But we shall sleep in Clyde's water,
Like sister and like brither!"

III.

LORD JAMIE DOUGLAS.

O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly by yon burn side,
Where me and my lord was wont to gae.
Hey nonny nonnie, but love is bonnie,
A little while when it is new;
But when love grows auld it grows mair cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.
I lean'd my back against an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree,
But first it bowed, and syne it break,
And sae did my fause luve to me.
My mother tauld me when I was young,
That young man's love was ill to trow,
But until her I would give nae ear,
And alace my ain wand dings me now!
O wherefore need I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kaim my hair?
For my good lord has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

vi.

Gin I had wist or I had kisst,
  That young man's love was sae ill to win ;
I would hae lockt my hert wi' a key o' gowd,
  And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
An I had kent what I ken now,
  I'd never crosst the water Tay,
But stayed still at Athole's gates,—
  He would have made me his lady gay.
When lords and lairds cam to this toun,
  And gentlemen o' a high degree ;
I took my auld son in my arms,
  And went to my chamber pleasantlie.
But when lords and lairds cam thro this toun,
  And gentlemen o' a high degree ;
I must sit alane intill the dark,
  And the babie on the nurse's knee.
I had a nurse, and she was fair,
  She was a dearly nurse to me :
She took my gay lord frae my side,
  And used him in her companie.
Awa, awa, thou fause Blackwood,
  Aye, and an ill death may thou die,
Thou wert the first and occasion last,
  Of parting my gay lord and me.
When I lay sick and very sick,—
  Sick I was and like to die,
A gentleman, a friend of mine,
  He came on purpose to visit me ;
But Blackwood whisper'd in my lord's ear
  He was ower lang in chamber with me.
When I was sick and very sick,—
  Sick I was and like to die,
I drew me near to my stairhead,
  And I heard my ain lord lichtly me.
Come down, come down, O Jamie Douglas,
  And drink the orange wine with me,
I'll set thee on a chair of gold,
  And daut thee kindly on my knee.

When sea and sand turn far inland,
  And mussels grow on ilka tree ;
When cockle shells turn siller bells,
  I'll drink the orange wine wi' thee.
What ails you at our youngest son,
  That sits upon the nurse's knee,
I'm sure he's never done any harm,
  An it's not to his ain nurse and me.
If I had kent what I ken now,
  That love it was sae ill to win,
I should ne'er hae wet my cherry cheek,
  For onie man or woman's son.
When my father came to hear
  That my gay lord had forsaken me,
He sent five score of his soldiers bright
  To take me safe to my ain countrie.
Up in the mornin' when I arose,
  My bonnie palace for to lea',
I whispered in at my lord's window,
  But the never a word he would answer me.
Fare ye weel, then, Jamie Douglas,
  I need care as little as ye care for me ;
The Earl of Mar is my father dear,
  And I soon will see my ain countrie.
Ye thought that I was like yoursell,
  And loving ilk ane I did see ;
But here I swear by the heavens clear,
  I never loved a man but thee.
Slowly, slowly, rose I up,
  And slowly, slowly, I cam down ;
And when he saw me sit in my coach,
  He made his drums and trumpets sound.
When I into my coach was set,
  My tenants all were with me tane ;
They set them down upon their knees,
  And they begg'd me to come back again.
It's fare ye weel, my bonnie palace,
  And fare ye weel, my children three ;

God grant your father may get mair grace,
  And love thee better than he has done me.
It's fare ye weel, my servants all,
  And you, my bonnie children three,
God grant your father grace to be kind
  Till I see you safe in my ain countrie.
But wae be to you, fause Blackwood,
  Aye, and ill death may you die;
Ye are the first, and I hope the last,
  That put strife between my good lord and me.
When I came in through Edinburgh town
  My loving father came to meet me,
With trumpets sounding on every side;
  But it was no comfort at all to me,
For no mirth nor music sounds in my ear,
  Since the Earl of March has forsaken me.
"Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
  And of your weeping, pray let abee,
For I'll send to him a bill of divorce,
  And I'll get as good a lord to thee."
"Hold your tongue, my father dear,
  And of your scoffing, pray let abee;
I would rather hae a kiss of my ain lord's mouth
  As all the lords in the north countrie."
When she came to her father's land,
  The tenants a' cam her to see;
Never a word she could speak to them,
  But the buttons aff her clothes did flee.
The linnet is a bonnie bird,
  And aften flees far frae its nest;
So all the world may plainly see
  They're far awa that I love best!
She looked out at her father's window,
  To take a view of the countrie;
Who did she see but Jamie Douglas,
  And alang with him her children three.
There came a soldier to the gate,
  And he did knock right hastilie:

" If Lady Douglas be within,
  Bid her come down and speak to me,
O come away, my lady fair,
  Come away, now, alang with me :
For I have hanged fause Blackwood
  At the very place where he told the lie."

IV.

JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK.

This curious ballad is of respectable antiquity. Dunbar has written a piece entitled "Prayer that the King war John Thomsoun's man," the 4th line of each stanza being "God, gif ye war John Thomsoun, man!" In his note on this poem, Mr. Pinkerton says; "This is a proverbial expression, meaning a hen-pecked husband. I have little doubt but the original proverb was "*Joan* Thomson's man;" *man*, in Scotland, signifies either *husband* or *servant*." Pinkerton was ignorant of the existence of the ballad: had he been acquainted with it, he would have saved himself the trouble of writing a foolish conjecture. Colville in his "Whig's Supplication; or, The Scotch Hudibras," alludes twice to John Thomson :—

We read in greatest warriors lives,'
They oft were ruled by their wives, &c.,
And so the imperious Roxalan
Made the great Turk Johne Thomson's man.

Again,

—— And these, we ken,
Have ever been John Thomson's men,
That is still ruled by their wives.

Pennicuik in his "Linton Address to the Prince of Orange," also alludes to the proverbial expression—

Our *Lintoun* Wives shall blaw the coal,
And Women here, as weel we ken,
Would have Us all *John Thomson's* men.

Two or three stanzas of the ballad were known to Dr. Leyden when he published his edition of the "Complaynt of Scotland." These he has given in the glossary appended to that work.

In "Kelly's Proverbs," London, 1721, there is this notice of the proverb—"Better be John Thomson's man than Ringan Dinn's or John Knox's;" and Kelly gives this gloss, "John Thomson's man is he that is complaisant to his wife's humours, Ringan Dinn's is he whom his wife scolds, John Knox's is he whom his wife beats." In the West Country, my friend, Mr. A. Crawford, informs me that when a company are sitting together, sociably, and a neighbour drops in, it is usual to welcome him thus:—"Come awa, we're a' John Tamson's bairns."

There is a song about John Tamson's wallet, but whether this was the Palmer's scrip, which the hero of the ballad must have borne, I I know not. All that I have heard concerning the wallet is contained in these two verses:—

John Tamson's wallet frae end to end,
John Tamson's wallet frae end to end;
And what was in't ye fain would ken,
Whigmaleeries for women and men.

About his wallet there was a dispute,
Some said it was made o' the skin o' a brute,
But I believe its made o' the best o' bend,
John Tamson's wallet, frae end to end.

There is also a nursery ryme which runs thus:—

John Tamson and his man
To the town ran;
They bought and they sold,
And the penny down told.
The kirk was ane,
The quire was twa;
They gied a skelp
And cam awa.

And this exhausts all I know respecting this worthy warrior.

xi.

JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK.

John Thomson fought against the Turks
  Three years, intill a far countrie;
And all that time, and something mair,
  Was absent from his gay ladie.
But it fell ance upon a time,
  As this young chieftain sat alane,
He spied his lady in rich array,
  As she walk'd ower a rural plain.
"What brought ye here, my lady gay,
  So far awa from your ain countrie?
I've thought lang, and very lang,
  And all for your fair face to see."
For some days she did with him stay,
  Till it fell ance upon a day,
"Fareweel for a time," she said,
  "For now I must boun hame away."
He's gi'en to her a jewel fine,
  Was set with pearl and precious stane;
Says, "My love, beware of these savages bold
  That's in your way as ye gang hame.
Ye'll tak the road, my lady fair,
  That leads you fair across the lea:
That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan,
  And likewise from base Violentrie."
Wi' heavy heart thir twa did pairt,
  She mintet as she wuld gae hame;
Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,
  But to base Violentrie she's gane.
When a twelvemonth had expired,
  John Thomson he thought wondrous lang,
And he has written a braid letter,
  And sealed it weel wi' his ain hand.
He sent it with a small vessel
  That there was quickly gaun to sea;
And sent it on to fair Scotland,
  To see about his gay ladie.

But the answer he received again—
  The lines did grieve his heart right sair :
Nane of her friends there had her seen,
  For a twelvemonth and something mair.
Then he put on a Palmer's weed,
  And took a pike-staff in his hand ;
To Violentrie's castell he hied,
  But slowly, slowly, he did gang.
When within the hall he came,
  He jooked and couch'd out ower his tree,
" If ye be lady of this hall,
  Some of your good bountith gie me."
"What news, what news, Palmer," she said,
  "And from what countrie cam ye?"
" I'm lately come from Grecian plains
  Where lies some of the Scots armie."
" If ye be come from Grecian plains
  Some mair news I will ask of thee—
Of one of the chieftains that lies there,
  If he has lately seen his gay ladie."
" It is twa months and something mair,
  Since we did pairt on yonder plain ;
And now this knight has began to fear
  One of his foes he has her ta'en."
" He has not ta'en me by force nor slight,
  It was a' by my ain free will ;
He may tarry into the fight,
  For here I mean to tarry still.
And if John Thomson ye do see,
  Tell him I wish him silent sleep ;
His head was not so coziely,
  Nor yet sae weel as lies at my feet."
With that he threw aff his strange disguise,
  Laid by the mask that he had on ;
Said, " Hide me now, my lady fair,
  For Violentrie will soon be hame."
" For the love I bore thee ance,
  I'll strive to hide you if I can."

xiii.

Then she put him down in a dark cellar
  Where there lay many a new slain man.
But he hadna in the cellar been,
  Not an hour but barely three,
Then hideous was the noise he heard,
  When in at the gate cam Violentrie.
Says, "I wish you well, my ladie fair,
  It's time for us to sit to dine;
Come, serve me with the good white bread,
  And likewise with the claret wine.
That Scots chieftain, our mortal fae,
  Sae aft frae field has made us flee,
Ten thousand zechins this day I'll give
  That I his face could only see."
"Of that same gift wuld ye give me,
  If I wuld bring him unto thee?
I fairly hold you at your word—
  Come ben, John Thomson, to my lord."
Then from the vault John Thomson came,
  Wringing his hands most piteouslie,
"What would ye do," the Turk he cried,
  "If ye had me as I hae thee?"
"If I had you as ye have me,
  I'll tell ye what I'd do to thee;
I'd hang you up in good green wood,
  And cause your ain hand wale the tree.
I meant to stick you with my knife
  For kissing my beloved lady"—
"But that same weed ye've shaped for me,
  It quickly shall be sewed for thee."
Then to the wood they baith are gane;
  John Thomson clamb frae tree to tree;
And aye he sighed and said, "Och, hone,
  Here comes the day that I must die."
He tied a ribbon on every branch,
  Put up a flag his men might see;
But little did his false faes ken
  He meant them any injurie.

xiv.

He set his horn unto his mouth,
  And he has blawn baith loud and schill :
And then three thousand armed men
  Came tripping all out ower the hill.
" Deliver us our chief," they all did cry,
  " It's by our hand that ye must die ;"
" Here is your chief," the Turk replied,
  With that fell on his bended knee.
"O mercy, mercy, good fellows all,
  Mercy, I pray you'll grant to me ;"
" Such mercy as ye meant to give,
  Such mercy we shall give to thee."
This Turk they in his castel burnt,
  That stood upon yon hill so hie ;
John Thomson's gay ladie they took
  And hanged her on yon greenwood tree !

MUSICK.

The following tunes having been taken down from the singing of particular verses in the respective ballads to which they belong, and these verses having sometimes happened not to be the initial stanza of the ballad, it has been deemed advisable to print the precise verses from the singing of which the several tunes were so noted. This is rendered the more necessary as some tunes are given to which no correspondent ballad will be found in this collection, while others refer to sets of a ballad different from those which it contains.

I. THE DÆMON LOVER. p. 92.

O where have ye been my long lost love,
  This long seven years and more?
O I'm come to seek my former vows
  Ye granted me before.

II. THE FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

Is an English ballad, to be found in Deloney's "History of Jack of Newbury," from which it is inserted in Ritson's Ancient Songs." A Scottish version is given in Mr. Kinloch's Ballads, entitled, "The Provost's Daughter." It is popular in Scotland.

When they came to Scotland brig,
  O my dear, my love that she wan;
Light off, ye hure, from my black steed,
  And hie ye awa to Northumberland.

III. THE WHUMMIL BORE.

This ballad, had it been obtained perfect, would probably have found a place in this collection. As nothing but a few stanzas were recovered we have contented ourselves with merely preserving its tune.

Seven lang years I have served the king,
Fa, fa, fallilly,
And I ne'er got a sight of his dochter but ane,
With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy, eedle,
Lillum too a tee too a tally.

IV. LORD DERWENTWATER. p. 349.

I leave to you, my eldest son,
My houses and my land;
I leave to you, my youngest son,
Ten thousand pounds in hand.

V. LORD BENGWILL,

Is not printed in this collection. It is one of the numerous versions which exist of the ballad known under the titles of Bothwell, Corspatrick, Gil Brenton, &c. See "Herd's Ballads and Border Minstrelsy."

Seven ladies liv'd in a bower,
Hey down and ho down,
And aye the youngest was the flower,
Hey down and ho down.

VI. BABE NORICE. p. 282.

The text now given is a version of the ballad differing a little from the one published in this volume.

Babe Norice is to the Greenwud gane,
He's awa wi' the wind;
His horse is siller shod afore
In the burning gowd ahind.

VII. SIR HEW OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER. p. 51.

The version of this ballad printed in the present volume differs a little from the set whose tune was noted, and which begins:

It was in the middle o' the midsimmer tyme
When the scule weans play'd at the ba', ba',
Out and cam the Jew's dochter
And on little Sir Hew did ca', ca',
And on little Sir Hew did ca'.

VIII. EARL RICHARD. p. 218.

Earl Richard is a hunting gone
As hard as he could ride,
His hunting horn about his neck
And his broad sword by his side.

IX. JAMIE DOUGLAS,

Is frequently sung to the same tune as "Waly, waly, up the bank."

O come down stairs, Jamie Douglas,
O come down stairs and speak to me,
And I'll set thee in a fine chair of gowd
And I'll kindly daut thee upon my knee.

X. OCHILTREE WALLS.

This ballad, or at least other sets of it, are given in Herd's "Collec-

tion," and in the "Border Minstrelsy," under the titles of "Bonny May" and the "Broom of the Cowdenknowes." It is not printed in this volume, but the set of which the tune is now given begins thus :—

O May, bonnie May, is to the yowe buchts gane
For to milk her daddie's yowes,
And ay as she sang, her voice it rang
Out ower the tap o' the knowes, knowes, knowes,
Out ower the tap o' the knowes.

XI. EARL RICHARD.

This is a different tune to another version of the same ballad as No. VIII.

XII. THE THREE RAVENS,

Is given from the singing of a traditionary version of the ballad very popular in Scotland, and the words of which set differ little from those given in Ritson's "Ancient Song."

Three ravens sat upon a tree,
Hey down, hey derry day,
Three ravens sat upon a tree, hey down,
Three ravens sat upon a tree,
And they were black as black could be,
And sing lay doo and la doo and day.

XIII. HYNDE HORN. p. 35.

What if these diamonds lose their hue,
With a hey lilloo and a how lo lan,
Just when my love begins for to rew,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

XIV. SUSIE CLELAND. p. 221.

There lived a lady in Scotland,
  Hey my love, and ho my joy;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
  And she dearly loved me,
There lived a lady in Scotland,
And she's fallen in love wi' an Englishman,
  And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in Dundee.

XV. JOHNIE SCOT. p. 204.

But had I paper, pen, and ink,
  And candle at my command;
It's I would write a lang letter
  To John in fair Scotland.

XVI. CLERK SAUNDERS. p. 147.

And they lay still and sleeped sound
  Until the day began to daw,
And kindly to him she did say,
  "It is time, true love, ye were awa'."

XVII. AMANG THE BLUE FLOWERS AND YELLOW.

This ballad is not inserted in this collection. The air was deemed worthy of preservation.

O Johnie, dear Johnie, what makes ye sae sad,
  As the sun shines ower the valley;
I think nae music will mak ye glad,
  Amang the blue flowers and the yellow.

XVIII. YOUNG JOHNSTON. p. 193.

It is from the singing of a different version of the ballad than that given in this volume that its air has been obtained.

As Willie and the young Col'nel
Were drinking at the wine,
O will ye marry my sister, says Will,
And I will marry thine.

XIX. SWEET WILLIAM. p. 307.

Part of this plate was printed off before it was discovered that slurs were omitted over the last four notes of the 3d bar, the first two of the 6th bar, and last two of the 7th bar.

This bird flew high, this bird flew low,
This bird flew ower the sea,
Until it entered the same chamber
Wherein was sweet Willie.

XX. THE SWAN SWIMS BONNIE O.

This ballad frequently goes under the title of "The Cruel Sister," or that of "The Mill dams of Binnorie." Various versions of it exist. Of one set the musick is now given, commencing thus :—

There liv'd twa sisters in a bower,
Hey my bonnie Annie O,
There cam a lover them to woo,
And the Swan swims bonnie O.
And the Swan swims bonnie O.

XXI. LITTLE MUSHIEGROVE.

The old English ballad of "Little Musgrove and Lady Barnard"

exists in many shapes in Scotland. Its melody does not occur in Ritson's "English Songs," it not being known to the compiler of that work.

It fell upon a Martinmas time
When the nobles were a' drinking wine,
That little Mushiegrove to the kirk he did go
For to see the ladies come in.

XXII. JOHNIE O' BRAIDISLEE. p. 17.

Johnie rose up in a May mornin',
Called for water to wash his hands—
Gar loose to me the gude gray dogs
That are bound wi' iron bands.

XXIII. LADY JEAN.

This ballad has never been published. Its subject is the same with that of the "Bonny Hind," printed in the "Border Minstrelsy."

The king's young daughter was sitting in her window
Sewing at her fine silken seam,
She luikit out at her braw bower window
And she saw the leaves growin' green, my love,
And she saw the leaves growing green.

XXIV. MAY COLLEAN. p. 67.

From a different version than that published in this compilation.

O heard ye e'er o' a bloody knight
That liv'd in the west Countrie?
For he has stown seven ladies fair
And drown'd them a' in the sea.

XXV. MAY MARGARET. p. 56.

Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
  And of your weeping let me be,
For ye maun to the king himsell
  To seek the life o' young Logie.

XXVI. THE BONNIE BANKS O' FORDIE. p. 88.

The melody now given is attached to a different version of this ballad which begins—

There were three sisters liv'd in a bower,
  Fair Annet, and Margaret, and Marjorie,
And they went out to pu' a flower,
  And the dew draps off the hyndberry tree.

XXVII. EARL MARSHALL. p. 1.

Queen Elenor was a sick woman
  And sick just like to die.
And she has sent for two Fryars of France
  To come to her speedily.

XXVIII. MILL O' TIFTIE'S ANNIE. p. 239.

At Mill o' Tiftie liv'd a man,
  In the neighbourhood o' Fyvie;
He had a lovely daughter fair
  Was called bonnie Annie.
Her bloom was like the springing flower,
  That salutes the rosy morning,
With innocence and graceful mein
  Her beauteous form adorning.

XXIX. RICADOO.

This humourous ballad, of which the air is now given, has not been printed in this collection. It begins:—

The farmer's daughter gade to the market,
Some white fish for to buy,
The young squire followed after her
As fast as he could hie, Ricadoo,
Tunaway ricadoo a doo a day,
Raddle ricadoo,
Tunaway.

XXX. THE BONNIE MERMAID.

The ballad to which this tune is sung could not be recovered in a complete state. The verse now printed also occurs in some sets of Sir Patrick Spens.

O up and spak the bonnie mermaid,
Wi' the glass and the kaim in her hand;
Reek about, reek about, ye mariners all,
For ye're not very far from the land.

XXXI. CAPTAIN GLEN.

This common stall ballad is generally sung to the tune now given.

We had not sailed a league but two
Till all our whole ship's jovial crew
They all fell sick but sixty-three,
As we went to New Barbarie.

XXXII. THE FALSE KNIGHT.

For one version of this ballad see the *Introduction*. From another set the tune has been noted. It begins :—

O whare are ye gaun, quo' the false knight,
And false false was his rede,
I'm gaun to the scule, says the pretty little boy,
And still still he stude.

XXXIII. KEMPY KANE.

A version of this ludicrous and extravagant ballad is given in Mr. Sharpe's "Ballad Book." The set of which the tune is now given commences thus :

Kempy Kane's a wooin' gane
And far ayont the sea awee ;
And there he met wi' Drearylane,
His gay gude father to be awee.

'The Musick now published has been obtained at considerable cost ; and no little pains have been bestowed in noting it down with strict fidelity and accuracy. It affords a pretty ample specimen of the description of melody to which a great number of the early traditionary ballads of Scotland are still chaunted by the people. As such it is hoped that it will prove an acquisition of some value to the ancient popular melodies of the land. Whatever the Musician may think of its worth, the Antiquarian, it is believed, will not lightly pass it by, but on the contrary, rejoice with an exceeding gladness that some little has been done to transmit it purely and undefiled to posterity.

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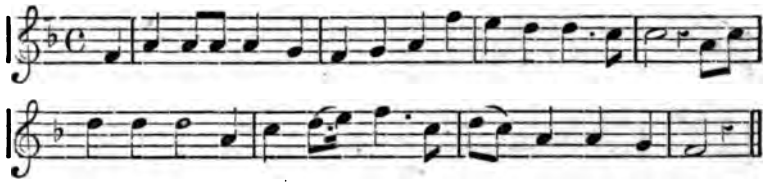
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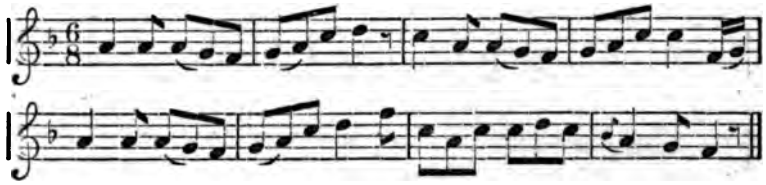
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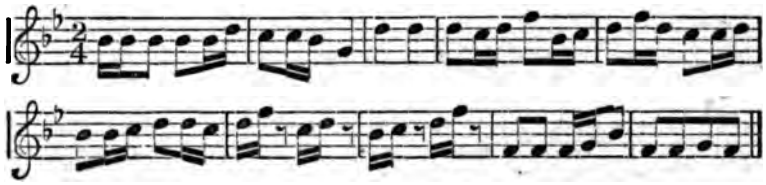
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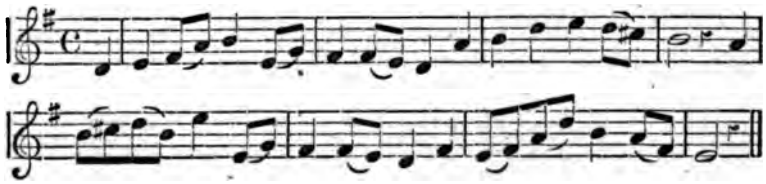
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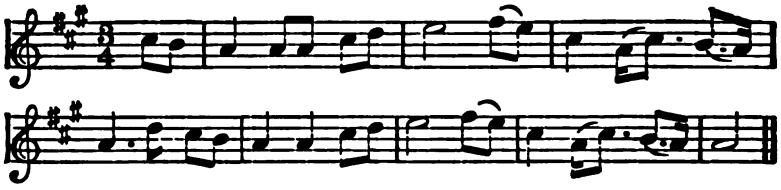
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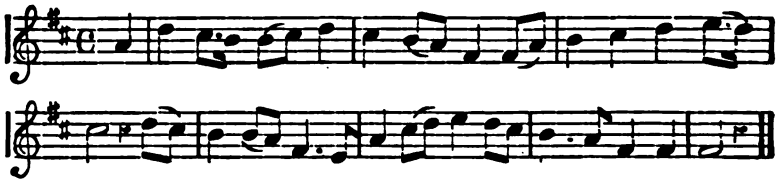
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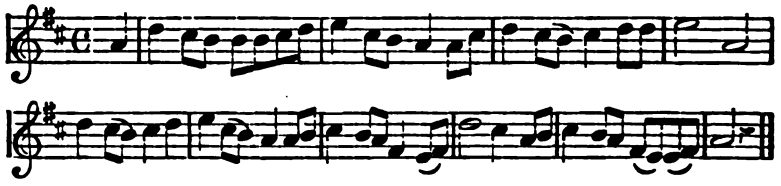
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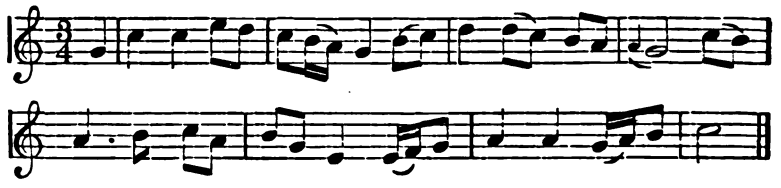
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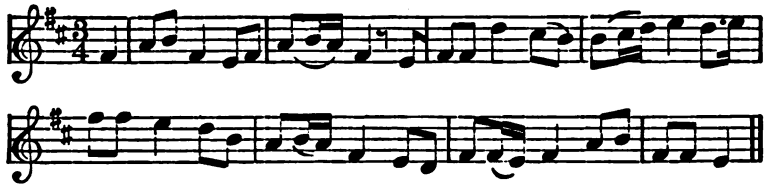
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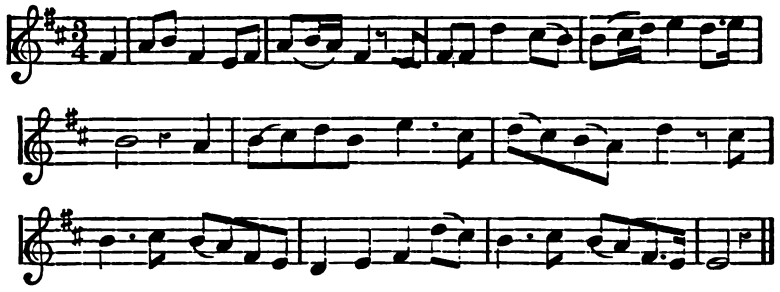
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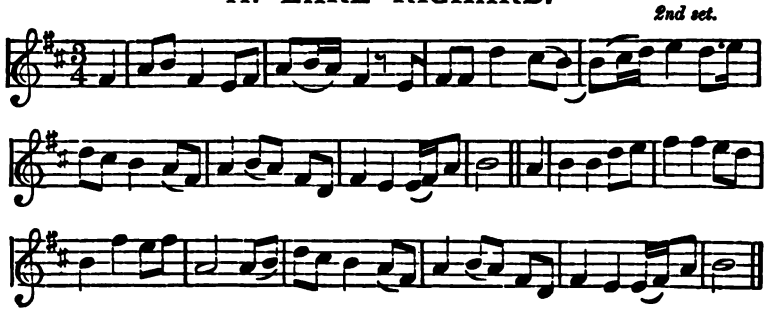

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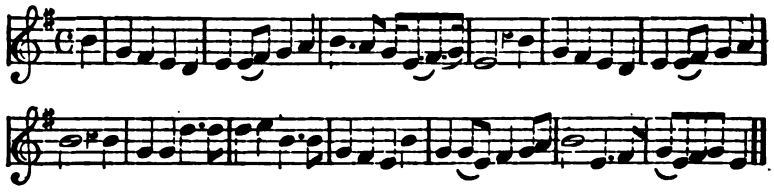
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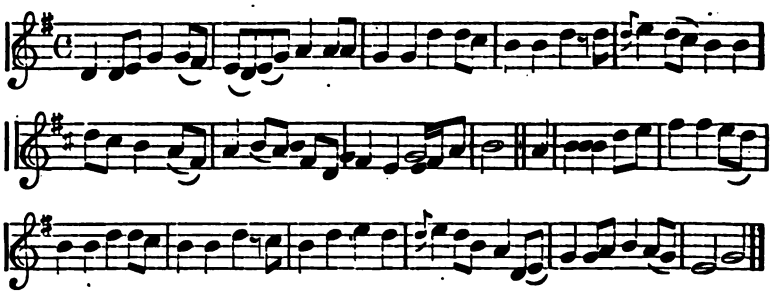
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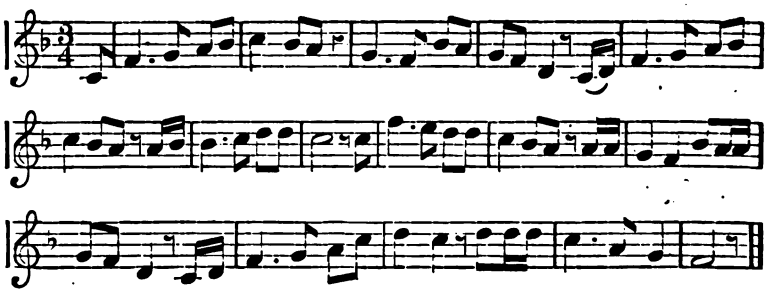
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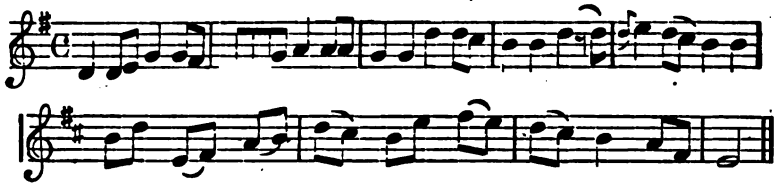
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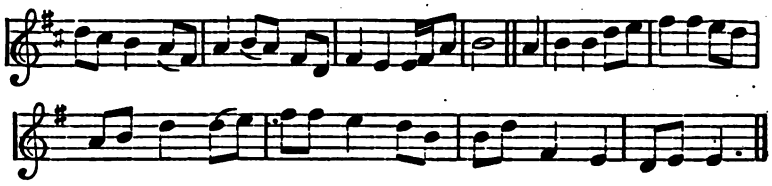
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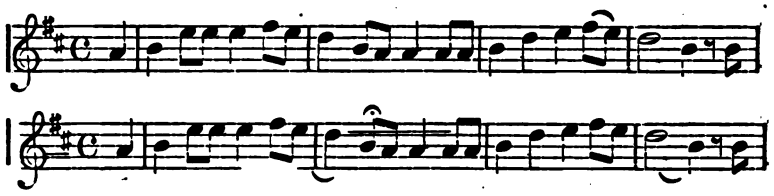
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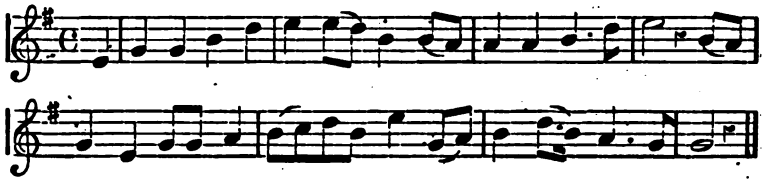
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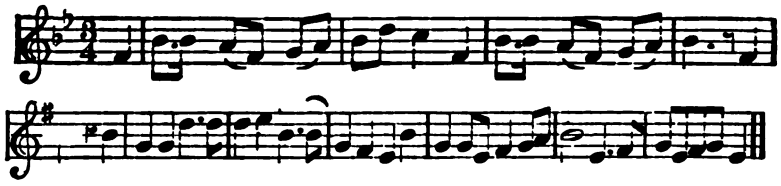
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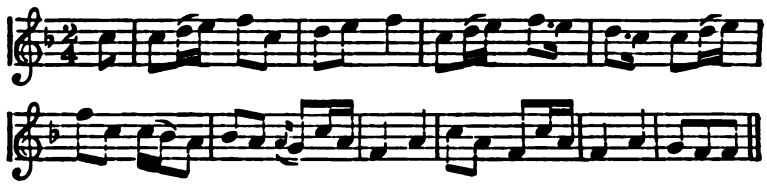
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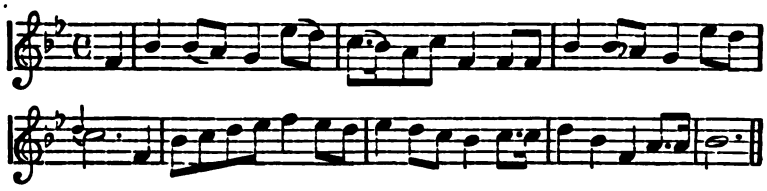
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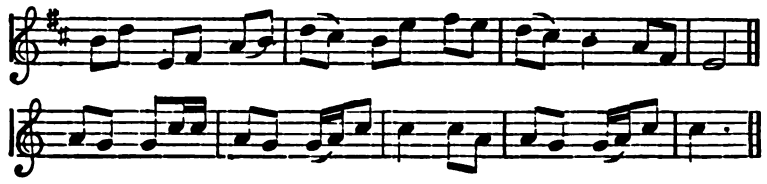
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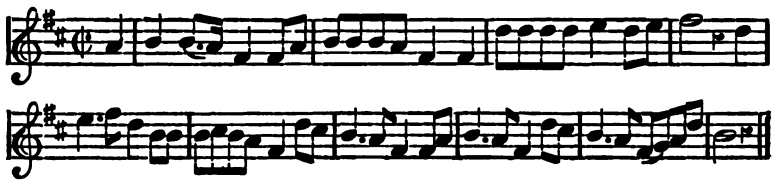
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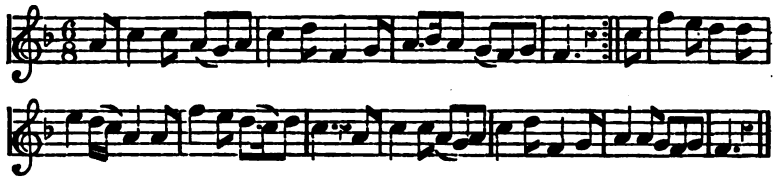

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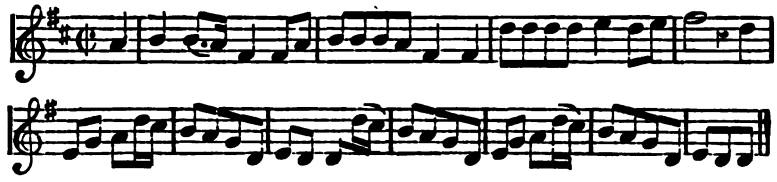
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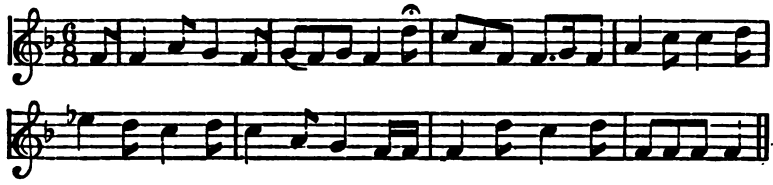
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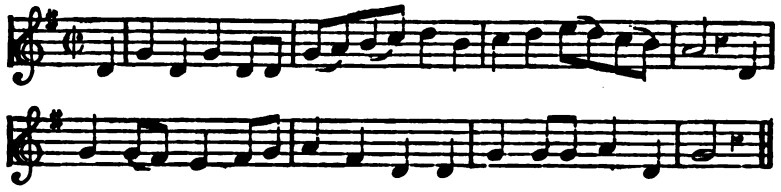
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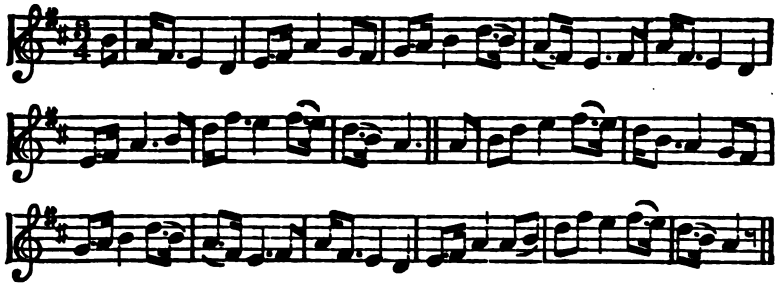
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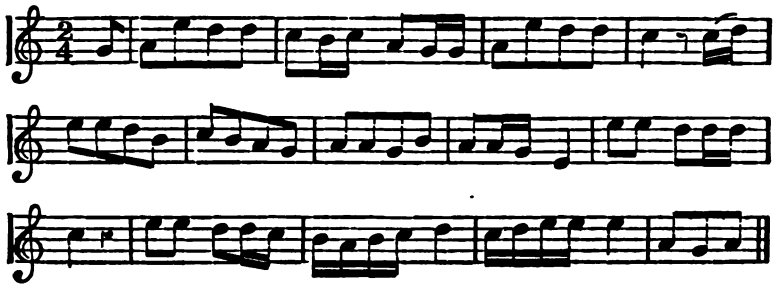
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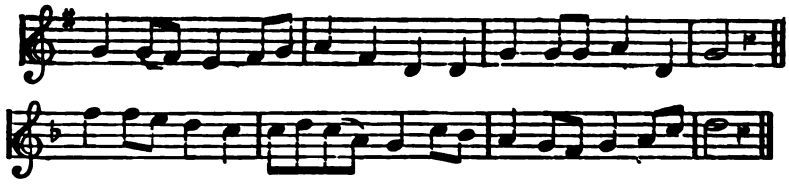
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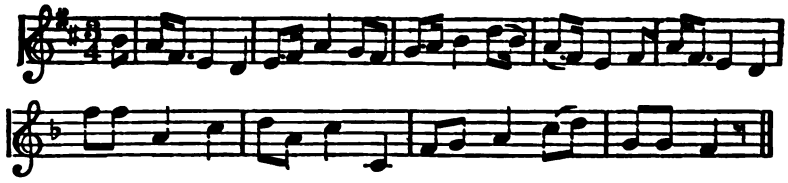
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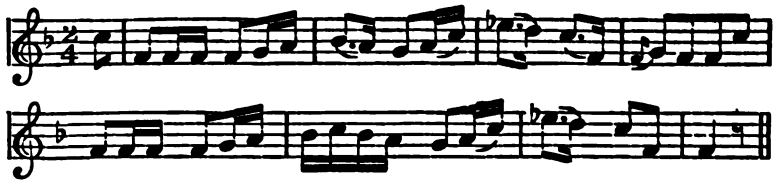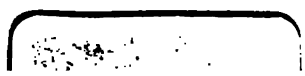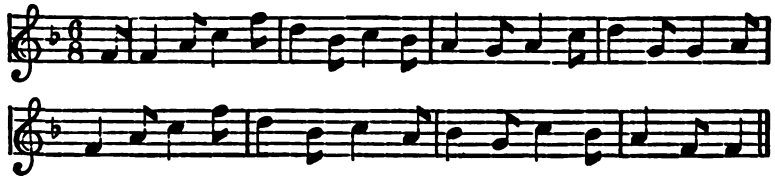
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